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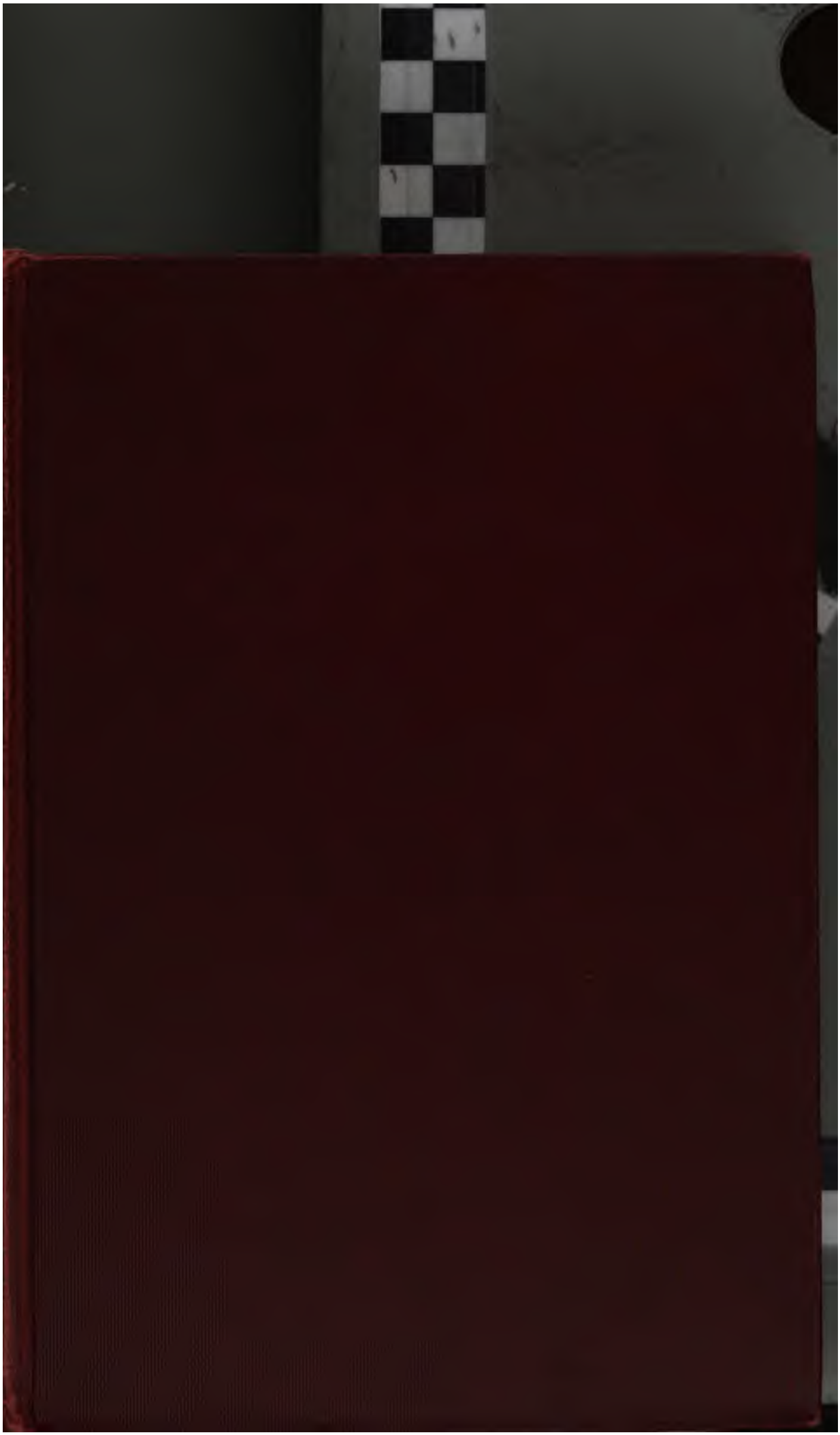

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ELKHORN EDITION

VOLUME XXIV.

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TO

KERMIT ROOSEVELT

MY SIDE-PARTNER IN OUR
"GREAT ADVENTURE"

Map showing Mr. Roosevelt's route and hunting trips in Africa

FOREWORD

"I SPEAK of Africa and golden joys"; the joy of wandering through lonely lands; the joy of hunting the mighty and terrible lords of the wilderness, the cunning, the wary, and the grim.

In these greatest of the world's great hunting-grounds there are mountain peaks whose snows are dazzling under the equatorial sun; swamps where the slime oozes and bubbles and festers in the steaming heat; lakes like seas; skies that burn above deserts where the iron desolation is shrouded from view by the wavering mockery of the mirage; vast grassy plains where palms and thorn-trees fringe the dwindling streams; mighty rivers rushing out of the heart of the continent through the sadness of endless marshes; forests of gorgeous beauty, where death broods in the dark and silent depths.

There are regions as healthy as the northland; and other regions, radiant with bright-hued flowers, birds and butterflies, odorous with sweet and heavy scents, but, treacherous in their beauty, and sinister to human life. On the land and in the water there are dread brutes that feed on the flesh of man; and among the lower things, that crawl, and fly, and

sting, and bite, he finds swarming foes far more evil and deadly than any beast or reptile; foes that kill his crops and his cattle, foes before which he himself perishes in his hundreds of thousands.

The dark-skinned races that live in the land vary widely. Some are warlike, cattle-owning nomads; some till the soil and live in thatched huts shaped like beehives; some are fisherfolk; some are ape-like naked savages, who dwell in the woods and prey on creatures not much wilder or lower than themselves.

The land teems with beasts of the chase, infinite in number and incredible in variety. It holds the fiercest beasts of ravin, and the fleetest and most timid of those beings that live in undying fear of talon and fang. It holds the largest and the smallest of hoofed animals. It holds the mightiest creatures that tread the earth or swim in its rivers; it also holds distant kinsfolk of these same creatures, no bigger than woodchucks, which dwell in crannies of the rocks, and in the tree tops. There are antelope smaller than hares, and antelope larger than oxen. There are creatures which are the embodiments of grace; and others whose huge ungainliness is like that of a shape in a nightmare. The plains are alive with droves of strange and beautiful animals whose like is not known elsewhere; and with others even stranger that show both in form and temper something of the fantastic

and the grotesque. It is a never-ending pleasure to gaze at the great herds of buck as they move to and fro in their myriads; as they stand for their noontide rest in the quivering heat haze; as the long files come down to drink at the watering-places; as they feed and fight and rest and make love.

The hunter who wanders through these lands sees sights which ever afterward remain fixed in his mind. He sees the monstrous river-horse snorting and plunging beside the boat; the giraffe looking over the tree tops at the nearing horseman; the ostrich fleeing at a speed that none may rival; the snarling leopard and coiled python, with their lethal beauty; the zebras, barking in the moonlight, as the laden caravan passes on its night march through a thirsty land. In after years there shall come to him memories of the lion's charge; of the gray bulk of the elephant, close at hand in the sombre woodland; of the buffalo, his sullen eyes lowering from under his helmet of horn; of the rhinoceros, truculent and stupid, standing in the bright sunlight on the empty plain.

These things can be told. But there are no words that can tell the hidden spirit of the wilderness, that can reveal its mystery, its melancholy, and its charm. There is delight in the hardy life of the open, in long rides rifle in hand, in the thrill of the fight with dangerous game. Apart from this, yet mingled with it, is the strong attraction

of the silent places, of the large tropic moons, and the splendor of the new stars; where the wanderer sees the awful glory of sunrise and sunset in the wide waste spaces of the earth, unworn of man, and changed only by the slow change of the ages through time everlasting.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

KHARTOUM, *March 15, 1910.*

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—*Anglo-Saxon Chronicle.*

Tell me the course, the voyage, the ports, and the new stars.

—*Bliss Carman.*

AFRICAN GAME TRAILS

CHAPTER I

A RAILROAD THROUGH THE PLEISTOCENE

THE great world movement which began with the voyages of Columbus and Vasco da Gama, and which has gone on with ever-increasing rapidity and complexity until our own time, has developed along myriad lines of interest. In no way has it been more interesting than in the way in which it has brought into sudden, violent, and intimate contact phases of the world's life history which would normally be separated by untold centuries of slow development. Again and again, in the continents new to peoples of European stock, we have seen the spectacle of a high civilization all at once thrust into and superimposed upon a wilderness of savage men and savage beasts. Nowhere, and at no time, has the contrast been more strange and more striking than in British East Africa during the last dozen years.

The country lies directly under the equator; and the hinterland, due west, contains the huge Nyanza

lakes, vast inland seas which gather the head-waters of the White Nile. This hinterland, with its lakes and its marshes, its snow-capped mountains, its high, dry plateaus, and its forests of deadly luxuriance, was utterly unknown to white men half a century ago. The map of Ptolemy in the second century of our era gave a more accurate view of the lakes, mountains, and head-waters of the Nile than the maps published at the beginning of the second half of the nineteenth century, just before Speke, Grant, and Baker made their great trips of exploration and adventure. Behind these explorers came others; and then adventurous missionaries, traders, and elephant hunters; and many men, whom risk did not daunt, who feared neither danger nor hardship, traversed the country hither and thither, now for one reason, now for another, now as naturalists, now as geographers, and again as government officials or as mere wanderers who loved the wild and strange life which had survived over from an elder age.

Most of the tribes were of pure savages; but here and there were intrusive races of higher type; and in Uganda, beyond the Victoria Nyanza, and on the head-waters of the Nile proper, lived a people which had advanced to the upper stages of barbarism, which might almost be said to have developed a very primitive kind of semi-civilization. Over this people—for its good fortune—Great Britain

established a protectorate; and ultimately, in order to get easy access to this new outpost of civilization in the heart of the Dark Continent, the British Government built a railroad from the old Arab coast town of Mombasa westward to Victoria Nyanza.

This railroad, the embodiment of the eager, masterful, materialistic civilization of to-day, was pushed through a region in which nature, both as regards wild man and wild beast, did not and does not differ materially from what it was in Europe in the late Pleistocene. The comparison is not fanciful. The teeming multitudes of wild creatures, the stupendous size of some of them, the terrible nature of others, and the low culture of many of the savage tribes, especially of the hunting tribes, substantially reproduces the conditions of life in Europe as it was led by our ancestors ages before the dawn of anything that could be called civilization. The great beasts that now live in East Africa were in that bygone age represented by close kinsfolk in Europe; and in many places, up to the present moment. African man, absolutely naked, and armed as our early paleolithic ancestors were armed, lives among, and on, and in constant dread of, these beasts, just as was true of the men to whom the cave lion was a nightmare of terror, and the mammoth and the woolly rhinoceros possible but most formidable prey.

This region, this great fragment out of the long-buried past of our race, is now accessible by rail-

road to all who care to go thither; and no field more inviting offers itself to hunter or naturalist, while even to the ordinary traveller it teems with interest. On March 23, 1909, I sailed thither from New York, in charge of a scientific expedition sent out by the Smithsonian, to collect birds, mammals, reptiles, and plants, but especially specimens of big game, for the National Museum at Washington. In addition to myself and my son Kermit (who had entered Harvard a few months previously), the party consisted of three naturalists: Surgeon-Lieut. Col. Edgar A. Mearns, U.S.A., retired; Mr. Edmund Heller, of California, and Mr. J. Alden Loring, of Owego, N. Y. My arrangements for the trip had been chiefly made through two valued English friends, Mr. Frederick Courteney Selous, the greatest of the world's big-game hunters, and Mr. Edward North Buxton, also a mighty hunter. On landing we were to be met by Messrs. R. J. Cuninghame and Leslie Tarlton, both famous hunters; the latter an Australian, who served through the South African war; the former by birth a Scotchman, and a Cambridge man, but long a resident of Africa, and at one time a professional elephant hunter—in addition to having been a whaler in the Arctic Ocean, a hunter-naturalist in Lapland, a transport rider in South Africa, and a collector for the British Museum in various odd corners of the earth.

We sailed on the *Hamburg* from New York—

what headway the Germans have made among those who go down to the sea in ships!—and at Naples trans-shipped to the *Admiral,* of another German line, the East African. On both ships we were as comfortable as possible, and the voyage was wholly devoid of incidents. Now and then, as at the Azores, at Suez, and at Aden, the three naturalists landed, and collected some dozens or scores of birds —which next day were skinned and prepared in my room, as the largest and best fitted for the purpose. After reaching Suez the ordinary tourist type of passenger ceased to be predominant; in his place there were Italian officers going out to a desolate coast town on the edge of Somaliland; missionaries, German, English, and American; Portuguese civil officials; traders of different nationalities; and planters and military and civil officers bound to German and British East Africa. The Englishmen included planters, magistrates, forest officials, army officers on leave from India, and other army officers going out to take command of black native levies in out-of-the-way regions where the English flag stands for all that makes life worth living. They were a fine set, these young Englishmen, whether dashing army officers or capable civilians; they reminded me of our own men who have reflected such honor on the American name, whether in civil and military positions in the Philippines and Porto Rico, working on the Canal Zone in Panama, taking care

of the custom-houses in San Domingo, or serving in the army of occupation in Cuba. Moreover, I felt as if I knew most of them already, for they might have walked out of the pages of Kipling. But I was not as well prepared for the corresponding and equally interesting types among the Germans, the planters, the civil officials, the officers who had commanded, or were about to command, white or native troops; men of evident power and energy, seeing whom made it easy to understand why German East Africa has thriven apace. They are first-class men, these English and Germans; both are doing in East Africa a work of worth to the whole world; there is ample room for both, and no possible cause for any but a thoroughly friendly rivalry; and it is earnestly to be wished, in the interest both of them and of outsiders, too, that their relations will grow, as they ought to grow, steadily better—and not only in East Africa but everywhere else.

On the ship, at Naples, we found Selous, also bound for East Africa on a hunting trip; but he, a veteran whose first hunting in Africa was nearly forty years ago, cared only for exceptional trophies of a very few animals, while we, on the other hand, desired specimens of both sexes of all the species of big game that Kermit and I could shoot, as well as complete series of all the smaller mammals. We believed that our best work of a purely scientific

character would be done with the mammals, both large and small.

No other hunter alive has had the experience of Selous; and, so far as I now recall, no hunter of anything like his experience has ever also possessed his gift of penetrating observation joined to his power of vivid and accurate narration. He has killed scores of lion and rhinoceros and hundreds of elephant and buffalo; and these four animals are the most dangerous of the world's big game, when hunted as they are hunted in Africa. To hear him tell of what he has seen and done is no less interesting to a naturalist than to a hunter. There were on the ship many men who loved wild nature, and who were keen hunters of big game; and almost every day, as we steamed over the hot, smooth waters of the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean, we would gather on deck around Selous to listen to tales of those strange adventures that only come to the man who has lived long the lonely life of the wilderness.

On April 21 we steamed into the beautiful and picturesque harbor of Mombasa. Many centuries before the Christian era, dhows from Arabia, carrying seafarers of Semitic races whose very names have perished, rounded the Lion's Head at Guardafui and crept slowly southward along the barren African coast. Such dhows exist to-day almost unchanged, and bold indeed were the men who first

steered them across the unknown oceans. They were men of iron heart and supple conscience, who fronted inconceivable danger and hardship; they established trading stations for gold and ivory and slaves; they turned these trading stations into little cities and sultanates, half Arab, half negro. Mombasa was among them. In her time of brief splendor Portugal seized the city; the Arabs won it back; and now England holds it. It lies just south of the equator, and when we saw it the brilliant green of the tropic foliage showed the town at its best.

We were welcomed to Government House in most cordial fashion by the acting Governor, Lieutenant-Governor Jackson, who is not only a trained public official of long experience, but a first-class field naturalist and a renowned big-game hunter; indeed I could not too warmly express my appreciation of the hearty and generous courtesy with which we were received and treated alike by the official and the unofficial world throughout East Africa. We landed in the kind of torrential downpour that only comes in the tropics; it reminded me of Panama at certain moments in the rainy season. That night we were given a dinner by the Mombasa Club; and it was interesting to meet the merchants and planters of the town and the neighborhood as well as the officials. The former included not only Englishmen but also Germans and Italians; which is quite

as it should be, for at least part of the high inland region of British East Africa can be made one kind of "white man's country"; and to achieve this white men should work heartily together, doing scrupulous justice to the natives, but remembering that progress and development in this particular kind of new land depend exclusively upon the masterful leadership of the whites, and that therefore it is both a calamity and a crime to permit the whites to be riven in sunder by hatreds and jealousies. The coast regions of British East Africa are not suited for extensive white settlement; but the hinterland is, and there everything should be done to encourage such settlement. Non-white aliens should not be encouraged to settle where they come into rivalry with the whites (exception being made as regards certain particular individuals and certain particular occupations).

There are, of course, large regions on the coast and in the interior where ordinary white settlers cannot live, in which it would be wise to settle immigrants from India, and there are many positions in other regions which it is to the advantage of everybody that the Indians should hold, because there is as yet no sign that sufficient numbers of white men are willing to hold them, while the native blacks, although many of them do fairly well in unskilled labor, are not yet competent to do the higher tasks which now fall to the share of the Goanese,

and Moslem and non-Moslem Indians. The small merchants who deal with the natives, for instance, and most of the minor railroad officials, belong to these latter classes. I was amused, by the way, at one bit of native nomenclature in connection with the Goanese. Many of the Goanese are now as dark as most of the other Indians; but they are descended in the male line from the early Portuguese adventurers and conquerors, who were the first white men ever seen by the natives of this coast. Accordingly to this day some of the natives speak even of the dark-skinned descendants of the subjects of King Henry the Navigator as "the whites," designating the Europeans specifically as English, Germans, or the like; just as in out-of-the-way nooks in the far Northwest one of our own red men will occasionally be found who still speaks of Americans and Englishmen as "Boston men" and "King George's men."

One of the Government farms was being run by an educated colored man from Jamaica; and we were shown much courtesy by a colored man from our own country who was practising as a doctor. No one could fail to be impressed with the immense advance these men represented as compared with the native negro; and indeed to an American, who must necessarily think much of the race problem at home, it is pleasant to be made to realize in vivid fashion the progress the American negro has made,

by comparing him with the negro who dwells in Africa untouched, or but lightly touched, by white influence.

In such a community as one finds in Mombasa or Nairobi one continually runs across quiet, modest men whose lives have been fuller of wild adventure than the life of a viking leader of the ninth century. One of the public officials whom I met at the Governor's table was Major Hinde. He had at one time served under the Government of the Congo Free State; and, at a crisis in the fortunes of the State, when the Arab slave traders bade fair to get the upper hand, he was one of the eight or ten white men, representing half as many distinct nationalities, who overthrew the savage soldiery of the slave-traders and shattered beyond recovery the Arab power. They organized the wild pagan tribes just as their Arab foes had done; they fought in a land where deadly sickness struck down victor and vanquished with ruthless impartiality; they found their commissariat as best they could wherever they happened to be; often they depended upon one day's victory to furnish the ammunition with which to wage the morrow's battle; and ever they had to be on guard no less against the thousands of cannibals in their own ranks than against the thousands of cannibals in the hostile ranks, for, on whichever side they fought, after every battle the warriors of the man-eating tribes watched their chance to butcher

the wounded indiscriminately and to feast on the bodies of the slain.

The most thrilling book of true lion stories ever written is Colonel Patterson's "The Man-eaters of Tsavo." Colonel Patterson was one of the engineers engaged, some ten or twelve years back, in building the Uganda Railway; he was in charge of the work, at a place called Tsavo, when it was brought to a complete halt by the ravages of a couple of man-eating lions which, after many adventures, he finally killed. At the dinner at the Mombasa Club I met one of the actors in a blood-curdling tragedy which Colonel Patterson relates. He was a German, and, in company with an Italian friend, he went down in the special car of one of the English railroad officials to try to kill a man-eating lion which had carried away several people from a station on the line. They put the car on a siding; as it was hot the door was left open, and the Englishman sat by the open window to watch for the lion, while the Italian finally lay down on the floor and the German got into an upper bunk. Evidently the Englishman must have fallen asleep, and the lion, seeing him through the window, entered the carriage by the door to get at him. The Italian waked to find the lion standing on him with its hind feet, while its fore paws were on the seat as it killed the unfortunate Englishman, and the German, my informant, hearing the disturbance, leaped out of

his bunk actually onto the back of the lion. The man-eater, however, was occupied only with his prey; holding the body in his month he forced his way out through the window sash, and made his meal undisturbed but a couple of hundred yards from the railway carriage.

The day after we landed we boarded the train to take what seems to me, as I think it would to most men fond of natural history, the most interesting railway journey in the world. It was Governor Jackson's special train, and in addition to his own party and ours there was only Selous; and we travelled with the utmost comfort through a naturalist's wonderland. All civilized governments are now realizing that it is their duty here and there to preserve, unharmed, tracts of wild nature, with thereon the wild things the destruction of which means the destruction of half the charm of wild nature. The English Government has made a large game reserve of much of the region on the way to Nairobi, stretching far to the south, and one mile to the north, of the track. The reserve swarms with game; it would be of little value except as a reserve; and the attraction it now offers to travellers renders it an asset of real consequence to the whole colony. The wise people of Maine, in our own country, have discovered that intelligent game preservation, carried out in good faith, and in a spirit of common sense as far removed from mushy sentimentality as

from brutality, results in adding one more to the State's natural resources of value; and in consequence there are more moose and deer in Maine today than there were forty years ago; there is a better chance for every man in Maine, rich or poor, provided that he is not a game butcher, to enjoy his share of good hunting; and the number of sportsmen and tourists attracted to the State adds very appreciably to the means of livelihood of the citizen. Game reserves should not be established where they are detrimental to the interests of large bodies of settlers, nor yet should they be nominally established in regions so remote that the only men really interfered with are those who respect the law, while a premium is thereby put on the activity of the unscrupulous persons who are eager to break it. Similarly, game laws should be drawn primarily in the interest of the whole people, keeping steadily in mind certain facts that ought to be self-evident to every one above the intellectual level of those well-meaning persons who apparently think that all shooting is wrong and that man could continue to exist if all wild animals were allowed to increase unchecked. There must be recognition of the fact that almost any wild animal of the defenseless type, if its multiplication were unchecked while its natural enemies, the dangerous carnivores, were killed, would by its simple increase crowd man off the planet; and of the further fact that, far short of

such increase, a time speedily comes when the existence of too much game is incompatible with the interests, or indeed the existence, of the cultivator. As in most other matters, it is only the happy mean which is healthy and rational. There should be certain sanctuaries and nurseries where game can live and breed absolutely unmolested; and elsewhere the laws should so far as possible provide for the continued existence of the game in sufficient numbers to allow a reasonable amount of hunting on fair terms to any hardy and vigorous man fond of the sport, and yet not in sufficient numbers to jeopard the interests of the actual settler, the tiller of the soil, the man whose well-being should be the prime object to be kept in mind by every statesman. Game butchery is as objectionable as any other form of wanton cruelty or barbarity; but to protest against all hunting of game is a sign of softness of head, not of soundness of heart.

In the creation of the great game reserve through which the Uganda Railway runs the British Government has conferred a boon upon mankind, and no less in the enactment and enforcement of the game laws in the African provinces generally. Of course experience will show where, from time to time, there must be changes. In Uganda proper buffaloes and hippos throve so under protection as to become sources of grave danger not only to the crops but to the lives of the natives, and they had

to be taken off the protected list and classed as vermin, to be shot in any numbers at any time; and only the great demand for ivory prevented the necessity of following the same course with regard to the elephant; while recently in British East Africa the increase of the zebras, and the harm they did to the crops of the settlers, rendered it necessary to remove a large measure of the protection formerly accorded them, and in some cases actually to encourage their slaughter; and increase in settlement may necessitate further changes. But, speaking generally, much wisdom and foresight, highly creditable to both Government and people, have been shown in dealing with and preserving East African game while at the same time safeguarding the interests of the settlers.

On our train the locomotive was fitted with a comfortable seat across the cow-catcher, and on this, except at mealtime, I spent most of the hours of daylight, usually in company with Selous, and often with Governor Jackson, to whom the territory and the game were alike familiar. The first afternoon we did not see many wild animals, but birds abounded, and the scenery was both beautiful and interesting. A black-and-white hornbill, feeding on the track, rose so late that we nearly caught it with out hands; guinea-fowl and francolin, and occasionally bustard, rose near by; brilliant rollers, sun-birds, bee-eaters, and weaver-birds flew beside

us, or sat unmoved among the trees as the train passed. In the dusk we nearly ran over a hyena; a year or two previously the train actually did run over a lioness one night, and the conductor brought in her head in triumph. In fact, there have been continual mishaps such as could only happen to a railroad in the Pleistocene! The very night we went up there was an interruption in the telegraph service due to giraffes having knocked down some of the wires and a pole in crossing the track; and elephants have more than once performed the same feat. Two or three times, at night, giraffes have been run into and killed; once a rhinoceros was killed, the engine being damaged in the encounter; and on other occasions the rhino has only just left the track in time, once the beast being struck and a good deal hurt, the engine again being somewhat crippled. But the lions now offer, and have always offered, the chief source of unpleasant excitement. Throughout East Africa the lions continually take to man eating at the expense of the native tribes, and white hunters are continually being killed or crippled by them. At the lonely stations on the railroad the two or three subordinate officials often live in terror of some fearsome brute that has taken to haunting the vicinity; and every few months, at some one of these stations, a man is killed, or badly hurt by, or narrowly escapes from, a prowling lion.

The stations at which the train stopped were neat and attractive; and besides the Indian officials there were usually natives from the neighborhood. Some of these might be dressed in the fez and shirt and trousers which indicate a coming under the white man's influence, or which, rather curiously, may also indicate Mohammedanism. But most of the natives are still wild pagans, and many of them are unchanged in the slightest particular from what their forefathers were during the countless ages when they alone were the heirs of the land—a land which they were utterly powerless in any way to improve. Some of the savages we saw wore red blankets, and in deference to white prejudice draped them so as to hide their nakedness. But others appeared—men and women—with literally not one stitch of clothing, although they might have rather elaborate hairdresses, and masses of metal ornaments on their arms and legs. In the region where one tribe dwelt all the people had their front teeth filed to sharp points; it was strange to see a group of these savages, stark naked, with oddly shaved heads and filed teeth, armed with primitive bows and arrows, stand gravely gazing at the train as it rolled into some station; and none the less strange, by the way, because the locomotive was a Baldwin, brought to Africa across the great ocean from our own country. One group of women, nearly nude, had their upper arms so tightly bound

with masses of bronze or copper wire that their muscles were completely malformed. So tightly was the wire wrapped round the upper third of the upper arm, that it was reduced to about one-half of its normal size; and the muscles could only play, and that in deformed fashion, below this unyielding metal bondage. Why the arms did not mortify it was hard to say; and their freedom of use was so hampered as to make it difficult to understand how men or women whose whole lives are passed in one or another form of manual labor could inflict upon themselves such crippling and pointless punishment. Next morning we were in the game country, and as we sat on the seat over the cow-catcher it was literally like passing through a vast zoological garden. Indeed no such railway journey can be taken on any other line in any other land. At one time we passed a herd of a dozen or so of great giraffes, cows and calves, cantering along through the open woods a couple of hundred yards to the right of the train. Again, still closer, four waterbuck cows, their big ears thrown forward, stared at us without moving until we had passed. Hartebeests were everywhere; one herd was on the track, and when the engine whistled they bucked and sprang with ungainly agility and galloped clear of the danger. A long-tailed straw-colored monkey ran from one tree to another. Huge black ostriches appeared from time to time. Once a troop of impalla, close

by the track, took fright; and as the beautiful creatures fled we saw now one and now another bound clear over the high bushes. A herd of zebra clattered across a cutting of the line not a hundred yards ahead of the train; the whistle hurried their progress, but only for a moment, and as we passed they were already turning round to gaze. The wild creatures were in their sanctuary, and they knew it. Some of the settlers have at times grumbled at this game reserve being kept of such size; but surely it is one of the most valuable possessions the country could have. The lack of water in parts, the prevalence in other parts of diseases harmful to both civilized man and domestic cattle, render this great tract of country the home of all homes for the creatures of the waste. The protection given these wild creatures is genuine, not nominal; they are preserved, not for the pleasure of the few, but for the good of all who choose to see this strange and attractive spectacle; and from this nursery and breeding ground the overflow keeps up the stock of game in the adjacent land, to the benefit of the settler to whom the game gives fresh meat, and to the benefit of the whole country because of the attraction it furnishes to all who desire to visit a veritable happy hunting ground.

Soon after lunch we drew up at the little station of Kapiti Plains, where our safari was awaiting us; "safari" being the term employed throughout East

Africa to denote both the caravan with which one makes an expedition and the expedition itself. Our aim being to cure and send home specimens of all the common big game—in addition to as large a series as possible of the small mammals and birds —it was necessary to carry an elaborate apparatus of naturalists' supplies; we had brought with us, for instance, four tons of fine salt, as to cure the skins of the big beasts is a herculean labor under the best conditions; we had hundreds of traps for the small creatures; many boxes of shot-gun cartridges in addition to the ordinary rifle cartridges which alone would be necessary on a hunting trip; and, in short, all the many impedimenta needed if scientific work is to be properly done under modern conditions. Few laymen have any idea of the expense and pains which must be undergone in order to provide groups of mounted big animals from far-off lands, such as we see in museums like the National Museum in Washington and the American Museum of Natural History in New York. The modern naturalist must realize that in some of its branches his profession, while more than ever a science, has also become an art. So our preparations were necessarily on a very large scale; and as we drew up at the station the array of porters and of tents looked as if some small military expedition was about to start. As a compliment, which I much appreciated, a large American flag was

floating over my own tent; and in the front line, flanking this tent on either hand, were other big tents for the members of the party, with a dining tent and skinning tent; while behind were the tents of the two hundred porters, the gun-bearers, the tent boys, the askaris or native soldiers, and the horse boys or saises. In front of the tents stood the men in two lines; the first containing the fifteen askaris, the second the porters with their head men. The askaris were uniformed, each in a red fez, a blue blouse, and white knickerbockers, and each carrying his rifle and belt. The porters were chosen from several different tribes or races to minimize the danger of combination in the event of mutiny.

Here and there in East Africa one can utilize ox wagons, or pack trains of donkeys; but for a considerable expedition it is still best to use a safari of native porters, of the type by which the commerce and exploration of the country have always been carried on. The backbone of such a safari is generally composed of Swahili, the coast men, negroes who have acquired the Moslem religion, together with a partially Arabicized tongue and a strain of Arab blood from the Arab warriors and traders who have been dominant in the coast towns for so many centuries. It was these Swahili trading caravans, under Arab leadership, which, in their quest for ivory and slaves, trod out the routes which the

early white explorers followed. Without their work as a preliminary the work of the white explorers could not have been done; and it was the Swahili porters themselves who rendered this work itself possible. To this day every hunter, trader, missionary, or explorer must use either a Swahili safari or one modelled on the Swahili basis. The part played by the white-topped ox wagon in the history of South Africa, and by the camel caravan in North Africa, has been played in middle Africa by the files of strong, patient, childlike savages, who have borne the burdens of so many masters and employers hither and thither, through and across, the dark heart of the continent.

Equatorial Africa is in most places none too healthy a place for the white man, and he must care for himself as he would scorn to do in the lands of pine and birch and frosty weather. Camping in the Rockies or the North Woods can with advantage be combined with "roughing it"; and the early pioneers of the West, the explorers, prospectors, and hunters, who always roughed it, were as hardy as bears, and lived to a hale old age, if Indians and accidents permitted. But in tropic Africa a lamentable proportion of the early explorers paid in health or life for the hardships they endured; and throughout most of the country no man can long rough it, in the Western and Northern sense, with impunity.

At Kapiti Plains our tents, our accommodations generally, seemed almost too comfortable for men who knew camp life only on the Great Plains, in the Rockies, and in the North Woods. My tent had a fly which was to protect it from the great heat; there was a little rear extension in which I bathed—a hot bath, never a cold bath, is almost a tropic necessity; there was a ground canvas, of vital moment in a land of ticks, jiggers, and scorpions; and a cot to sleep on, so as to be raised from the ground. Quite a contrast to life on the round-up! Then I had two tent boys to see after my belongings, and to wait at table as well as in the tent. Ali, a Mohammedan mulatto (Arab and negro), was the chief of the two, and spoke some English, while under him was "Bill," a speechless black boy; Ali being particularly faithful and efficient. Two other Mohammedan negroes, clad like the askaris, reported to me as my gun-bearers, Muhamed and Bakari; seemingly excellent men, loyal and enduring, no trackers, but with keen eyes for game, and the former speaking a little English. My two horse boys, or saises, were both pagans. One, Hamisi, must have had in his veins Galla or other non-negro blood; derived from the Hamitic, or bastard Semitic, or at least non-negro, tribes which, pushing slowly and fitfully southward and southwestward among the negro peoples, have created an intricate tangle of ethnic and linguistic types

from the middle Nile to far south of the equator. Hamisi always wore a long feather in one of his sandals, the only ornament he affected. The other sais was a silent, gentle-mannered black heathen; his name was Simba, a lion, and as I shall later show he was not unworthy of it. The two horses for which these men cared were stout, quiet little beasts; one, a sorrel, I named Tranquillity, and the other, a brown, had so much the coblike build of a zebra that we christened him Zebra-shape. One of Kermit's two horses, by the way, was more romantically named after Huandaw, the sharp-eared steed of the Mabinogion. Cuninghame, lean, sinewy, bearded, exactly the type of hunter and safari manager that one would wish for such an expedition as ours, had ridden up with us on the train, and at the station we met Tarlton, and also two settlers of the neighborhood, Sir Alfred Pease and Mr. Clifford Hill. Hill was an Africander. He and his cousin, Harold Hill, after serving through the South African war, had come to the new country of British East Africa to settle, and they represented the ideal type of settler for taking the lead in the spread of empire. They were descended from the English colonists who came to South Africa in 1820; they had never been in England, and neither had Tarlton. It was exceedingly interesting to meet these Australians and Africanders, who typified in their lives and deeds the great-

ness of the English Empire, and yet had never seen England.

As for Sir Alfred, Kermit and I were to be his guests for the next fortnight, and we owe primarily to him, to his mastery of hunting craft, and his unvarying and generous hospitality and kindness, the pleasure and success of our introduction to African hunting. His life had been one of such varied interest as has only been possible in our own generation. He had served many years in Parliament; he had for some years been a magistrate in a peculiarly responsible post in the Transvaal; he had journeyed and hunted and explored in the northern Sahara, in the Soudan, in Somaliland, in Abyssinia; and now he was ranching in East Africa. A singularly good rider and one of the best game shots I have ever seen, it would have been impossible to have found a kinder host or a hunter better fitted to teach us how to begin our work with African big game.

At Kapiti Station there was little beyond the station buildings, a "compound" or square enclosure in which there were many natives, and an Indian store. The last was presided over by a turbaned Mussulman, the agent of other Indian traders who did business in Machakos-boma, a native village a dozen miles distant; the means of communication being two-wheeled carts, each drawn by four humped oxen, driven by a well-nigh naked savage.

For forty-eight hours we were busy arranging our outfit; and the naturalists took much longer. The provisions were those usually included in an African hunting or exploring trip, save that, in memory of my days in the West, I included in each provision box a few cans of Boston baked beans, California peaches, and tomatoes. We had plenty of warm bedding, for the nights are cold at high altitudes, even under the equator. While hunting I wore heavy shoes, with hobnails or rubber soles; khaki trousers, the knees faced with leather, and the legs buttoning tight from the knee to below the ankle, to avoid the need of leggings; a khaki-colored army shirt; and a sun helmet, which I wore in deference to local advice, instead of my beloved and far more convenient slouch hat. My rifles were an army Springfield, 30-calibre, stocked and sighted to suit myself; a Winchester 405; and a double-barrelled 500-450 Holland, a beautiful weapon presented to me by some English friends.*

Kermit's battery was of the same type, except that instead of a Springfield he had another Winchester shooting the army ammunition, and his double-barrel was a Rigby. In addition I had a Fox No. 12 shot-gun; no better gun was ever made.

There was one other bit of impedimenta, less usual for African travel, but perhaps almost as es-

*Mr. E. N. Buxton took the lead in the matter when he heard that I intended making a trip after big game in Africa.

sential for real enjoyment even on a hunting trip, if it is to be of any length. This was the "Pigskin Library," so called because most of the books were bound in pigskin. They were carried in a light aluminum and oil-cloth case, which, with its contents, weighed a little less than sixty pounds, making a load for one porter. Including a few volumes carried in the various bags, so that I might be sure always to have one with me, and Gregorovius, read on the voyage outward, the list was as printed in Appendix F.

It represents in part Kermit's taste, in part mine; and, I need hardly say, it also represents in no way all the books we most care for, but merely those

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I received the rifle at the White House, while I was President. Inside the case was the following list of donors:

LIST OF ZOOLOGISTS AND SPORTSMEN WHO ARE DONORS OF A DOUBLE ELEPHANT RIFLE TO THE HON. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, PRESIDENT U. S. A.

IN RECOGNITION OF HIS SERVICES ON BEHALF OF THE PRESERVATION OF SPECIES BY MEANS OF NATIONAL PARKS AND FOREST RESERVES, AND BY OTHER MEANS

E. N. Buxton, Esq.
Rt. Hon. Lord Avebury, D.C.L. ("The Pleasures of Life," etc.)
Major-Gen. Sir F. Reginald Wingate, K.C.B. (Governor-General of the Soudan.)
Sir Edmund G. Loder, Bart.
Hon. N. C. Rothschild.

which, for one reason or another, we thought we should like to take on this particular trip.

I used my Whitman tree army saddle and my army field-glasses; but, in addition, for studying the habits of the game, I carried a telescope given me on the boat by a fellow traveller and big-game hunter, an Irish hussar captain from India—and incidentally I am out in my guess if this same Irish hussar captain be not worth watching should his country ever again be engaged in war. I had a very ingenious beam or scale for weighing game, designed and presented to me by my friend, Mr. Thompson Seton. I had a slicker for wet weather, an army overcoat, and a mackinaw jacket for cold,

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The Earl of Lonsdale. (Master of Hounds.)
Sir R. G. Harvey, Bart.
The Rt. Hon. Lord Curzon of Kedleston, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.
St. George Littledale, Esq.
Dr. P. Chalmers Mitchell, F.R.S., F.Z.S. (Secretary of the Zoological Soc.)
C. E. Green, Esq. (Master of Essex Hounds.)
F. C. Selous, Esq. ("A Hunter's Wanderings," etc.)
Count Blücher.
Lieut.-Col. C. Delmé Radcliffe, C.M.G., M.V.O.
Maurice Egerton, Esq.
Lord Desborough, C.V.O.
Captain M. McNeill.
Claude H. Tritton, Esq.
J. Turner-Turner, Esq.
Hon. L. W. Rothschild, M.P.
Rt. Hon. Sir E. Grey, Bart., M.P. (Foreign Secretary and author of "Dry Fly Fishing.")

if I had to stay out over night in the mountains. In my pockets I carried, of course, a knife, a compass, and a water-proof matchbox. Finally, just before leaving home, I had been sent, for good luck, a gold-mounted rabbit's foot, by Mr. John L. Sullivan, at one time ring champion of the world.

Our camp was on a bare, dry plain, covered with brown and withered grass. At most hours of the day we could see round about, perhaps a mile or so distant, or less, the game feeding. South of the track the reserve stretched for a long distance; north it went for but a mile, just enough to prevent thoughtless or cruel people from shooting as they

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Sir M. de C. Findlay, C.M.G. (British Minister at Dresden.)
C. Phillipps-Wolley, Esq., F.R.G.S. ("Sport in the Caucasus.")
Rt. Hon. Sir G. O. Trevelyan, Bart., D.C.L. ("The American Revolution.")
Warburton Pike, Esq.
Sir Wm. E. Garstin, G.C.M.G.
His Grace the Duke of Bedford, K.G. ("A Great Estate.")
Her Grace the Duchess of Bedford.
Lord Brassey, G.C.B., M.V.O. (Owner of *The Sunbeam.*)
Hon. T. A. Brassey. (Editor of the *Naval Annual.*)
Rhys Williams, Esq.
Major-Gen. A. A. A. Kinloch, C.B. ("Large Game in Thibet.")
Sir Wm. Lee-Warner, K.C.S.I. ("The Protected Princes of India.")
The Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of London.
Major-Gen. Dalrymple White.

went by in the train. There was very little water; what we drank, by the way, was carefully boiled. The drawback to the camp, and to all this plains region, lay in the ticks, which swarmed, and were a scourge to man and beast. Every evening the saises picked them by hundreds off each horse; and some of our party were at times so bitten by the noisome little creatures that they could hardly sleep at night, and in one or two cases the man was actually laid up for a couple of days; and two of our horses ultimately got tick fever, but recovered.

In mid-afternoon of our third day in this camp we at last had matters in such shape that Kermit

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Colonel Claude Cane.
Rt. Hon. Sydney Buxton, M.P. (Postmaster General, "Fishing and Shooting.")
Major C. E. Radclyffe, D.S.O.
Sir A. E. Pease, Bart. ("Cleveland Hounds.")
Sir H. H. Johnston, K.C.B., G.C.M.G. ("The Uganda Protectorate.")
Abel Chapman, Esq. ("Wild Spain.")
J. G. Millais, Esq., F.Z.S. ("A Breath from the Veldt.")
E. Lort-Phillips, Esq. (Author of ornithological works.)
R. Kearton, Esq., F.Z.S. ("Wild Nature's Ways.")
J. H. Gurney, Esq., F.Z.S. (Works on ornithology.)
F. J. Jackson, C.B., C.M.G., Lieut.-Governor East African Protectorate. ("Big Game," Badminton Library.)
Col. Sir F. Lugard, K.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O.
Lady Lugard. ("A Tropical Dependency.")
Sir Clement L. Hill, K.C.B., M.P. (Late Head of the African Department: Foreign O.)

and I could begin our hunting; and forth we rode, he with Hill, I with Sir Alfred, each accompanied by his gun-bearers and sais, and by a few porters to carry in the game. For two or three miles our little horses shuffled steadily northward across the desolate flats of short grass until the ground began to rise here and there into low hills, or koppies, with rock-strewn tops. It should have been the rainy season, the season of "the big rains"; but the rains were late, as the parched desolation of the landscape bore witness; nevertheless there were two or three showers that afternoon. We soon began to see game, but the flatness of the country and the absence of all cover made stalking a matter of difficulty; the only bushes were a few sparsely scattered mimosas; stunted things, two or three feet high, scantily leaved, but abounding in bulbous swellings on the twigs, and in long, sharp spikes of thorns. There were herds of hartebeest and wildebeest, and smaller parties of beautiful gazelles. The last were

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Sir H. Seton-Karr, M.P., C.M.G. ("My Sporting Holidays.")
Captain Boyd Alexander. ("From the Niger to the Nile.")
Sir J. Kirk, K.C.B., G.C.M.G. (Dr. Livingstone's companion, 1858–64.)
Moreton Frewen, Esq.
The Earl of Warwick.
P. L. Sclater, Esq., D.Sc., Ph.D. (Late Sec. Zool. Soc.)
Col. J. H. Patterson, D.S.O. ("The Man-Eaters of Tsavo.")

of two kinds, named severally after their discoverers, the explorers Grant and Thomson; many of the creatures of this region commemorate the men—Schilling, Jackson, Neuman, Kirke, Chanler, Abbot—who first saw and hunted them and brought them to the notice of the scientific world. The Thomson's gazelles, or Tommies as they are always locally called, are pretty, alert little things, half the size of our prongbuck; their big brothers, the Grant's, are among the most beautiful of all antelopes, being rather larger than a whitetail deer, with singularly graceful carriage, while the old bucks carry long lyre-shaped horns.

Distances are deceptive on the bare plains under the African sunlight. I saw a fine Grant, and stalked him in a rain squall; but the bullets from the little Springfield fell short as he raced away to safety; I had underestimated the range. Then I shot, for the table, a good buck of the smaller gazelle, at two hundred and twenty-five yards; the bullet went a little high, breaking his back above the shoulders.

But what I really wanted were two good specimens, bull and cow, of the wildebeest. These powerful, ungainly beasts, a variety of the brindled gnu or blue wildebeest of South Africa, are interesting creatures of queer, eccentric habits. With their shaggy manes, heavy forequarters, and generally bovine look, they remind one somewhat of

our bison, at a distance, but of course they are much less bulky, a big old bull in prime condition rarely reaching a weight of seven hundred pounds. They are beasts of the open plains, ever alert and wary; the cows, with their calves, and one or more herd bulls, keep in parties of several score; the old bulls, singly, or two or three together, keep by themselves, or with herds of zebra, hartebeest, or gazelle; for one of the interesting features of African wild life is the close association and companionship so often seen between totally different species of game. Wildebeest are as savage as they are suspicious; when wounded they do not hesitate to charge a man who comes close, although of course neither they nor any other antelopes can be called dangerous when in a wild state, any more than moose or other deer can be called dangerous; when tame, however, wildebeest are very dangerous indeed, more so than an ordinary domestic bull. The wild, queer-looking creatures prance and rollick and cut strange capers when a herd first makes up its mind to flee from a stranger's approach; and even a solitary bull will sometimes plunge and buck as it starts to gallop off; while a couple of bulls, when the herd is frightened, may relieve their feelings by a moment's furious battle, occasionally dropping to their knees before closing. At this time, the end of April, there were little calves with the herds of cows; but in many places in equatorial Africa the various

species of antelopes seem to have no settled rutting time or breeding time; at least we saw calves of all ages.

Our hunt after wildebeest this afternoon was successful; but though by velt law each animal was mine, because I hit it first, yet in reality the credit was communistic, so to speak, and my share was properly less than that of others. I first tried to get up to a solitary old bull, and after a good deal of manœuvring, and by taking advantage of a second rain squall, I got a standing shot at him at four hundred yards, and hit him, but too far back. Although keeping a good distance away, he tacked and veered so, as he ran, that by much running myself I got various other shots at him, at very long range, but missed them all, and he finally galloped over a distant ridge, his long tail switching, seemingly not much the worse. We followed on horseback; for I hate to let any wounded thing escape to suffer. But meanwhile he had run into view of Kermit; and Kermit—who is of an age and build which better fit him for successful breakneck galloping over unknown country dotted with holes and bits of rotten ground—took up the chase with enthusiasm. Yet it was sunset, after a run of six or eight miles, when he finally ran into and killed the tough old bull, which had turned to bay, snorting and tossing its horns.

Meanwhile I managed to get within three hun-

dred and fifty yards of a herd, and picked out a large cow which was unaccompanied by a calf. Again my bullet went too far back; and I could not hit the animal at that distance as it ran. But after going half a mile it lay down, and would have been secured without difficulty if a wretched dog had not run forward and put it up; my horse was a long way back, but Pease, who had been looking on at a distance, was mounted, and sped after it. By the time I had reached my horse Pease was out of sight; but riding hard for some miles I overtook him, just before the sun went down, standing by the cow which he had ridden down and slain. It was long after nightfall before we reached camp, ready for a hot bath and a good supper. As always thereafter with anything we shot, we used the meat for food and preserved the skins for the National Museum. Both the cow and the bull were fat and in fine condition; but they were covered with ticks, especially wherever the skin was bare. Around the eyes the loathsome creatures swarmed so as to make complete rims, like spectacles; and in the armpits and the groin they were massed so that they looked like barnacles on an old boat. It is astonishing that the game should mind them so little; the wildebeest evidently dreaded far more the biting flies which hung around them; and the maggots of the bot-flies in their nostrils must have been a sore torment. Nature is merciless indeed.

The next day we rode some sixteen miles to the beautiful hills of Kitanga, and for over a fortnight were either Pease's guests at his farm—ranch, as we should call it in the West—or were on safari under his guidance.

CHAPTER II

ON AN EAST AFRICAN RANCH

THE house at which we were staying stood on the beautiful Kitanga hills. They were so named after an Englishman, to whom the natives had given the name of Kitanga; some years ago, as we were told, he had been killed by a lion near where the ranch house now stood; and we were shown his grave in the little Machakos graveyard. The house was one story high, clean and comfortable, with a veranda running round three sides; and on the veranda were lion skins and the skull of a rhinoceros. From the house we looked over hills and wide lonely plains; the green valley below, with its flat-topped acacias, was very lovely; and in the evening we could see, scores of miles away, the snowy summit of mighty Kilimanjaro turn crimson in the setting sun. The twilights were not long; and when night fell, stars new to northern eyes flashed glorious in the sky. Above the horizon hung the Southern Cross, and directly opposite in the heavens was our old familiar friend the Wain, the Great Bear, upside down and pointing to a North Star so low behind a hill that we could not see it. It is a dry country, and we saw

it in the second year of a drought; yet I believe it to be a country of high promise for settlers of white race. In many ways it reminds one rather curiously of the great plains of the West, where they slope upward to the foot-hills of the Rockies. It is a white man's country. Although under the equator, the altitude is so high that the nights are cool, and the region as a whole is very healthy. I saw many children, of the Boer immigrants, of English settlers, even of American missionaries, and they looked sound and well. Of course, there was no real identity in any feature; but again and again the landscape struck me by its general likeness to the cattle country I knew so well. As my horse shuffled forward, under the bright, hot sunlight, across the endless flats or gently rolling slopes of brown and withered grass, I might have been on the plains anywhere, from Texas to Montana; the hills were like our Western buttes; the half-dry watercourses were fringed with trees, just as if they had been the Sandy, or the Dry, or the Beaver, or the Cottonwood, or any of the multitude of creeks that repeat these and similar names, again and again, from the Panhandle to the Saskatchewan. Moreover a Westerner, far better than an Easterner, could see the possibilities of the country. There should be storage reservoirs in the hills and along the rivers—in my judgment built by the government, and paid for by the water-users in the

shape of water-rents—and irrigation ditches; with the water stored and used there would be an excellent opening for small farmers, for the settlers, the actual home-makers, who, above all others, should be encouraged to come into a white man's country like this of the highlands of East Africa. Even as it is, many settlers do well; it is hard to realize that right under the equator the conditions are such that wheat, potatoes, strawberries, apples, all flourish. No new country is a place for weaklings; but the right kind of man, the settler who makes a success in similar parts of our own West, can do well in East Africa; while a man with money can undoubtedly do very well indeed; and incidentally both men will be leading their lives under conditions peculiarly attractive to a certain kind of spirit. It means hard work, of course; but success generally does imply hard work.

The plains were generally covered only with the thick grass on which the great herds of game fed; here and there small thorn-trees grew upon them, but usually so small and scattered as to give no shelter or cover. By the occasional watercourses the trees grew more thickly, and also on the hills and in the valleys between. Most of the trees were mimosas, or of similar kind, usually thorny; but there were giant cactus-like Euphorbias, shaped like candelabra, and named accordingly; and on the higher hills fig-trees, wild olives, and many others

whose names I do not know, but some of which were stately and beautiful. Many of the mimosas were in bloom, and covered with sweet-smelling yellow blossoms. There were many flowers. On the dry plains there were bushes of the color and size of our own sage-brush, covered with flowers like morning-glories. There were also wild sweet-peas, on which the ostriches fed; as they did on another plant with a lilac flower of a faint heliotrope fragrance. Among the hills there were masses of singularly fragrant flowers like pink jessamines, growing on bushes sometimes fifteen feet high or over. There were white flowers that smelt like narcissus, blue flowers, red lilies, orange tiger-lilies, and many others of many kinds and colors, while here and there in the pools of the rare rivers grew the sweet-scented purple lotus-lily.

There was an infinite variety of birds, small and large, dull-colored and of the most brilliant plumage. For the most part they either had no names at all or names that meant nothing to us. There were glossy starlings of many kinds; and scores of species of weaver finches, some brilliantly colored, others remarkable because of the elaborate nests they built by communities among the trees. There were many kinds of shrikes, some of them big, parti-colored birds, almost like magpies, and with a kestrel-like habit of hovering in the air over one spot; others very small and prettily colored.

There was a little red-billed finch with its outer tail feathers several times the length of its head and body. There was a little emerald cuckoo, and a tiny thing, a barbet, that looked exactly like a kingfisher, four inches long. Eared owls flew up from the reeds and grass. There were big, restless, wonderfully colored plantain-eaters in the woods; and hornbills, with strange swollen beaks. A true lark, colored like our meadow-lark (to which it is in no way related) sang from bushes; but the clapper lark made its curious clapping sounds (apparently with its wings like a ruffed grouse) while it zigzagged in the air. Little pipits sang overhead like our Missouri skylarks. There were night-jars; and doves of various kinds, one of which uttered a series of notes slightly resembling the call of our whippoorwill or chuckwills widow. The beautiful little sunbirds were the most gorgeous of all. Then there were bustards, great and small, and snake-eating secretary birds, on the plains; and francolins, and African spur-fowl with brilliant naked throats, and sand grouse that flew in packs uttering guttural notes. The wealth of bird life was bewildering. There was not much bird music, judged by the standards of a temperate climate; but the bulbuls, and one or two warblers, sang very sweetly. The naturalists caught shrews and mice in their traps; mole rats with velvety fur, which burrowed like our pocket

gophers; rats that lived in holes like those of our kangaroo rat; and one mouse that was striped like our striped gopher. There were conies among the rocks on the hills; they looked like squat, heavy woodchucks, but their teeth were somewhat like those of a wee rhinoceros, and they had little hoof-like nails instead of claws. There were civets and wild-cats and things like a small mongoose. But the most interesting mammal we saw was a brilliantly colored yellow and blue, or yellow and slate, bat, which we put up one day while beating through a ravine. It had been hanging from a mimosa twig, and it flew well in the strong sunlight, looking like some huge, parti-colored butterfly.

It was a settled country, this in which we did our first hunting, and for this reason all the more interesting. The growth and development of East and Middle Africa are phenomena of such absorbing interest, that I was delighted at the chance to see the parts where settlement has already begun before plunging into the absolute wilderness. There was much to remind one of conditions in Montana and Wyoming thirty years ago; the ranches planted down among the hills and on the plains still teeming with game, the spirit of daring adventure everywhere visible, the hope and the heart-breaking disappointment, the successes and the failures. But the problem offered by the natives bore no re-

semblance to that once offered by the presence of our tribes of horse Indians, few in numbers and incredibly formidable in war. The natives of East Africa are numerous; many of them are agricultural or pastoral peoples after their own fashion; and even the bravest of them, the warlike Masai, are in no way formidable as our Indians were formidable when they went on the warpath. The ranch country I first visited was in what was once the domain of the Wakamba, and in the greater part of it the tribes still dwell. They are in most ways primitive savages, with an imperfect and feeble social, and therefore military, organization; they live in small communities under their local chiefs; they file their teeth, and though they wear blankets in the neighborhood of the whites, these blankets are often cast aside; even when the blanket is worn, it is often in such fashion as merely to accentuate the otherwise absolute nakedness of both sexes. Yet these savages are cattle-keepers and cattle-raisers, and the women do a good deal of simple agricultural work; unfortunately, they are wastefully destructive of the forests. The chief of each little village is recognized as the official headman by the British official, is given support, and is required to help the authorities keep peace and stamp out cattle disease—the two most important functions of government so far as the Wakamba themselves are concerned. All the tribes have their

herds of black, brown, and white goats, of mottled sheep, and especially of small humped cattle. The cattle form their pride and joy. During the day each herd is accompanied by the herdsmen, and at night it is driven within its boma, or circular fence of thorn-bushes. Except for the milk, which they keep in their foul, smoky calabashes, the natives really make no use of their cattle; they do not know how to work them, and they never eat them even in time of starvation. When there is prolonged drought and consequent failure of crops, the foolish creatures die by the hundreds when they might readily be saved if they were willing to eat the herds which they persist in treating as ornaments rather than as made for use.

Many of the natives work for the settlers, as cattle-keepers, as ostrich-keepers, or, after a fashion, as laborers. The settlers evidently much prefer to rely upon the natives for unskilled labor rather than see coolies from Hindostan brought into the country. At Sir Alfred Pease's ranch, as at most of the other farms of the neighborhood, we found little Wakamba settlements. Untold ages separated employers and employed; yet those that I saw seemed to get on well together. The Wakamba are as yet not sufficiently advanced to warrant their sharing in the smallest degree in the common government; the "just consent of the governed" in their case, if taken literally, would

mean idleness, famine, and endless internecine warfare. They cannot govern themselves from within; therefore they must be governed from without; and their need is met in highest fashion by firm and just control, of the kind that on the whole they are now getting. At Kitanga the natives on the place sometimes worked about the house; and they took care of the stock. The elders looked after the mild little humped cattle—bulls, steers, and cows; and the children, often the merest toddlers, took naturally to guarding the parties of pretty little calves, during the day-time, when they were separated from their mothers. It was an ostrich-farm, too; and in the morning and evening we would meet the great birds, as they went to their grazing-grounds or returned to the ostrich boma, mincing along with their usual air of foolish stateliness, convoyed by two or three boys, each with a red blanket, a throwing stick, copper wire round his legs and arms, and perhaps a feather stuck in his hair.

There were a number of ranches in the neighborhood—using "neighborhood" in the large Western sense, for they were many miles apart. The Hills, Clifford and Harold, were Africanders; they knew the country, and were working hard and doing well; and in the midst of their work they spared the time to do their full part in insuring a successful hunt to me, an entire stranger. All the settlers I met treated me with the same large and

thoughtful courtesy—and what fine fellows they were! And their wives even finer. At Bondoni was Percival, a tall sinewy man, a fine rider and shot; like so many other men whom I met, he wore merely a helmet, a flannel shirt, short breeches or trunks, and puttees and boots, leaving the knee entirely bare. I shall not soon forget seeing him one day, as he walked beside his twelve-ox team, cracking his long whip, while in the big wagon sat pretty Mrs. Percival with a puppy, and a little cheetah cub, which we had found and presented to her and which she was taming. They all—Sir Alfred, the Hills, every one—behaved as if each was my host and felt it peculiarly incumbent on him to give me a good time; and among these hosts one who did very much for me was Captain Arthur Slatter. I was his guest at Kilimakiu, where he was running an ostrich-farm; he had lost his right hand, yet he was an exceedingly good game shot, both with his light and his heavy rifles.

At Kitanga, Sir Alfred's place, two Boers were working, Messrs. Prinsloo and Klopper. We forgathered, of course, as I too was of Dutch ancestry; they were strong, upstanding men, good mechanics, good masons, and Prinsloo spoke English well. I afterward stopped at the farm of Klopper's father, and at the farm of another Boer named Loijs; and I met other Boers while out hunting—Erasmus, Botha, Joubert, Meyer. They were descendants of

the Voortrekkers with the same names who led the hard-fighting farmers northward from the Cape seventy years ago; and were kinsfolk of the men who since then have made these names honorably known throughout the world. There must of course be many Boers who have gone backward under the stress of a hard and semi-savage life; just as in our communities of the frontier, the backwoods, and the lonely mountains, there are shiftless "poor whites" and "mean whites," mingled with the sturdy men and women who have laid deep the foundations of our national greatness. But personally I happened not to come across these shiftless "mean white" Boers. Those that I met, both men and women, were of as good a type as any one could wish for in his own countrymen or could admire in another nationality. They fulfilled the three prime requisites for any race: they worked hard, they could fight hard at need, and they had plenty of children. These are the three essential qualities in any and every nation; they are by no means all-sufficient in themselves, and there is need that many others should be added to them; but the lack of any one of them is fatal, and cannot be made good by the presence of any other set of attributes.

It was pleasant to see the good terms on which Boer and Briton met. Many of the English settlers whose guest I was, or with whom I hunted —the Hills, Captain Slatter, Heatley, Judd—had

fought through the South African war; and so had all the Boers I met. The latter had been for the most part members of various particularly hard-fighting commandos; when the war closed they felt very bitterly, and wished to avoid living under the British flag. Some moved West and some East; those I met were among the many hundreds, indeed thousands, who travelled northward—a few overland, most of them by water—to German East Africa. But in the part in which they happened to settle they were decimated by fever, and their stock perished of cattle sickness; and most of them had again moved northward, and once more found themselves under the British flag. They were being treated precisely on an equality with the British settlers; and every well-wisher to his kind, and above all every well-wisher to Africa, must hope that the men who in South Africa fought so valiantly against one another, each for the right as he saw it, will speedily grow into a companionship of mutual respect, regard, and consideration such as that which, for our inestimable good fortune, now knits closely together in our own land the men who wore the blue and the men who wore the gray and their descendants. There could be no better and manlier people than those, both English and Dutch, who are at this moment engaged in the great and difficult task of adding East Africa to the domain of civilization; their work is bound to be

hard enough anyhow; and it would be a lamentable calamity to render it more difficult by keeping alive a bitterness which has lost all point and justification, or by failing to recognize the fundamental virtues, the fundamental characteristics, in which the men of the two stocks are in reality so much alike.

Messrs. Klopper and Loijs, whose farms I visited, were doing well; the latter, with three of his sons, took me out with pride to show me the dam which they had built across a dry watercourse, so as to make a storage reservoir when the rains came. The houses were of stone, and clean and comfortable; the floors were covered with the skins of buck and zebra; the chairs were home-made, as was most of the other funiture; the "rust bunks," or couches, strongly and gracefully shaped, and filled with plaited raw hide, were so attractive that I ordered one to take home. There were neatly kept little flower-gardens, suffering much from the drought; there were ovens and out-buildings; cattle-sheds for the humped oxen and the herds of pretty cows and calves; the biltong was drying in smoke-houses; there were patches of ground in cultivation, for corn and vegetables; and the wild velt came up to the door-sills, and the wild game grazed quietly on all sides within sight of the houses. It was a very good kind of pioneer life; and there could be no better pioneer settlers than Boers such as I saw.

The older men wore full beards, and were spare and sinewy. The young men were generally smooth-faced or mustached, strongly built, and rather shy. The elder women were stout, cordial, motherly housewives; the younger were often really pretty. At their houses I was received with hearty hospitality, and given coffee or fresh milk, while we conversed through the medium of the sons or daughters who knew a little English. They all knew that I was of Dutch origin, and were much interested when I repeated to them the only Dutch I knew, a nursery song which, as I told them, had been handed down to me by my own forefathers, and which in return I had repeated, so many, many times, to my children when they were little. It runs as follows, by the way; but I have no idea how the words are spelled, as I have no written copy; it is supposed to be sung by the father, who holds the little boy or little girl on his knee, and tosses him or her up in the air when he comes to the last line:

Trippa, troppa, tronjes,
De varken's in de boonjes,
De koejes in de klaver,
De paardeen in de haver,
De eenjes in de water-plass!
So groot myn kleine (here insert the
little boy's or little girl's name) wass!

My pronunciation caused trouble at first; but I think they understood me the more readily because

doubtless their own usual tongue was in some sort a dialect; and some of them already knew the song, while they were all pleased and amused at my remembering and repeating it; and we were speedily on a most friendly footing.

The essential identity of interest between the Boer and British settlers was shown by their attitude toward the district commissioner, Mr. Humphery, who was just leaving for his biennial holiday, and who dined with us in our tent on his way out. From both Boer farmer and English settler —and from the American missionaries also—I heard praise of Humphery, as a strong man, not in the least afraid of either settler or native, but bound to do justice to both, and, what was quite as important, *sympathizing with the settlers and knowing and understanding their needs.* A new country in which white pioneer settlers are struggling with the iron difficulties and hardships of frontier life is above all others that in which the officials should be men having both knowledge and sympathy with the other men over whom they are placed and for whom they should work.

My host and hostess, Sir Alfred and Lady Pease, were on the best terms with all their neighbors, and their friendly interest was returned; now it was the wife of a Boer farmer who sent over a basket of flowers, now came a box of apples from an English settler on the hills; now Prinsloo the Boer stopped

to dinner; now the McMillans—American friends, of whose farm and my stay thereon I shall speak later—rode over from their house on the Mua Hills, with their guest, Selous, to take lunch. This, by the way, was after I had shot my first lions, and I was much pleased to be able to show Selous the trophies.

My gentle-voiced hostess and her daughter had seen many strange lands and strange happenings; as was natural with a husband and father of such adventure-loving nature. They took a keen interest, untinged by the slightest nervousness, in every kind of wild creature from lions and leopards down. The game was in sight from the veranda of the house almost every hour of the day. Early one morning, in the mist, three hartebeests came right up to the wire fence, two score yards from the house itself; and the black-and-white striped zebra, and ruddy hartebeest, grazed or rested through the long afternoons in plain view, on the hillsides opposite.

It is hard for one who has not himself seen it to realize the immense quantities of game to be found on the Kapiti Plains and Athi Plains and the hills that bound them. The common game of the plains, the animals of which I saw most while at Kitanga and in the neighborhood, were the zebra, wildebeest, hartebeest, Grant's gazelle, and "Tommies" or Thomson's gazelle; the zebra, and the hartebeest, usually known by the Swahili name of kongoni,

being by far the most plentiful. Then there were impalla, mountain reedbuck, duiker, steinbuck, and diminutive dikdik. As we travelled and hunted we were hardly ever out of sight of game; and on Pease's farm itself there were many thousand head; and so there were on Slatter's. If wealthy men who desire sport of the most varied and interesting kind would purchase farms like these they could get, for much less money, many times the interest and enjoyment a deer-forest or grouse-moor can afford.

The wildebeest or gnu were the shyest and least plentiful, but in some ways the most interesting, because of the queer streak of ferocious eccentricity evident in all their actions. They were of all the animals those that were most exclusively dwellers in the open, where there was neither hill nor bush. Their size and their dark bluish hides, sometimes showing white in the sunlight, but more often black, rendered them more easily seen than any of their companions. But hardly any plains animal of any size makes any effort to escape its enemies by eluding their observation. Very much of what is commonly said about "protective coloration" has no basis whatever in fact. Black and white are normally the most conspicuous colors in nature (and yet are borne by numerous creatures who have succeeded well in the struggle for life); but almost any tint, or combination of tints, among the

grays, browns and duns, harmonizes fairly well with at least some surroundings, in most landscapes; and in but a few instances among the larger mammals, and in almost none among those frequenting the open plains, is there the slightest reason for supposing that the creature gains any benefit whatever from what is loosely called its "protective coloration." Giraffes, leopards and zebras, for instance, have actually been held up as instances of creatures that are "protectingly" colored and are benefited thereby. The giraffe is one of the most conspicuous objects in nature, and never makes the slightest effort to hide; near by its mottled hide is very noticeable, but as a matter of fact, under any ordinary circumstances any possible foe trusting to eyesight would discover the giraffe so far away that its coloring would seem uniform, that is, would because of the distance be indistinguishable from a general tint which really might have a slight protective value. In other words while it is possible that the giraffe's beautifully waved coloring may under certain circumstances, and in an infinitesimally small number of cases, put it at a slight disadvantage in the struggle for life, in the enormous majority of cases—a majority so great as to make the remaining cases negligible—it has no effect whatever, one way or the other; and it is safe to say that under no conditions is its coloring of the slightest value to it as affording it "pro-

tection" from foes trusting to their eyesight. So it is with the leopard; it is undoubtedly much less conspicuous than if it were black—and yet the black leopards, the melanistic individuals, thrive as well as their spotted brothers; while on the whole it is probably slightly more conspicuous than if it were nearly unicolor, like the American cougar. As compared with the cougar's tawny hide the leopard's coloration represents a very slight disadvantage, and not an advantage, to the beast; but its life is led under conditions which make either the advantage or the disadvantage so slight as to be negligible; its peculiar coloration is probably in actual fact of hardly the slightest service to it from the "protective" standpoint whether as regards escaping from its enemies or approaching its prey. It has extraordinary facility in hiding, it is a master of the art of stealthy approach; but it is normally nocturnal and by night the color of its hide is of no consequence whatever; while by day, as I have already said, its varied coloration renders it slightly more easy to detect than is the case with the cougar.

All of this applies with peculiar force to the zebra, which it has also been somewhat the fashion of recent years to hold up as an example of "protective coloration." As a matter of fact the zebra's coloration is not protective at all; on the contrary it is exceedingly conspicuous, and under the actual conditions of the zebra's life probably never hides

it from its foes; the instances to the contrary being due to conditions so exceptional that they may be disregarded. If any man seriously regards the zebra's coloration as "protective," let him try the experiment of wearing a hunting suit of the zebra pattern; he will speedily be undeceived. The zebra is peculiarly a beast of the open plains, and makes no effort ever to hide from the observation of its foes. It is occasionally found in open forest; and may there now and then escape observation simply as any animal of any color—a dun hartebeest or a nearly black bushbuck—may escape observation. At a distance of over a few hundred yards the zebra's coloration ceases to be conspicuous simply because the distance has caused it to lose all its distinctive character—that is, all the quality which could possibly make it protective. Near by it is always very conspicuous, and if the conditions are such that any animal can be seen at all, a zebra will catch the eye much more quickly than a Grant's gazelle, for instance. These gazelles, by the way, although much less conspicuously colored than the zebra, bear when young, and the females even when adult, the dark side stripe which characterizes all sexes and ages of the smaller gazelle, the "tommy"; it is a very conspicuous marking, quite inexplicable on any theory of protective coloration. The truth is that no game of the plains is helped in any way by its coloration in evading its foes and

none seeks to escape the vision of its foes. The larger game animals of the plains are always walking and standing in conspicuous places, and never seek to hide or take advantage of cover; while, on the contrary, the little grass and bush antelopes, like the duiker and steinbuck, trust very much to their power of hiding, and endeavor to escape the sight of their foes by lying absolutely still, in the hope of not being made out against their background. On the plains one sees the wildebeest farthest off and with most ease; the zebra and hartebeest next; the gazelles last.

The wildebeest are very wary. While the hunter is still a long way off the animal will stop grazing and stand with head raised, the heavy shoulders and short neck making it unmistakable. Then, when it makes up its mind to allow no closer approach, it brandishes its long tail, springs and plunges, runs once or twice in semicircles, and is off, the head held much lower than the shoulders, the tail still lashing; and now and then a bull may toss up the dust with its horns. The herds of cows and calves usually contain one or two or more bulls; and in addition, dotted here and there over the plain, are single bulls or small parties of bulls, usually past their prime or not yet full grown. These bulls are often found in the company of hartebeests or zebras; and stray zebras and hartebeests are often found with the wildebeest herds. The stomachs of

those I opened contained nothing but grass; they are grazers, not browsers. The hartebeest are much faster, and if really frightened speedily leave their clumsy-looking friends behind; but the wildebeest, as I have seen them, are by far the most wary. The wildebeest and zebra seemed to me to lie down less freely than the hartebeest; but I frequently came on herds of both lying down during the heat of the day. Sometimes part of the herd will stand drowsily erect and the rest lie down. Near Kitanga there were three wildebeest which were usually found with a big herd of hartebeest, and which regularly every afternoon lay down for some hours, just as their friends did. The animal has a very bovine look; and though called an antelope it is quite as close kin to the oxen as it is to many of the other beasts also called antelope. The fact is that antelope is not an exact term at all, but merely means any hollow-horned ruminant which the observer happens to think is not a sheep, goat, or ox. When, with Linnæus, the first serious effort at the systematization of living nature began, men naturally groped in the effort to see correctly and to express what they saw. When they came to describe the hollow-horned ruminants, they, of course, already had names at hand for anything that looked like one of the domestic creatures with which they were familiar; and as "antelope" was already a name of general, though vague, cur-

rency for some wild creatures, they called everything an antelope that did not seem to come in one of the more familiar domestic categories. Study has shown that sheep and goats grade into one another among the wild species; and the so-called antelopes include forms differing from one another quite as sharply as any of them differ from their kinsfolk that are represented in the farmyard.

Zebra share with hartebeest the distinction of being the most abundant game animal on the plains, throughout the whole Athi region. The two creatures are fond of associating together, usually in mixed herds; but sometimes there will merely be one or two individuals of one species in a big herd of the other. They are sometimes, though less frequently than the hartebeest, found in open bush country; but they live in the open plains by choice.

I could not find out that they had fixed times for resting, feeding, and going to water. They and the hartebeests formed the favorite prey of the numerous lions of the neighborhood; and I believe that the nights, even the moonlight nights, were passed by both animals under a nervous strain of apprehension, ever dreading the attack of their arch enemy, and stampeding from it. Their stampedes cause the utmost exasperation to the settlers, for when in terror of the real or imaginary attack of a lion, their mad, heedless rush takes them through a wire fence as if it were made of twine and paste-

board. But a few months before my arrival a mixed herd of zebra and hartebeest, stampeded either by lions or wild dogs, rushed through the streets of Nairobi, several being killed by the inhabitants, and one of the victims falling just outside the Episcopal Church. The zebras are nearly powerless when seized by lions; but they are bold creatures against less formidable foes, trusting in their hoofs and their strong jaws; they will, when in a herd, drive off hyena or wild dogs, and will turn on hounds, if the hunter is not near. If the lion is abroad in the daytime, they, as well as the other game, seem to realize that he cannot run them down; and though they follow his movements with great alertness, and keep at a respectful distance, they show no panic. Ordinarily, as I saw them, they did not seem very shy of men; but in this respect all the game displayed the widest differences, from time to time, without any real cause, that I could discern, for the difference. At one hour, or on one day, the zebra and hartebeest would flee from our approach when half a mile off; and again they would permit us to come within a couple of hundred yards, before moving slowly away. On two or three occasions at lunch herds of zebra remained for half an hour watching us with much curiosity not over a hundred yards off. Once, when we had been vainly beating for lions at the foot of the Elukania ridge, at least a thousand ze-

bras stood, in herds, on every side of us, throughout lunch; they were from two to four hundred yards distant, and I was especially struck by the fact that those which were to leeward and had our wind were no more alarmed than the others. I have seen them water at dawn and sunset, and also in the middle of the day; and I have seen them grazing at every hour of the day, although I believe most freely in the morning and evening. At noon and until the late afternoon those I saw were quite apt to be resting, either standing or lying down. They are noisy. Hartebeests merely snort or sneeze now and then; but the shrill, querulous barking of the "bonte quaha," as the Boers call the zebra, is one of the common sounds of the African plains, both by day and night. It is usually represented in books by the syllables "qua-ha-ha"; but of course our letters and syllables were not made to represent, and can only in arbitrary and conventional fashion represent, the calls of birds and mammals; the bark of the bonte quagga or common zebra could just as well be represented by the syllables "ba-wa-wa," and as a matter of fact it can readily be mistaken for the bark of a shrill-voiced dog. After one of a herd has been killed by a lion or a hunter his companions are particularly apt to keep uttering their cry. Zebras are very beautiful creatures, and it was an unending pleasure to watch them. I never molested them save to procure specimens for the museums,

or food for the porters, who like their rather rank flesh. They were covered with ticks like the other game; on the groin, and many of the tenderest spots, the odious creatures were in solid clusters; yet the zebras were all in high condition, with masses of oily yellow fat. One stallion weighed six hundred and fifty pounds.

The hartebeest—Coke's hartebeest, known locally by the Swahili name of kongoni—were at least as plentiful, and almost as tame as the zebras. As with the other game of equatorial Africa, we found the young of all ages; there seems to be no especial breeding time, and no one period among the males corresponding to the rutting season among northern animals. The hartebeests were usually inseparable companions of the zebra; but though they were by preference beasts of the bare plain, they were rather more often found in open bush than were their striped friends. There are in the country numerous ant-hills, which one sees in every stage of development, from a patch of bare earth with a few funnel-like towers, to a hillock a dozen feet high and as many yards in circumference. On these big ant-hills one or two kongoni will often post themselves as lookouts, and are then almost impossible to approach. The bulls sometimes fight hard among themselves, and although their horns are not very formidable weapons, yet I knew of one case in which a bull was killed in such a duel, his

chest being ripped open by his adversary's horns; and now and then a bull will kneel and grind its face and horns into the dust or mud. Often a whole herd will gather around and on an ant-hill, or even a small patch of level ground, and make it a regular stamping ground, treading it into dust with their sharp hoofs. They have another habit which I have not seen touched on in the books. Ordinarily their droppings are scattered anywhere on the plain; but again and again I found where hartebeests—and more rarely Grant's gazelles—had in large numbers deposited their droppings for some time in one spot. Hartebeests are homely creatures, with long faces, high withers, and showing when first in motion a rather ungainly gait, but they are among the swiftest and most enduring of antelope, and when at speed their action is easy and regular. When pursued by a dog they will often play before him—just as a tommy will—taking great leaps, with all four legs inclined backward, evidently in a spirit of fun and derision. In the stomachs of those I killed, as in those of the zebras, I found only grass and a few ground plants; even in the open bush or thinly wooded country they seem to graze and not browse. One fat and heavy bull weighed 340 pounds; a very old bull, with horns much worn down 299; and a cow in high condition 315.

The Grant's gazelle is the most beautiful of all these plains creatures; it is about the size of a big

whitetail deer; one heavy buck which I shot, although with poor horns, weighed 171 pounds. The finest among the old bucks have beautiful lyre-shaped horns, over two feet long, and their proud, graceful carriage and lightness of movement render them a delight to the eye. As I have already said, the young and the females have the dark side stripe which marks all the tommies; but the old bucks lack this, and their color fades into the brown or sandy of the dry plains far more completely than is the case with zebra or kongoni. Like the other game of the plains they are sometimes found in small parties, or else in fair-sized herds, by themselves, and sometimes with other beasts; I have seen a single fine buck in a herd of several hundred zebra and kongoni. The Thomson's gazelles, hardly a third the weight of their larger kinsfolk, are found scattered everywhere; they are not as highly gregarious as the zebra and kongoni, and are not found in such big herds; but their little bands—now a buck and several does, now a couple of does with their fawns, now three or four bucks together, now a score of individuals—are scattered everywhere on the flats. Like the Grants, their flesh is delicious, and they seem to have much the same habits. But they have one very marked characteristic: their tails keep up an incessant nervous twitching, never being still for more than a few seconds at a time, while the larger gazelle in this part of its range rarely moves its tail

at all. They are grazers and they feed, rest, and go to water at irregular times, or at least at different times in different localities; and although they are most apt to rest during the heat of the day, I have seen them get up soon after noon, having lain down for a couple of hours, feed for an hour or so, and then lie down again. In the same way the habits of the game as to migration vary with the different districts, in Africa as in America. There are places where all the game, perhaps notably the wildebeests, gather in herds of thousands, at certain times, and travel for scores of miles, so that a district which is teeming with game at one time may be almost barren of large wild life at another. But my information was that around the Kapiti Plains there was no such complete and extensive shift. If the rains are abundant and the grass rank, most of the game will be found far out in the middle of the plains; if, as was the case at the time of my visit, there has been a long drought—the game will be found ten or fifteen miles away, near or among the foot-hills.

Unless there was something special on, like a lion- or rhinoceros-hunt, I usually rode off followed only by my sais and gun-bearers. I cannot describe the beauty and the unceasing interest of these rides, through the teeming herds of game. It was like retracing the steps of time for sixty or seventy years, and being back in the days of Cornwallis

Harris and Gordon Cumming, in the palmy times of the giant fauna of South Africa. On Pease's own farm one day I passed through scores of herds of the beautiful and wonderful wild creatures I have spoken of above; all told there were several thousands of them. With the exception of the wildebeest, most of them were not shy, and I could have taken scores of shots at a distance of a couple of hundred yards or thereabout. Of course, I did not shoot at anything unless we were out of meat or needed the skin for the collection; and when we took the skin we almost always took the meat too, for the porters, although they had their rations of rice, depended for much of their well-being on our success with the rifle.

These rides through the wild, lonely country, with only my silent black followers, had a peculiar charm. When the sky was overcast it was cool and pleasant, for it is a high country; as soon as the sun appeared the vertical tropic rays made the air quiver above the scorched land. As we passed down a hillside we brushed through aromatic shrubs and the hot, pleasant fragrance enveloped us. When we came to a nearly dry watercourse, there would be beds of rushes, beautiful lilies and lush green plants with staring flowers; and great deep-green fig-trees, or flat-topped mimosas. In many of these trees there were sure to be native beehives; these were sections of hollow logs hung from the branches;

they formed striking and characteristic features of the landscape. Wherever there was any moisture there were flowers, brilliant of hue and many of them sweet of smell; and birds of numerous kinds abounded. When we left the hills and the wooded watercourses we might ride hour after hour across the barren desolation of the flats, while herds of zebra, and hartebeest stared at us through the heat haze. Then the zebra, with shrill, barking neighs, would file off across the horizon, or the high-withered hartebeests, snorting and bucking, would rush off in a confused mass, as unreasoning panic succeeded foolish confidence. If I shot anything, vultures of several kinds, and the tall, hideous marabout storks, gathered before the skinners were through with their work; they usually stayed at a wary distance, but the handsome ravens, glossy-hued with white napes, big-billed, long-winged, and short-tailed, came round more familiarly.

I rarely had to take the trouble to stalk anything; the shooting was necessarily at rather long range, but by manœuvring a little, and never walking straight toward a beast, I was usually able to get whatever the naturalists wished. Sometimes I shot fairly well, and sometimes badly. On one day, for instance, the entry in my diary ran: "Missed steinbuck, pig, impalla and Grant; awful." On another day it ran in part as follows: "Out with Heller. Hartebeest, 250 yards, facing me; shot through

face, broke neck. Zebra, very large, quartering, 160 yards, between neck and shoulder. Buck Grant, 220 yards, walking, behind shoulder. Steinbuck, 180 yards, standing, behind shoulder." Generally each head of game bagged cost me a goodly number of bullets; but only twice did I wound animals which I failed to get; in the other cases the extra cartridges represented either misses at animals which got clean away untouched, or else a running fusillade at wounded animals which I eventually got. I am a very strong believer in making sure, and, therefore, in shooting at a wounded animal as long as there is the least chance of its getting off. The expenditure of a few cartridges is of no consequence whatever compared to the escape of a single head of game which should have been bagged. Shooting at long range necessitates much running. Some of my successful shots at Grant's gazelle and kongoni were made at 300, 350, and 400 yards; but at such distances my proportion of misses was very large indeed—and there were altogether too many even at shorter ranges.

The so-called grass antelopes, the steinbuck and duiker, were the ones at which I shot worst; they were quite plentiful, and they got up close, seeking to escape observation by hiding until the last moment; but they were small, and when they did go they rushed half hidden through the grass and in and out among the bushes at such a speed, and with

such jumps and twists and turns, that I found it well-nigh impossible to hit them with the rifle. The few I got were generally shot when they happened to stand still.

On the steep, rocky, bush-clad hills there were little klipspringers and the mountain reedbuck or Chanler's reedbuck, a very pretty little creature. Usually we found the reedbuck does and their fawns in small parties, and the bucks by themselves; but we saw too few to enable us to tell whether this represented their normal habits. They fed on the grass, the hill plants, and the tips of certain of the shrubs, and were true mountaineers in their love of the rocks and rough ground, to which they fled in frantic haste when alarmed. They were shy and elusive little things, but not wary in the sense that some of the larger antelopes are wary. I shot two does with three bullets, all of which hit. Then I tried hard for a buck; at last, late one evening, I got up to one feeding on a steep hillside, and actually took ten shots to kill him, hitting him no less than seven times.

Occasionally we drove a ravine or a range of hills by means of beaters. On such occasions all kinds of things were put up. Most of the beaters, especially if they were wild savages impressed for the purpose from some neighboring tribe, carried throwing-sticks, with which they were very expert; as indeed were some of the colonials, like the Hills.

Hares, looking and behaving much like small jack-rabbits, were plentiful both on the plains and in the ravines, and dozens of these were knocked over; while on several occasions I saw francolins and spurfowl cut down on the wing by a throwing-stick hurled from some unusually dexterous hand.

The beats, with the noise and laughter of the good-humored, excitable savages, and the alert interest as to what would turn up next, were great fun; but the days I enjoyed most were those spent alone with my horse and gun-bearers. We might be off by dawn, and see the tropic sun flame splendid over the brink of the world; strange creatures rustled through the bush or fled dimly through the long grass, before the light grew bright; and the air was fresh and sweet as it blew in our faces. When the still heat of noon drew near I would stop under a tree, with my water canteen and my lunch. The men lay in the shade, and the hobbled pony grazed close by, while I either dozed or else watched through my telescope the herds of game lying down or standing drowsily in the distance. As the shadows lengthened I would again mount, and finally ride homeward as the red sunset paled to amber and opal, and all the vast, mysterious African landscape grew to wonderful beauty in the dying twilight.

CHAPTER III

LION HUNTING ON THE KAPITI PLAINS

THE dangerous game of Africa are the lion, buffalo, elephant, rhinoceros, and leopard. The hunter who follows any of these animals always does so at a certain risk to life or limb; a risk which it is his business to minimize by coolness, caution, good judgment, and straight shooting. The leopard is in point of pluck and ferocity more than the equal of the other four; but his small size always renders it likely that he will merely maul, and not kill, a man. My friend, Carl Akeley, of Chicago, actually killed bare-handed a leopard which sprang on him. He had already wounded the beast twice, crippling it in one front and one hind paw; whereupon it charged, followed him as he tried to dodge the charge, and struck him full just as he turned. It bit him in one arm, biting again and again as it worked up the arm from the wrist to the elbow; but Akeley threw it, holding its throat with the other hand, and flinging its body to one side. It luckily fell on its side with its two wounded legs uppermost, so that it could not tear him. He fell forward with it and crushed in its chest with his knees until he distinctly felt one of

its ribs crack; this, said Akeley, was the first moment when he felt he might conquer. Redoubling his efforts, with knees and hand, he actually choked and crushed the life out of it, although his arm was badly bitten. A leopard will charge at least as readily as one of the big beasts, and is rather more apt to get his charge home, but the risk is less to life than to limb.

There are other animals often or occasionally dangerous to human life which are, nevertheless, not dangerous to the hunter. Crocodiles are far greater pests, and far more often man-eaters, than lions or leopards; but their shooting is not accompanied by the smallest element of risk. Poisonous snakes are fruitful sources of accident, but they are actuated only by fear, and the anger born of fear. The hippopotamus sometimes destroys boats and kills those in them; but again there is no risk in hunting him. Finally, the hyena, too cowardly ever to be a source of danger to the hunter, is sometimes a dreadful curse to the weak and helpless. The hyena is a beast of unusual strength, and of enormous power in his jaws and teeth, and thrice over would he be dreaded were fang and sinew driven by a heart of the leopard's cruel courage. But though the creature's foul and evil ferocity has no such backing as that yielded by the angry daring of the spotted cat, it is yet fraught with a terror all its own; for on occasion the hyena takes to man-eating after its

own fashion. Carrion-feeder though it is, in certain places it will enter native huts and carry away children or even sleeping adults; and where famine or disease has worked havoc among a people, the hideous spotted beasts become bolder and prey on the survivors. For some years past Uganda has been scourged by the sleeping sickness, which has ravaged it as in the Middle Ages the Black Death ravaged Europe. Hundreds of thousands of natives have died. Every effort has been made by the Government officials to cope with the disease; and among other things sleeping-sickness camps have been established, where those stricken by the dread malady can be isolated and cease to be possible sources of infection to their fellows. Recovery among those stricken is so rare as to be almost unknown, but the disease is often slow, and months may elapse during which the diseased man is still able to live his life much as usual. In the big camps of doomed men and women thus established there were, therefore, many persons carrying on their avocations much as in an ordinary native village. But the hyenas speedily found that in many of the huts the inmates were a helpless prey. In 1908 and throughout the early part of 1909 they grew constantly bolder, haunting these sleeping-sickness camps, and each night entering them, bursting into the huts and carrying off and eating the dying people. To guard against them each little group of

huts was inclosed by a thick hedge; but after a while the hyenas learned to break through the hedges, and continued their ravages; so that every night armed sentries had to patrol the camps, and every night they could be heard firing at the marauders.

The men thus preyed on were sick to death, and for the most part helpless. But occasionally men in full vigor are attacked. One of Pease's native hunters was seized by a hyena as he slept beside the camp-fire, and part of his face torn off. Selous informed me that a friend of his, Major R. T. Coryndon, then administrator of Northwestern Rhodesia, was attacked by a hyena but two or three years ago. At the time Major Coryndon was lying, wrapped in a blanket, beside his wagon. A hyena, stealthily approaching through the night, seized him by the hand, and dragged him out of bed; but as he struggled and called out, the beast left him and ran off into the darkness. In spite of his torn hand the major was determined to get his assailant, which he felt sure would soon return. Accordingly, he went back to his bed, drew his cocked rifle beside him, pointing toward his feet, and feigned sleep. When all was still once more, a dim form loomed up through the uncertain light, toward the foot of the bed; it was the ravenous beast returning for his prey; and the major shot and killed it where it stood

A few months ago a hyena entered the outskirts of Nairobi, crept into a hut, and seized and killed a native man. At Nairobi the wild creatures are always at the threshold of the town, and often cross it. At Governor Jackson's table, at Government House, I met Mr. and Mrs. Sandiford. Mr. Sandiford is managing the railroad. A few months previously, while he was sitting, with his family, in his own house in Nairobi, he happened to ask his daughter to look for something in one of the bedrooms. She returned in a minute, quietly remarking, " Father, there's a leopard under the bed." So there was; and it was then remembered that the house-cat had been showing a marked and alert distrust of the room in question—very probably the leopard had gotten into the house while trying to catch her or one of the dogs. A neighbor with a rifle was summoned, and shot the leopard.

Hyenas not infrequently kill mules and donkeys, tearing open their bellies, and eating them while they are still alive. Yet when themselves assailed they usually behave with abject cowardice. The Hills had a large Airedale terrier, an energetic dog of much courage. Not long before our visit this dog put up a hyena from a bushy ravine, in broad daylight, ran after it, overtook it, and flew at it. The hyena made no effective fight, although the dog —not a third its weight—bit it severely, and delayed its flight so that it was killed. During the

first few weeks of our trip I not infrequently heard hyenas after nightfall, but saw none. Kermit, however, put one out of a ravine or dry creek-bed—a donga, as it is locally called—and though the brute had a long start he galloped after it and succeeded in running it down. The chase was a long one, for twice the hyena got in such rocky country that he almost distanced his pursuer; but at last, after covering nearly ten miles, Kermit ran into it in the open, shooting it from the saddle as it shambled along at a canter growling with rage and terror. I would not have recognized the cry of the hyenas from what I had read, and it was long before I heard them laugh. Pease said that he had only once heard them really laugh. On that occasion he was watching for lions outside a Somali zareba. Suddenly a leopard leaped clear over the zareba, close beside him, and in a few seconds came flying back again, over the high thorn fence, with a sheep in its mouth; but no sooner had it landed than the hyenas rushed at it and took away the sheep; and then their cackling and shrieking sounded exactly like the most unpleasant kind of laughter. The normal death of very old lions, as they grow starved and feeble—unless they are previously killed in an encounter with dangerous game like buffalo—is to be killed and eaten by hyenas; but of course a lion in full vigor pays no heed to hyenas, unless it is to kill one if it gets in the way.

During the last few decades, in Africa, hundreds of white hunters, and thousands of native hunters, have been killed or wounded by lions, buffaloes, elephants, and rhinos. All are dangerous game; each species has to its grewsome credit a long list of mighty hunters slain or disabled. Among those competent to express judgment there is the widest difference of opinion as to the comparative danger in hunting the several kinds of animals. Probably no other hunter who has ever lived has combined Selous's experience with his skill as a hunter and his power of accurate observation and narration. He has killed between three and four hundred lions, elephants, buffaloes, and rhinos, and he ranks the lion as much the most dangerous, and the rhino as much the least, while he puts the buffalo and elephant in between, and practically on a par. Governor Jackson has killed between eighty and ninety of the four animals; and he puts the buffalo unquestionably first in point of formidable capacity as a foe, the elephant equally unquestionably second, the lion third, and the rhino last. Stigand puts them in the following order: lion, elephant, rhino, leopard, and buffalo. Drummond, who wrote a capital book on South African game, who was for years a professional hunter like Selous, and who had fine opportunities for observation, but who was a much less accurate observer than Selous, put the rhino as unquestionably the most dangerous, with

the lion as second, and the buffalo and elephant nearly on a level. Samuel Baker, a mighty hunter and good observer, but with less experience of African game than any one of the above, put the elephant first, the rhino second, the buffalo seemingly third, and the lion last. The experts of greatest experience thus absolutely disagree among themselves; and there is the same wide divergence of view among good hunters and trained observers whose opportunities have been less. Mr. Abel Chapman, for instance, regards both the elephant and the rhino as more dangerous than the lion; and many of the hunters I met in East Africa seemed inclined to rank the buffalo as more dangerous than any other animal. A man who has shot but a dozen or a score of these various animals, all put together, is not entitled to express any but the most tentative opinion as to their relative prowess and ferocity; yet on the whole it seems to me that the weight of opinion among those best fitted to judge is that the lion is the most formidable opponent of the hunter, under ordinary conditions. This is my own view. But we must ever keep in mind the fact that the surrounding conditions, the geographical locality, and the wide individual variation of temper within the ranks of each species, must all be taken into account. Under certain circumstances a lion may be easily killed, whereas a rhino would be a dangerous foe. Under other conditions the rhino could be

attacked with impunity, and the lion only with the utmost hazard; and one bull buffalo might flee and one bull elephant charge, and yet the next couple met with might show an exact reversal of behavior.

At any rate, during the last three or four years, in German and British East Africa and Uganda, over fifty white men have been killed or mauled by lions, buffaloes, elephants, and rhinos; and the lions have much the largest list of victims to their credit. In Nairobi church-yard I was shown the graves of seven men who had been killed by lions, and of one who had been killed by a rhino. The first man to meet us on the African shore was Mr. Campbell, Governor Jackson's A.D.C., and only a year previously he had been badly mauled by a lion. We met one gentleman who had been crippled for life by a lioness. He had marked her into some patches of brush, and coming up, tried to put her out of one thick clump. Failing, he thought she might have gone into another thicket, and walked toward it; instantly that his back was turned, the lioness, who had really been in the first clump of brush, raced out after him, threw him down, and bit him again and again before she was driven off. One night we camped at the very spot where, a score of years before, a strange tragedy had happened. It was in the early days of the opening of the country, and an expedition was going toward Uganda; one of

the officials in charge was sleeping in a tent with the flap open. There was an askari on duty; yet a lion crept up, entered the tent, and seized and dragged forth the man. He struggled and made outcry; there was a rush of people, and the lion dropped his prey and bounded off. The man's wounds were dressed, and he was put back to bed in his own tent; but an hour or two after the camp again grew still, the lion returned, bent on the victim of whom he had been robbed; he re-entered the tent, seized the unfortunate wounded man with his great fangs, and this time made off with him into the surrounding darkness, killed and ate him. Not far from the scene of this tragedy, another had occurred. An English officer named Stewart, while endeavoring to kill his first lion, was himself set on and slain. At yet another place we were shown where two settlers, Messrs. Lucas and Goldfinch, had been one killed and one crippled by a lion they had been hunting. They had been following the chase on horseback, and being men of bold nature, and having killed several lions, had become too daring. They hunted the lion into a small piece of brush and rode too near it. It came out at a run and was on them before their horses could get under way. Goldfinch was knocked over and badly bitten and clawed; Lucas went to his assistance, and was in his turn knocked over, and the lion then lay on him and bit him to death. Goldfinch, in spite of

his own severe wounds, crawled over and shot the great beast as it lay on his friend.

Most of the settlers with whom I was hunting had met with various adventures in connection with lions. Sir Alfred had shot many in different parts of Africa; some had charged fiercely, but he always stopped them. Captain Slatter had killed a big male with a mane a few months previously. He was hunting it in company with Mr. Humphery, the District Commissioner of whom I have already spoken, and it gave them some exciting moments, for when hit it charged savagely. Humphery had a shot-gun loaded with buckshot, Slatter his rifle. When wounded, the lion charged straight home, hit Slatter, knocking him flat and rolling him over and over in the sand, and then went after the native gun-bearer, who was running away—the worst possible course to follow with a charging lion. The mechanism of Slatter's rifle was choked by the sand, and as he rose to his feet he saw the lion overtake the fleeing man, rise on his hind legs like a rearing horse—not springing—and strike down the fugitive. Humphery fired into him with buckshot, which merely went through the skin; and some minutes elapsed before Slatter was able to get his rifle in shape to kill the lion, which, fortunately, had begun to feel the effect of his wounds, and was too sick to resume hostilities of its own accord. The gun-bearer was badly but not fatally injured. Be-

fore this, Slatter, while on a lion hunt, had been set afoot by one of the animals he was after, which had killed his horse. It was at night and the horse was tethered within six yards of his sleeping master. The latter was aroused by the horse galloping off, and he heard it staggering on for some sixty yards before it fell. He and his friend followed it with lanterns and drove off the lion, but the horse was dead. The tracks and the marks on the horse showed what had happened. The lion had sprung clean on the horse's back, his fore claws dug into the horse's shoulders, his hind claws cutting into its haunches, while the great fangs bit at the neck. The horse struggled off at a heavy run, carrying its fearsome burden. After going some sixty yards the lion's teeth went through the spinal cord, and the ride was over. Neither animal had made a sound, and the lion's feet did not touch the earth until the horse fell.

While a magistrate in the Transvaal, Pease had under him as game officer a white hunter, a fine fellow, who underwent an extraordinary experience. He had been off some distance with his Kaffir boys, to hunt a lion. On his way home the hunter was hunted. It was after nightfall. He had reached a region where lions had not been seen for a long time, and where an attack by them was unknown. He was riding along a trail in the darkness, his big boar-hound trotting ahead, his native " boys " some

distance behind. He heard a rustle in the bushes alongside the path, but paid no heed, thinking it was a reedbuck. Immediately afterward two lions came out in the path behind and raced after him. One sprang on him, tore him out of the saddle, and trotted off holding him in its mouth, while the other continued after the frightened horse. The lion had him by the right shoulder, and yet with his left hand he wrenched his knife out of his belt and twice stabbed it. The second stab went to the heart and the beast let go of him, stood a moment, and fell dead. Meanwhile, the dog had followed the other lion, which now, having abandoned the chase of the horse, and with the dog still at his heels, came trotting back to look for the man. Crippled though he was, the hunter managed to climb a small tree; and though the lion might have gotten him out of it, the dog interfered. Whenever the lion came toward the tree the dog worried him, and kept him off until, at the shouts and torches of the approaching Kaffir boys, he sullenly retired, and the hunter was rescued.

Percival had a narrow escape from a lion, which nearly got him, though probably under a misunderstanding. He was riding through a wet spot of ground, where the grass was four feet high, when his horse suddenly burst into a run and the next moment a lion had galloped almost alongside of him. Probably the lion thought it was a zebra, for

when Percival, leaning over, yelled in his face, the lion stopped short. But he at once came on again, and nearly caught the horse. However, they were now out of the tall grass, and the lion gradually drew up when they reached the open country.

The two Hills, Clifford and Harold, were running an ostrich-farm. The lions sometimes killed their ostriches and stock; and the Hills in return had killed several lions. The Hills were fine fellows; Africanders, as their forefathers for three generations had been, and frontiersmen of the best kind. From the first moment they and I became fast friends, for we instinctively understood one another, and found that we felt alike on all the big questions, and looked at life, and especially the life of effort led by the pioneer settler, from the same stand-point. They reminded me, at every moment, of those Western ranchmen and homemakers with whom I have always felt a special sense of companionship and with whose ideals and aspirations I have always felt a special sympathy. A couple of months before my visit, Harold Hill had met with a rather unpleasant adventure. He was walking home across the lonely plains, in the broad daylight, never dreaming that lions might be abroad, and was unarmed. When still some miles from his house, while plodding along, he glanced up and saw three lions in the trail only fifty yards off, staring fixedly at him. It happened to be a place where the grass

was rather tall, and lions are always bold where there is the slightest cover; whereas, unless angered, they are cautious on bare ground. He halted, and then walked slowly to one side; and then slowly forward toward his house. The lions followed him with their eyes, and when he had passed they rose and slouched after him. They were not pleasant followers, but to hurry would have been fatal; and he walked slowly on along the road, while for a mile he kept catching glimpses of the tawny bodies of the beasts as they trod stealthily forward through the sunburned grass, alongside or a little behind him. Then the grass grew short, and the lions halted and continued to gaze after him until he disappeared over a rise.

Everywhere throughout the country we were crossing were signs that the lion was lord and that his reign was cruel. There were many lions, for the game on which they feed was extraordinarily abundant. They occasionally took the ostriches or stock of the settlers, ravaged the herds and flocks of the natives, but not often; for their favorite food was yielded by the swarming herds of kongoni and zebras, on which they could prey at will. Later we found that in this region they rarely molested the buffalo, even where they lived in the same reedbeds; and this though elsewhere they habitually prey on the buffalo. But where zebras and hartebeests could be obtained without effort, it was evi-

dently not worth their while to challenge such formidable quarry. Every "kill" I saw was a kongoni or a zebra; probably I came across fifty of each. One zebra kill, which was not more than eighteen hours old (after the lapse of that time the vultures and marabouts, not to speak of the hyenas and jackals, leave only the bare bones), showed just what had occurred. The bones were all in place, and the skin still on the lower legs and head. The animal was lying on its belly, the legs spread out, the neck vertebra crushed; evidently the lion had sprung clean on it, bearing it down by his weight while he bit through the back of the neck, and the zebra's legs had spread out as the body yielded under the lion. One fresh kongoni kill showed no marks on the haunches, but a broken neck and claw marks on the face and withers; in this case the lion's hind legs had remained on the ground, while with his fore paws he grasped the kongoni's head and shoulders, holding it until the teeth splintered the neck bone.

One or two of our efforts to get lions failed, of course; the ravines we beat did not contain them, or we failed to make them leave some particularly difficult hill or swamp—for lions lie close. But Sir Alfred knew just the right place to go to, and was bound to get us lions—and he did.

One day we started from the ranch house in good season for an all-day lion hunt. Besides Kermit

and myself, there was a fellow guest, Medlicott, and not only our host, but our hostess and her daughter; and we were joined by Percival at lunch, which we took under a great fig-tree, at the foot of a high, rocky hill. Percival had with him a little mongrel bull-dog, and a Masai "boy," a fine, bold-looking savage, with a handsome head-dress and the usual formidable spear; master, man, and dog evidently all looked upon any form of encounter with lions simply in the light of a spree.

After lunch we began to beat down a long donga, or dry watercourse—a creek, as we should call it in the Western plains country. The watercourse, with low, steep banks, wound in curves, and here and there were patches of brush, which might contain anything in the shape of lion, cheetah, hyena, or wild dog. Soon we came upon lion spoor in the sandy bed; first the footprints of a big male, then those of a lioness. We walked cautiously along each side of the donga, the horses following close behind so that if the lion were missed we could gallop after him and round him up on the plain. The dogs—for besides the little bull, we had a large brindled mongrel named Ben, whose courage belied his looks—began to show signs of scenting the lion; and we beat out each patch of brush, the natives shouting and throwing in stones, while we stood with the rifles where we could best command any probable exit. After a couple of false alarms the

dogs drew toward one patch, their hair bristling, and showing such eager excitement that it was evident something big was inside; and in a moment one of the boys called, "simba" (lion), and pointed with his finger. It was just across the little ravine, there about four yards wide and as many feet deep; and I shifted my position, peering eagerly into the bushes for some moments before I caught a glimpse of tawny hide; as it moved, there was a call to me to "shoot," for at that distance, if the lion charged, there would be scant time to stop it; and I fired into what I saw. There was a commotion in the bushes, and Kermit fired; and immediately afterward there broke out on the other side, not the hoped-for big lion, but two cubs the size of mastiffs. Each was badly wounded and we finished them off; even if unwounded they were too big to take alive.

This was a great disappointment, and as it was well on in the afternoon, and we had beaten the country most apt to harbor our game, it seemed unlikely that we would have another chance. Percival was on foot and a long way from his house, so he started for it; and the rest of us also began to jog homeward. But Sir Alfred, although he said nothing, intended to have another try. After going a mile or two he started off to the left at a brisk canter; and we, the other riders, followed, leaving behind our gun-bearers, saises, and porters. A

couple of miles away was another donga, another shallow watercourse with occasional big brush patches along the winding bed; and toward this we cantered. Almost as soon as we reached it our leader found the spoor of two big lions; and with every sense acock, we dismounted and approached the first patch of tall bushes. We shouted and threw in stones, but nothing came out; and another small patch showed the same result. Then we mounted our horses again, and rode toward another patch a quarter of a mile off. I was mounted on Tranquillity, the stout and quiet sorrel.

This patch of tall, thick brush stood on the hither bank—that is, on our side of the watercourse. We rode up to it and shouted loudly. The response was immediate, in the shape of loud gruntings, and crashings through the thick brush. We were off our horses in an instant, I throwing the reins over the head of mine; and without delay the good old fellow began placidly grazing, quite unmoved by the ominous sounds immediately in front.

I sprang to one side; and for a second or two we waited, uncertain whether we should see the lions charging out ten yards distant or running away. Fortunately, they adopted the latter course. Right in front of me, thirty yards off, there appeared, from behind the bushes which had first screened him from my eyes, the tawny, galloping form of a big maneless lion. Crack! the Winchester spoke;

and as the soft-nosed bullet ploughed forward through his flank the lion swerved so that I missed him with the second shot; but my third bullet went through the spine and forward into his chest. down he came, sixty yards off, his hind quarters dragging, his head up, his ears back, his jaws open and lips drawn up in a prodigious snarl, as he endeavored to turn to face us. His back was broken; but of this we could not at the moment be sure, and if it had merely been grazed, he might have recovered, and then, even though dying, his charge might have done mischief. So Kermit, Sir Alfred, and I fired, almost together, into his chest. His head sank, and he died.

This lion had come out on the left of the bushes; the other, to the right of them, had not been hit, and we saw him galloping off across the plain, six or eight hundred yards away. A couple more shots missed, and we mounted our horses to try to ride him down. The plain sloped gently upward for three-quarters of a mile to a low crest or divide, and long before we got near him he disappeared over this. Sir Alfred and Kermit were tearing along in front and to the right, with Miss Pease close behind; while Tranquillity carried me, as fast as he could, on the left, with Medlicott near me. On topping the divide Sir Alfred and Kermit missed the lion, which had swung to the left, and they raced ahead too far to the right. Medlicott and I, how-

ever, saw the lion, loping along close behind some kongoni; and this enabled me to get up to him as quickly as the lighter men on the faster horses. The going was now slightly downhill, and the sorrel took me along very well, while Medlicott, whose horse was slow, bore to the right and joined the other two men. We gained rapidly, and, finding out this, the lion suddenly halted and came to bay in a slight hollow, where the grass was rather long. The plain seemed flat, and we could see the lion well from horseback; but, especially when he lay down, it was most difficult to make him out on foot, and impossible to do so when kneeling.

We were about a hundred and fifty yards from the lion, Sir Alfred, Kermit, Medlicott, and Miss Pease off to one side, and slightly above him on the slope, while I was on the level, about equidistant from him and them. Kermit and I tried shooting from the horses; but at such a distance this was not effective. Then Kermit got off, but his horse would not let him shoot; and when I got off I could not make out the animal through the grass with sufficient distinctness to enable me to take aim. Old Ben the dog had arrived, and, barking loudly, was strolling about near the lion, which paid him not the slightest attention. At this moment my black sais, Simba, came running up to me and took hold of the bridle; he had seen the chase from the line of march and had cut across to join me. There was

no other sais or gun-bearer anywhere near, and his action was plucky, for he was the only man afoot, with the lion at bay. Lady Pease had also ridden up and was an interested spectator only some fifty yards behind me.

Now, an elderly man with a varied past which includes rheumatism does not vault lightly into the saddle; as his sons, for instance, can; and I had already made up my mind that in the event of the lion's charging it would be wise for me to trust to straight powder rather than to try to scramble into the saddle and get under way in time. The arrival of my two companions settled matters. I was not sure of the speed of Lady Pease's horse; and Simba was on foot and it was of course out of the question for me to leave him. So I said, "Good, Simba, now we'll see this thing through," and gentle-mannered Simba smiled a shy appreciation of my tone, though he could not understand the words. I was still unable to see the lion when I knelt, but he was now standing up, looking first at one group of horses and then at the other, his tail lashing to and fro, his head held low, and his lips dropped over his mouth in peculiar fashion, while his harsh and savage growling rolled thunderously over the plain. Seeing Simba and me on foot, he turned toward us, his tail lashing quicker and quicker. Resting my elbow on Simba's bent shoulder, I took steady aim and pressed the trigger; the bullet went in be-

tween the neck and shoulder, and the lion fell over on his side, one foreleg in the air. He recovered in a moment and stood up, evidently very sick, and once more faced me, growling hoarsely. I think he was on the eve of charging. I fired again at once, and this bullet broke his back just behind the shoulders; and with the next I killed him outright, after we had gathered round him.

These were two good-sized maneless lions; and very proud of them I was. I think Sir Alfred was at least as proud, especially because we had performed the feat alone, without any professional hunters being present. "We were all amateurs, only gentlemen riders up," said Sir Alfred. It was late before we got the lions skinned. Then we set off toward the ranch, two porters carrying each lion skin, strapped to a pole; and two others carrying the cub skins. Night fell long before we were near the ranch; but the brilliant tropic moon lighted the trail. The stalwart savages who carried the bloody lion skins swung along at a faster walk as the sun went down and the moon rose higher; and they began to chant in unison, one uttering a single word or sentence, and the others joining in a deep-toned, musical chorus. The men on a safari, and indeed African natives generally, are always excited over the death of a lion, and the hunting tribes then chant their rough hunting songs, or victory songs, until the monotonous, rhythmical repetitions make them

grow almost frenzied. The ride home through the moonlight, the vast barren landscape shining like silver on either hand, was one to be remembered; and above all, the sight of our trophies and of their wild bearers.

Three days later we had another successful lion hunt. Our camp was pitched at a waterhole in a little stream called Potha, by a hill of the same name. Pease, Medlicott, and both the Hills were with us, and Heller came too; for he liked, when possible, to be with the hunters so that he could at once care for any beast that was shot. As the safari was stationary, we took fifty or sixty porters as beaters. It was thirteen hours before we got into camp that evening. The Hills had with them as beaters and water-carriers half a dozen of the Wakamba who were working on their farm. It was interesting to watch these naked savages, with their filed teeth, their heads shaved in curious patterns, and carrying for arms little bows and arrows.

Before lunch we beat a long, low hill. Harold Hill was with me; Medlicott and Kermit were together. We placed ourselves, one couple on each side of a narrow neck, two-thirds of the way along the crest of the hill; and soon after we were in position we heard the distant shouts of the beaters as they came toward us, covering the crest and the tops of the slopes on both sides. It was rather disconcerting to find how much better Hill's eyes were

than mine. He saw everything first, and it usually took some time before he could make me see it. In this first drive nothing came my way except some mountain reedbuck does, at which I did not shoot. But a fine male cheetah came to Kermit, and he bowled it over in good style as it ran.

Then the beaters halted, and waited before resuming their march until the guns had gone clear round and established themselves at the base of the farther end of the hill. This time Kermit, who was a couple of hundred yards from me, killed a reedbuck and a steinbuck. Suddenly Hill said "Lion," and endeavored to point it out to me, as it crept cautiously among the rocks on the steep hillside, a hundred and fifty yards away. At first I could not see it; finally I thought I did and fired, but, as it proved, at a place just above him. However, it made him start up, and I immediately put the next bullet behind his shoulders; it was a fatal shot; but, growling, he struggled down the hill, and I fired again and killed him. It was not much of a trophy, however, turning out to be a half-grown male.

We lunched under a tree, and then arranged for another beat. There was a long, wide valley, or rather a slight depression in the ground—for it was only three or four feet below the general level—in which the grass grew tall, as the soil was quite wet. It was the scene of Percival's adventure with the lion that chased him. Hill and I stationed our-

selves on one side of this valley or depression, toward the upper end; Pease took Kermit to the opposite side; and we waited, or horses some distance behind us. The beaters were put in at the lower end, formed a line across the valley, and beat slowly toward us, making a great noise.

They were still some distance away when Hill saw three lions, which had slunk stealthily off ahead of them through the grass. I have called the grass tall, but this was only by comparison with the short grass of the dry plains. In the depression or valley it was some three feet high. In such grass a lion, which is marvellously adept at hiding, can easily conceal itself, not merely when lying down, but when advancing at a crouching gait. If it stands erect, however, it can be seen.

There were two lions near us, one directly in our front, a hundred and ten yards off. Some seconds passed before Hill could make me realize that the dim yellow smear in the yellow-brown grass was a lion; and then I found such difficulty in getting a bead on him that I overshot. However, the bullet must have passed very close—indeed, I think it just grazed him—for he jumped up and faced us, growling savagely. Then, his head lowered, he threw his tail straight into the air and began to charge. The first few steps he took at a trot, and before he could start into a gallop I put the soft-nosed Winchester bullet in between the neck and

shoulder. Down he went with a roar; the wound was fatal, but I was taking no chances, and I put two more bullets in him. Then we walked toward where Hill had already seen another lion—the lioness, as it proved. Again he had some difficulty in making me see her; but he succeeded and I walked toward her through the long grass, repressing the zeal of my two gun-bearers, who were stanch, but who showed a tendency to walk a little ahead of me on each side, instead of a little behind. I walked toward her because I could not kneel to shoot in grass so tall; and when shooting off-hand I like to be fairly close, so as to be sure that my bullets go in the right place. At sixty yards I could make her out clearly, snarling at me as she faced me; and I shot her full in the chest. She at once performed a series of extraordinary antics, tumbling about on her head, just as if she were throwing somersaults, first to one side and then to the other. I fired again, but managed to shoot between the somersaults, so to speak, and missed her. The shot seemed to bring her to herself, and away she tore; but instead of charging us she charged the line of beaters. She was dying fast, however, and in her weakness failed to catch any one; and she sank down into the long grass. Hill and I advanced to look her up, our rifles at full cock, and the gun-bearers close behind. It is ticklish work to follow a wounded lion in tall grass, and we walked carefully, every sense

on the alert. We passed Heller, who had been with the beaters. He spoke to us with an amused smile. His only weapon was a pair of field-glasses, but he always took things as they came, with entire coolness, and to be close to a wounded lioness when she charged merely interested him. A beater came running up and pointed toward where he had seen her, and we walked toward the place. At thirty yards' distance Hill pointed, and, eagerly peering, I made out the form of the lioness showing indistinctly through the grass. She was half crouching, half sitting, her head bent down; but she still had strength to do mischief. She saw us, but before she could turn I sent a bullet through her shoulders; down she went, and was dead when we walked up. A cub had been seen, and another full-grown lion, but they had slunk off and we got neither.

This was a full-grown, but young, lioness of average size; her cubs must have been several months old. We took her entire to camp to weigh; she weighed two hundred and eighty-three pounds. The first lion, which we had difficulty in finding, as there were no identifying marks in the plain of tall grass, was a good-sized male, weighing about four hundred pounds, but not yet full-grown; although he was probably the father of the cubs.

We were a long way from camp, and, after beating in vain for the other lion, we started back; it was after nightfall before we saw the camp-fires.

It was two hours later before the porters appeared, bearing on poles the skin of the dead lion, and the lioness entire. The moon was nearly full, and it was interesting to see them come swinging down the trail in the bright silver light, chanting in deep tones, over and over again, a line or phrase that sounded like:

"Zou-zou-boulé ma ja guntai; zou-zou-boulé ma ja guntai."

Occasionally they would interrupt it by the repetition in unison, at short intervals, of a guttural ejaculation, sounding like "huzlem." They marched into camp, then up and down the lines, before the rows of small fires; then, accompanied by all the rest of the porters, they paraded up to the big fire where I was standing. Here they stopped and ended the ceremony by a minute or two's vigorous dancing amid singing and wild shouting. The firelight gleamed and flickered across the grim dead beasts, and the shining eyes and black features of the excited savages, while all around the moon flooded the landscape with her white light.

CHAPTER IV

ON SAFARI. RHINO AND GIRAFFE

WHEN we killed the last lions we were already on safari, and the camp was pitched by a waterhole on the Potha, a half-dried stream, little more than a string of pools and reed-beds, winding down through the sun-scorched plain. Next morning we started for another waterhole at the rocky hill of Bondoni, about eight miles distant.

Safari life is very pleasant, and also very picturesque. The porters are strong, patient, good-humored savages, with something childlike about them that makes one really fond of them. Of course, like all savages and most children, they have their limitations, and in dealing with them firmness is even more necessary than kindness; but the man is a poor creature who does not treat them with kindness also, and I am rather sorry for him if he does not grow to feel for them, and to make them in return feel for him, a real and friendly liking. They are subject to gusts of passion, and they are now and then guilty of grave misdeeds and shortcomings; sometimes for no conceivable reason, at least from the white man's stand-point. But they are generally cheerful, and when cheerful are al-

ways amusing, and they work hard, if the white man is able to combine tact and consideration with that insistence on the performance of duty the lack of which they despise as weakness. Any little change or excitement is a source of pleasure to them. When the march is over they sing; and after two or three days in camp they will not only sing, but dance when another march is to begin. Of course at times they suffer greatly from thirst and hunger and fatigue, and at times they will suddenly grow sullen or rebel without what seems to us any adequate cause; and they have an inconsequent type of mind which now and then leads them to commit follies all the more exasperating because they are against their own interest no less than against the interest of their employer. But they do well on the whole, and safari life is attractive to them. They are fed well; the government requires that they be fitted with suitable clothes and given small tents, so that they are better clad and sheltered than they would be otherwise; and their wages represent money which they could get in no other way. The safari represents a great advantage to the porter; who in his turn alone makes the safari possible.

When we were to march, camp was broken as early in the day as possible. Each man had his allotted task, and the tents, bedding, provisions, and all else were expeditiously made into suitable packages. Each porter is supposed to carry from fifty-

five to sixty pounds, which may all be in one bundle or in two or three. The American flag, which flew over my tent, was a matter of much pride to the porters, and was always carried at the head or near the head of the line of march; and after it in single file came the long line of burden bearers. As they started, some of them would blow on horns or whistles and others beat little tomtoms; and at intervals this would be renewed again and again throughout the march; or the men might suddenly begin to chant, or merely to keep repeating in unison some one word or one phrase which, when we asked to have it translated, might or might not prove to be entirely meaningless. The headmen carried no burdens, and the tent boys hardly anything, while the saises walked with the spare horses. In addition to the canonical and required costume of blouse or jersey and drawers, each porter wore a blanket, and usually something else to which his soul inclined. It might be an exceedingly shabby coat; it might be, of all things in the world, an umbrella, an article for which they had a special attachment. Often I would see a porter, who thought nothing whatever of walking for hours at midday under the equatorial sun with his head bare, trudging along with solemn pride either under an open umbrella, or carrying the umbrella (tied much like Mrs. Gamp's) in one hand, as a wand of dignity. Then their head-gear varied according to the fancy of the indi-

vidual. Normally it was a red fez, a kind of cap only used in hot climates, and exquisitely designed to be useless therein because it gives absolutely no protection from the sun. But one would wear a skin cap; another would suddenly put one or more long feathers in his fez; and another, discarding the fez, would revert to some purely savage head-dress which he would wear with equal gravity whether it were, in our eyes, really decorative or merely comic. One such head-dress, for instance, consisted of the skin of the top of a zebra's head, with the two ears. Another was made of the skins of squirrels, with the tails both sticking up and hanging down. Another consisted of a bunch of feathers woven into the hair, which itself was pulled out into strings that were stiffened with clay. Another was really too intricate for description because it included the man's natural hair, some strips of skin, and an empty tin can.

If it were a long journey and we broke it by a noonday halt, or if it were a short journey and we reached camp ahead of the safari, it was interesting to see the long file of men approach. Here and there, leading the porters, scattered through the line, or walking alongside, were the askaris, the rifle-bearing soldiers. They were not marksmen, to put it mildly, and I should not have regarded them as particularly efficient allies in a serious fight; but they were excellent for police duty in camp, and were

also of use in preventing collisions with the natives. After the leading askaris might come one of the headmen; one of whom, by the way, looked exactly like a Semitic negro, and always travelled with a large dirty-white umbrella in one hand; while another, a tall, powerful fellow, was a mission boy who spoke good English; I mention his being a mission boy because it is so frequently asserted that mission boys never turn out well. Then would come the man with the flag, followed by another blowing on an antelope horn, or perhaps beating an empty can as a drum; and then the long line of men, some carrying their loads on their heads, others on their shoulders, others, in a very few cases, on their backs. As they approached the halting place their spirits rose, the whistles and horns were blown, and the improvised drums beaten, and perhaps the whole line would burst into a chant.

On reaching the camping ground each man at once set about his allotted task, and the tents were quickly pitched and the camp put in order, while water and firewood were fetched. The tents were pitched in long lines, in the first of which stood my tent, flanked by those of the other white men and by the dining tent. In the next line were the cook tent, the provision tent, the store tent, the skinning tent, and the like; and then came the lines of small white tents for the porters. Between each row of tents was a broad street. In front of our own tents

in the first line an askari was always pacing to and fro; and when night fell we would kindle a camp-fire and sit around it under the stars. Before each of the porters' tents was a little fire, and beside it stood the pots and pans in which the porters did their cooking. Here and there were larger fires, around which the gun-bearers or a group of askaris or of saises might gather. After nightfall the multitude of fires lit up the darkness and showed the tents in shadowy outline; and around them squatted the porters, their faces flickering from dusk to ruddy light, as they chatted together or suddenly started some snatch of wild African melody in which all their neighbors might join. After a while the talk and laughter and singing would gradually die away, and as we white men sat around our fire, the silence would be unbroken except by the queer cry of a hyena, or much more rarely by a sound that always demanded attention—the yawning grunt of a questing lion.

If we wished to make an early start we would breakfast by dawn and then we often returned to camp for lunch. Otherwise we would usually be absent all day, carrying our lunch with us. We might get in before sunset or we might be out till long after nightfall; and then the gleam of the lit fires was a welcome sight as we stumbled toward them through the darkness. Once in, each went to his tent to take a hot bath; and then, clean and re-

freshed, we sat down to a comfortable dinner, with game of some sort as the principal dish.

On the first march after leaving our lion camp at Potha I shot a wart-hog. It was a good-sized sow, which, in company with several of her half-grown offspring, was grazing near our line of march; there were some thorn-trees which gave a little cover, and I killed her at a hundred and eighty yards, using the Springfield, the lightest and handiest of all my rifles. Her flesh was good to eat, and the skin, as with all our specimens, was saved for the National Museum. I did not again have to shoot a sow, although I killed half-grown pigs for the table, and boars for specimens. This sow and her porkers were not rooting, but were grazing as if they had been antelope; her stomach contained nothing but chopped green grass. Wart-hogs are common throughout the country over which we hunted. They are hideous beasts, with strange protuberances on their cheeks; and when alarmed they trot or gallop away, holding the tail perfectly erect with the tassel bent forward. Usually they are seen in family parties, but a big boar will often be alone. They often root up the ground, but the stomachs of those we shot were commonly filled with nothing but grass. If the weather is cloudy or wet they may be out all day long, but in hot, dry weather we generally found them abroad only in the morning and evening. A pig is always a comical animal;

even more so than is the case with a bear, which also impresses one with a sense of grotesque humor—and this notwithstanding the fact that both boar and bear may be very formidable creatures. A wart-hog standing alertly at gaze, head and tail up, legs straddled out, and ears cocked forward, is rather a figure of fun; and not the less so when with characteristic suddenness he bounces round with a grunt and scuttles madly off to safety. Wart-hogs are beasts of the bare plain or open forest, and though they will often lie up in patches of brush they do not care for thick timber.

After shooting the wart-hog we marched on to our camp at Bondoni. The gun-bearers were Mohammedans, and the dead pig was of no service to them; and at their request I walked out while camp was being pitched and shot them a buck; this I had to do now and then, but I always shot males, so as not to damage the species.

Next day we marched to the foot of Kilimakiu Mountain, near Captain Slatter's ostrich-farm. Our route lay across bare plains thickly covered with withered short grass. All around us as we marched were the game herds, zebras and hartebeests, gazelles of the two kinds, and now and then wildebeests. Hither and thither over the plain, crossing and recrossing, ran the dusty game trails, each with its myriad hoof-marks; the round hoof-prints of the zebra, the heart-shaped marks that showed where

the hartebeest herd had trod, and the delicate etching that betrayed where the smaller antelope had passed. Occasionally we crossed the trails of the natives, worn deep in the hard soil by the countless thousands of bare or sandalled feet that had trodden them. Africa is a country of trails. Across the high veldt, in every direction, run the tangled trails of the multitudes of game that have lived thereon from time immemorial. The great beasts of the marsh and the forest made therein broad and muddy trails which often offer the only pathway by which a man can enter the sombre depths. In wet ground and dry alike are also found the trails of savage man. They lead from village to village, and in places they stretch for hundreds of miles, where trading parties have worn them in the search for ivory, or in the old days when raiding or purchasing slaves. The trails made by the men are made much as the beasts make theirs. They are generally longer and better defined, although I have seen hippo tracks more deeply marked than any made by savage man. But they are made simply by men following in one another's footsteps, and they are never quite straight. They bend now a little to one side, now a little to the other, and sudden loops mark the spot where some vanished obstacle once stood; around it the first trail makers went, and their successors have ever trodden in their footsteps, even though the need for so doing has long passed away.

Our camp at Kilimakiu was by a grove of shady trees, and from it at sunset we looked across the vast plain and saw the far-off mountains grow umber and purple as the light waned. Back of the camp, and of the farm-house near which we were, rose Kilimakiu Mountain, beautifully studded with groves of trees of many kinds. On its farther side lived a tribe of the Wakamba. Their chief with all the leading men of his village came in state to call upon me, and presented me with a fat hairy sheep, of the ordinary kind found in this part of Africa, where the sheep very wisely do not grow wool. The headman was dressed in khaki, and showed me with pride an official document which confirmed him in his position by direction of the government, and required him to perform various acts, chiefly in the way of preventing his tribes-people from committing robbery or murder, and of helping to stamp out cattle disease. Like all the Wakamba they had flocks of goats and sheep, and herds of humped cattle; but they were much in need of meat and hailed my advent. They were wild savages with filed teeth, many of them stark naked, though some of them carried a blanket. Their heads were curiously shaved so that the hair tufts stood out in odd patterns, and they carried small bows, and arrows with poisoned heads.

The following morning I rode out with Captain Slatter. We kept among the hills. The long

drought was still unbroken. The little pools were dry and their bottoms baked like iron, and there was not a drop in the watercourses. Part of the land was open and part covered with a thin forest or bush of scattered mimosa trees. In the open country were many zebras and hartebeests, and the latter were found even in the thin bush. In the morning we found a small herd of eland at which, after some stalking, I got a long shot and missed. The eland is the largest of all the horned creatures that are called antelope, being quite as heavy as a fattened ox. The herd I approached consisted of a dozen individuals, two of them huge bulls, their coats having turned a slaty blue, their great dewlaps hanging down, and the legs looking almost too small for the massive bodies. The reddish-colored cows were of far lighter build. Eland are beautiful creatures and ought to be domesticated. As I crept toward them I was struck by their likeness to great, clean, handsome cattle. They were grazing or resting, switching their long tails at the flies that hung in attendance upon them and lit on their flanks, just as if they were Jerseys in a field at home. My bullet fell short, their size causing me to underestimate the distance, and away they went at a run, one or two of the cows in the first hurry and confusion skipping clean over the backs of others that got in their way—a most unexpected example of agility in such large and ponderous animals. After a few

hundred yards they settled down to the slashing trot which is their natural gait, and disappeared over the brow of a hill.

The morning was a blank, but early in the afternoon we saw the eland herd again. They were around a tree in an open space, and we could not get near them. But instead of going straight away they struck off to the right and described almost a semicircle, and though they were over four hundred yards distant, they were such big creatures and their gait was so steady that I felt warranted in shooting. On the dry plain I could mark where my bullets fell, and though I could not get a good chance at the bull I finally downed a fine cow; and by pacing I found it to be a little over a quarter of a mile from where I stood when shooting.

It was about nine miles from camp, and I dared not leave the eland alone, so I stationed one of the gun-bearers by the great carcass and sent a messenger in to Heller, on whom we depended for preserving the skins of the big game. Hardly had this been done when a Wakamba man came running up to tell us that there was a rhinoceros on the hillside three-quarters of a mile away, and that he had left a companion to watch it while he carried us the news. Slatter and I immediately rode in the direction given, following our wild-looking guide; the other gun-bearer trotting after us. In five minutes we had reached the opposite hillcrest, where the watcher

stood, and he at once pointed out the rhino. The huge beast was standing in entirely open country, although there were a few scattered trees of no great size at some little distance from him. We left our horses in a dip of the ground and began the approach; I cannot say that we stalked him, for the approach was too easy. The wind blew from him to us, and a rhino's eyesight is dull. Thirty yards from where he stood was a bush four or five feet high, and though it was so thin that we could distinctly see him through the leaves, it shielded us from the vision of his small, piglike eyes as we advanced toward it, stooping and in single file, I leading. The big beast stood like an uncouth statue, his hide black in the sunlight; he seemed what he was, a monster surviving over from the world's past, from the days when the beasts of the prime ran riot in their strength, before man grew so cunning of brain and hand as to master them. So little did he dream of our presence that when we were a hundred yards off he actually lay down.

Walking lightly, and with every sense keyed up, we at last reached the bush, and I pushed forward the safety of the double-barrelled Holland rifle which I was now to use for the first time on big game. As I stepped to one side of the bush so as to get a clear aim, with Slatter following, the rhino saw me and jumped to his feet with the agility of a polo pony. As he rose I put in the right barrel,

the bullet going through both lungs. At the same moment he wheeled, the blood spouting from his nostrils, and galloped full on us. Before he could get quite all the way round in his headlong rush to reach us, I struck him with my left-hand barrel, the bullet entering between the neck and shoulder and piercing his heart. At the same instant Captain Slatter fired, his bullet entering the neck vertebræ. Ploughing up the ground with horn and feet, the great bull rhino, still head toward us, dropped just thirteen paces from where we stood.

This was a wicked charge, for the rhino meant mischief and came on with the utmost determination. It is not safe to generalize from a few instances. Judging from what I have since seen, I am declined to believe that both lion and buffalo are more dangerous game than rhino; yet the first two rhinos I met both charged, whereas we killed our first four lions and first four buffaloes without any of them charging, though two of each were stopped as they were on the point of charging. Moreover, our experience with this bull rhino illustrates what I have already said as to one animal being more dangerous under certain conditions, and another more dangerous under different conditions. If it had been a lion instead of a rhino, my first bullet would, I believe, have knocked all the charge out of it; but the vitality of the huge pachyderm was so great, its mere bulk counted for so much, that even

Before he could get quite all the way round in his headlong rush to reach us, I struck him with my left-hand barrel

Drawn by Philip R. Goodwin from photographs and from descriptions furnished by Mr. Roosevelt

such a hard-hitting rifle as my double Holland—than which I do not believe there exists a better weapon for heavy game—could not stop it outright, although either of the wounds inflicted would have been fatal in a few seconds.

Leaving a couple of men with the dead rhino, to protect it from the Wakamba by day and the lions by night, we rode straight to camp, which we reached at sunset. It was necessary to get to work on the two dead beasts as soon as possible in order to be sure of preserving their skins. Heller was the man to be counted on for this task. He it was who handled all the skins, who, in other words, was making the expedition of permanent value so far as big game was concerned; and no work at any hour of the day or night ever came amiss to him. He had already trained eight Wakamba porters to act as skinners under his supervision. On hearing of our success, he at once said that we ought to march out to the game that night so as to get to work by daylight. Moreover, we were not comfortable at leaving only two men with each carcass, for lions were both bold and plentiful.

The moon rose at eight and we started as soon as she was above the horizon. We did not take the horses, because there was no water where we were going, and furthermore we did not like to expose them to a possible attack by lions. The march out by moonlight was good fun, for though I had been

out all day, I had been riding, not walking, and so was not tired. A hundred porters went with us so as to enable us to do the work quickly and bring back to camp the skins and all the meat needed, and these porters carried water, food for breakfast, and what little was necessary for a one-night camp. We tramped along in single file under the moonlight, up and down the hills, and through the scattered thorn forest. Kermit and Medlicott went first, and struck such a pace that after an hour we had to halt them so as to let the tail end of the file of porters catch up. Then Captain Slatter and I set a more decorous pace, keeping the porters close up in line behind us. In another hour we began to go down a long slope toward a pin-point of light in the distance which we knew was the fire by the rhinoceros. The porters, like the big children they were, felt in high feather, and began to chant to an accompaniment of whistling and horn-blowing as we tramped through the dry grass which was flooded with silver by the moon, now high in the heavens.

As soon as we reached the rhino, Heller with his Wakamba skinners pushed forward the three-quarters of a mile to the eland, returning after midnight with the skin and all the best parts of the meat.

Around the dead rhino the scene was lit up both by the moon and by the flicker of the fires. The porters made their camp under a small tree a dozen rods to one side of the carcass, building a low cir-

cular fence of branches on which they hung their bright colored blankets, two or three big fires blazing to keep off possible lions. Half as far on the other side of the rhino a party of naked savages had established their camp, if camp it could be called, for really all they did was to squat down round a couple of fires with a few small bushes disposed round about. The rhino had been opened, and they had already taken out of the carcass what they regarded at titbits and what we certainly did not grudge them. Between the two camps lay the huge dead beast, his hide glistening in the moonlight. In each camp the men squatted around the fires chatting and laughing as they roasted strips of meat on long sticks, the fitful blaze playing over them, now leaving them in darkness, now bringing them out into a red relief. Our own tent was pitched under another tree a hundred yards off, and when I went to sleep, I could still hear the drumming and chanting of our feasting porters; the savages were less at ease, and their revel was quiet.

Early next morning I went back to camp, and soon after reaching there again started out for a hunt. In the afternoon I came on giraffes and got up near enough to shoot at them. But they are such enormous beasts that I thought them far nearer than they were. My bullet fell short, and they disappeared among the mimosas, at their strange leisurely looking gallop. Of all the beasts in an African

landscape none is more striking than the giraffe. Usually it is found in small parties or in herds of fifteen or twenty or more individuals. Although it will drink regularly if occasion offers, it is able to get along without water for months at a time, and frequents by choice the dry plains or else the stretches of open forest where the trees are scattered and ordinarily somewhat stunted. Like the rhinoceros—the ordinary or prehensile-lipped rhinoceros—the giraffe is a browsing and not a grazing animal. The leaves, buds, and twigs of the mimosas or thorn-trees form its customary food. Its extraordinary height enables it to bring into play to the best possible advantage its noteworthy powers of vision, and no animal is harder to approach unseen. Again and again I have made it out a mile off or rather have seen it a mile off when it was pointed out to me, and looking at it through my glasses, would see that it was gazing steadily at us. It is a striking-looking animal and handsome in its way, but its length of leg and neck and sloping back make it appear awkward even at rest. When alarmed it may go off at a long swinging pace or walk, but if really frightened it strikes into a peculiar gallop or canter. The tail is cocked and twisted, and the huge hind legs are thrown forward well to the outside of the forelegs. The movements seem deliberate and the giraffe does not appear to be going at a fast pace, but if it has any start a horse must gallop hard

to overtake it. When it starts on this gait, the neck may be dropped forward at a sharp angle with the straight line of the deep chest, and the big head is thrust in advance. They are defenceless things and, though they may kick at a man who incautiously comes within reach, they are in no way dangerous.

The following day I again rode out with Captain Slatter. During the morning we saw nothing except the ordinary game, and we lunched on a hill-top, ten miles distant from camp, under a huge fig-tree with spreading branches and thick, deep green foliage. Throughout the time we were taking lunch a herd of zebras watched us from near by, standing motionless with their ears pricked forward, their beautifully striped bodies showing finely in the sunlight. We scanned the country round about with our glasses, and made out first a herd of elands, a mile in our rear, and then three giraffes a mile and a half in our front. I wanted a bull eland, but I wanted a giraffe still more, and we mounted our horses and rode toward where the three tall beasts stood, on an open hillside with trees thinly scattered over it. Half a mile from them we left the horses in a thick belt of timber beside a dry watercourse, and went forward on foot.

There was no use in trying a stalk, for that would merely have aroused the giraffe's suspicion. But we knew they were accustomed to the passing and repassing of Wakamba men and women, whom

they did not fear if they kept at a reasonable distance, so we walked in single file diagonally in their direction; that is, toward a tree which I judged to be about three hundred yards from them. I was carrying the Winchester loaded with full metal-patched bullets. I wished to get for the museum both a bull and a cow. One of the three giraffes was much larger than the other two, and as he was evidently a bull I thought the two others were cows.

As we reached the tree the giraffes showed symptoms of uneasiness. One of the smaller ones began to make off, and both the others shifted their positions slightly, curling their tails. I instantly dropped on my knee, and getting the bead just behind the big bull's shoulder, I fired with the three-hundred-yard sight. I heard the "pack" of the bullet as it struck just where I aimed; and away went all three giraffes at their queer rocking-horse canter. Running forward I emptied my magazine, firing at the big bull and also at one of his smaller companions, and then, slipping into the barrel what proved to be a soft-nosed bullet, I fired at the latter again. The giraffe was going straightaway and it was a long shot, at four or five hundred yards; but by good luck the bullet broke its back and down it came. The others were now getting over the crest of the hill, but the big one was evidently sick, and we called and beckoned to the two saises to hurry up with the horses. The moment they ar-

river we jumped on, and Captain Slatter cantered up a neighboring hill so as to mark the direction in which the giraffes went if I lost sight of them. Meanwhile I rode full speed after the giant quarry. I was on the tranquil sorrel, the horse I much preferred in riding down game of any kind, because he had a fair turn of speed, and yet was good about letting me get on and off. As soon as I reached the hill-crest I saw the giraffes ahead of me, not as far off as I had feared, and I raced toward them without regard to rotten ground and wart-hog holes. The wounded one lagged behind, but when I got near he put on a spurt, and as I thought I was close enough I leaped off, throwing the reins over the sorrel's head, and opened fire. Down went the big bull, and I thought my task was done. But as I went back to mount the sorrel he struggled to his feet again and disappeared after his companion among the trees, which were thicker here, as we had reached the bottom of the valley. So I tore after him again, and in a minute came to a dry watercourse. Scrambling into and out of this I saw the giraffes ahead of me just beginning the ascent of the opposite slope; and touching the horse with the spur we flew after the wounded bull. This time I made up my mind I would get up close enough; but Tranquillity did not quite like the look of the thing ahead of him. He did not refuse to come up to the giraffe, but he evidently felt that, with such an

object close by and evident in the landscape, it behooved him to be careful as to what might be hidden therein, and he shied so at each bush we passed that we progressed in a series of loops. So off I jumped, throwing the reins over his head, and opened fire once more; and this time the great bull went down for good.

Tranquillity recovered his nerve at once and grazed contentedly while I admired the huge proportions and beautiful coloring of my prize. In a few minutes Captain Slatter loped up, and the gun-bearers and saises followed. As if by magic, three or four Wakamba turned up immediately afterward, their eyes glistening at the thought of the feast ahead for the whole tribe. It was mid-afternoon, and there was no time to waste. My sais, Simba, an excellent long-distance runner, was sent straight to camp to get Heller and pilot him back to the dead giraffes. Beside each of the latter, for they had fallen a mile apart, we left a couple of men to build fires. Then we rode toward camp. To my regret, the smaller giraffe turned out to be a young bull and not a cow.

At this very time, and utterly without our knowledge, there was another giraffe hunt going on. Sir Alfred had taken out Kermit and Medlicott, and they came across a herd of a dozen giraffes right out in the open plains. Medlicott's horse was worn out and he could not keep up, but both the others

were fairly well mounted. Both were light men and hard riders, and although the giraffes had three-quarters of a mile the start, it was not long before both were at the heels of the herd. They singled out the big bull, which by the way turned out to be an even bigger bull than mine, and fired at him as they galloped. In such a headlong, helter-skelter chase, however, it is no easy matter to score a hit from horseback unless one is very close up; and Sir Alfred made up his mind to try to drive out the bull from the rest of the herd. He succeeded; but at this moment his horse put a forefoot into a hole and turned a complete somersault, almost wrenching out his shoulder. Sir Alfred was hurled off head over heels, but even as he rolled over, clutching his rifle, he twisted himself round to his knees, and took one last shot at the flying giraffe. This left Kermit alone and he galloped hard on the giraffe's heels, firing again and again with his Winchester. Finally his horse became completely done out and fell behind; whereupon Kermit jumped off, and being an excellent long-distance runner, ran after the giraffe on foot for more than a mile. But he did not need to shoot again. The great beast had been mortally wounded and it suddenly slowed down, halted, and fell over dead. As a matter of curiosity we kept the Winchester bullets both from Kermit's giraffe and from mine. I made a point of keeping as many as possible of the bullets with which the dif-

ferent animals were slain so as to see just what was done by the different types of rifles we had with us.

When I reached camp I found that Heller had already started. Next morning I rode down to see him and found him hard at work with the skins; but as it would take him two or three days to finish them and put them in condition for transport, we decided that the safari should march back to the Potha camp, and that from thence we would send Percival's ox wagon to bring back to the camp all the skins, Heller and his men accompanying him. The plan was carried out, and the following morning we shifted the big camp as proposed.

Heller, thus left behind, came near having an unpleasant adventure. He slept in his own tent, and his Wakamba skinners slept under the fly not far off. One night they let the fires die down and were roused at midnight by hearing the grunting of a hungry lion apparently not a dozen yards off in the darkness. Heller quickly lit his lantern and sat up with his shot-gun loaded with bird shot, the only weapon he had with him. The lion walked round and round the tent, grunting at intervals. Then, after some minutes of suspense, he drew off. While the grunting had been audible, not a sound came from the tent of the Wakambas, who all cowered under their blankets in perfect silence. But once he had gone there was a great chattering, and in a few

minutes the fires were roaring, nor were they again suffered to die down.

Heller's skinners had grown to work very well when under his eye. He had encountered much difficulty in getting men who would do the work, and had tried the representatives of various tribes, but without success until he struck the Wakamba. These were real savages who filed their teeth and delighted in raw flesh, and Heller's explanation of their doing well was that their taste for the raw flesh kept them thoroughly interested in their job, so that they learned without difficulty. The porters speedily christened each of the white men by some title of their own, using the ordinary Swahili title of Bwana (master) as a prefix. Heller was the Bwana Who Skinned; Loring, who collected the small mammals, was named, merely descriptively, the Mouse Master, Bwana Pania. I was always called Bwana Makuba, the chief or Great Master; Kermit was first called Bwana Medogo, the young master, and afterward was christened "the Dandy," Bwana Merodadi.

From Potha the safari went in two days to McMillan's place, Juja Farm, on the other side of the Athi. I stayed behind, as I desired to visit the American Mission Station at Machakos. Accordingly, Sir Alfred and I rode thither. Machakos has long been a native town, for it was on the route formerly taken by the Arab caravans that went from

the coast to the interior after slaves and ivory. Riding toward it we passed herd after herd of cattle, sheep, and goats, each guarded by two or three savage herdsmen. The little town itself was both interesting and attractive. Besides the natives there were a number of Indian traders and the English Commissioner and Assistant Commissioner, with a small body of native soldiers. The latter not a long time before had been just such savages as those round about them, and the change for the better wrought in their physique and morale by the ordered discipline to which they had submitted themselves could hardly be exaggerated. When we arrived, the Commissioner and his assistant were engaged in cross-examining some neighboring chiefs as to the cattle sickness. The English rule in Africa has been of incalculable benefit to Africans themselves, and indeed this is true of the rule of most European nations. Mistakes have been made, of course, but they have proceeded at least as often from an unwise effort to accomplish too much in the way of beneficence, as from a desire to exploit the natives. Each of the civilized nations that has taken possession of any part of Africa has had its own peculiar good qualities and its own peculiar defects. Some of them have done too much in supervising and ordering the lives of the natives, and in interfering with their practices and customs. The English error, like our own under similar conditions, has, if anything,

been in the other direction. The effort has been to avoid wherever possible all interference with tribal customs, even when of an immoral and repulsive character, and to do no more than what is obviously necessary, such as insistence upon keeping the peace and preventing the spread of cattle disease. Excellent reasons can be advanced in favor of this policy, and it must always be remembered that a fussy and ill-considered benevolence is more sure to awaken resentment than cruelty itself; while the natives are apt to resent deeply even things that are obviously for their ultimate welfare. Yet I cannot help thinking that with caution and wisdom it would be possible to proceed somewhat farther than has yet been the case in the direction of pushing upward some at least of the East African tribes; and this though I recognize fully that many of these tribes are of a low and brutalized type. Having said this much in the way of criticism, I wish to add my tribute of unstinted admiration for the disinterested and efficient work being done, alike in the interest of the white man and the black, by the government officials whom I met in East Africa. They are men in whom their country has every reason to feel a just pride.

We lunched with the American missionaries. Mission work among savages offers many difficulties, and often the wisest and most earnest effort meets with dishearteningly little reward; while lack

of common-sense, and of course, above all, lack of a firm and resolute disinterestedness, insures the worst kind of failure. There are missionaries who do not do well, just as there are men in every conceivable walk of life who do not do well; and excellent men who are not missionaries, including both government officials and settlers, are only too apt to jump at the chance of criticising a missionary for every alleged sin of either omission or commission. Finally, zealous missionaries, fervent in the faith, do not always find it easy to remember that savages can only be raised by slow steps, that an empty adherence to forms and ceremonies amounts to nothing, that industrial training is an essential in any permanent upward movement, and that the gradual elevation of mind and character is a prerequisite to the achievement of any kind of Christianity which is worth calling such. Nevertheless, after all this has been said, it remains true that the good done by missionary effort in Africa has been incalculable. There are parts of the great continent, and among them I include many sections of East Africa, which can be made a white man's country; and in these parts every effort should be made to favor the growth of a large and prosperous white population. But over most of Africa the problem for the white man is to govern, with wisdom and firmness, and when necessary with severity, but always with an eye single to their own interests and development,

the black and brown races. To do this needs sympathy and devotion no less than strength and wisdom, and in the task the part to be played by the missionary and the part to be played by the official are alike great, and the two should work hand in hand.

After returning from Machakos, I spent the night at Sir Alfred's, and next morning said good-by with most genuine regret to my host and his family. Then, followed by my gun-bearers and sais, I rode off across the Athi Plains. Through the bright white air the sun beat down mercilessly, and the heat haze wavered above the endless flats of scorched grass. Hour after hour we went slowly forward, through the morning, and through the burning heat of the equatorial noon, until in mid-afternoon we came to the tangled tree growth which fringed the half-dried bed of the Athi. Here I off-saddled for an hour; then, mounting, I crossed the river bed where it was waterless, and before evening fell I rode up to Juja Farm.

CHAPTER V

JUJA FARM; HIPPO AND LEOPARD

AT Juja Farm we were welcomed with the most generous hospitality by my fellow-countryman and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. W. N. McMillan. Selous had been staying with them, and one afternoon I had already ridden over from Sir Alfred's ranch to take tea with them at their other house, on the beautiful Mua hills.

Juja Farm lies on the edge of the Athi Plains, and the house stands near the junction of the Nairobi and Rewero Rivers. The house, like almost all East African houses, was of one story, a broad, vine-shaded veranda running around it. There were numerous out-buildings of every kind; there were flocks and herds, cornfields, a vegetable garden, and, immediately in front of the house, a very pretty flower garden, carefully tended by unsmiling Kikuyu savages. All day long these odd creatures worked at the grass and among the flower beds; according to the custom of their tribe their ears were slit so as to enable them to stretch the lobes to an almost unbelievable extent, and in these apertures they wore fantastically carved native ornaments. One of them had been attracted by the shining sur-

face of an empty tobacco can, and he wore this in one ear to match the curiously carved wooden drum he carried in the other. Another, whose arms and legs were massive with copper and iron bracelets, had been given a blanket because he had no other garment; he got along quite well with the blanket excepting when he had to use the lawn mower, and then he would usually wrap the blanket around his neck and handle the lawn mower with the evident feeling that he had done all that the most exacting conventionalism could require.

The house boys and gun-bearers, and most of the boys who took care of the horses, were Somalis, whereas the cattle keepers who tended the herds of cattle were Masai, and the men and women who worked in the fields were Kikuyus. The three races had nothing to do with one another, and the few Indians had nothing to do with any of them. The Kikuyus lived in their beehive huts scattered in small groups; the Somalis all dwelt in their own little village on one side of the farm; and half a mile off the Masai dwelt in their village. Both the Somalis and Masai were fine, daring fellows; the Somalis were Mohammedans and horsemen; the Masai were cattle herders, who did their work as they did their fighting, on foot, and were wild heathen of the most martial type. They looked carefully after the cattle, and were delighted to join in the chase of dangerous game, but regular work they

thoroughly despised. Sometimes when we had gathered a mass of Kikuyus or of our own porters together to do some job, two or three Masai would stroll up to look on with curiosity, sword in belt and great spear in hand; their features were well cut, their hair curiously plaited, and they had the erect carriage and fearless bearing that naturally go with a soldierly race.

Within the house, with its bedrooms and dining-room, its library and drawing-room, and the cool, shaded veranda, everything was so comfortable that it was hard to realize that we were far in the interior of Africa and almost under the equator. Our hostess was herself a good rider and good shot, and had killed her lion; and both our host and a friend who was staying with him, Mr. Bulpett, were not merely mighty hunters who had bagged every important variety of large and dangerous game, but were also explorers of note, whose travels had materially helped in widening the area of our knowledge of what was once the dark continent.

Many birds sang in the garden, bulbuls, thrushes, and warblers; and from the narrow fringe of dense woodland along the edges of the rivers other birds called loudly, some with harsh, some with musical voices. Here for the first time we saw the honey-guide, the bird that insists upon leading any man it sees to honey, so that he may rob the hive and give it a share.

Game came right around the house. Hartebeests, wildebeests, and zebras grazed in sight on the open plain. The hippopotami that lived close by in the river came out at night into the garden. A couple of years before a rhino had come down into the same garden in broad daylight, and quite wantonly attacked one of the Kikuyu laborers, tossing him and breaking his thigh. It had then passed by the house out to the plain, where it saw an ox cart, which it immediately attacked and upset, cannoning off after its charge and passing up through the span of oxen, breaking all the yokes but fortunately not killing an animal. Then it met one of the men of the house on horseback, immediately assailed him, and was killed for its pains.

My host was about to go on safari for a couple of months with Selous, and to manage their safari they had one of the noted professional hunters of East Africa, Mr. H. Judd and Judd was kind enough to take me out hunting almost every day that we were at Juja. We would breakfast at dawn and leave the farm about the time that it grew light enough to see: ordinarily our course was eastward, toward the Athi, a few miles distant. These morning rides were very beautiful. In our front was the mountain mass of Donyo Sabuk, and the sun rose behind it, flooding the heavens with gold and crimson. The morning air blew fresh in our faces, and the unshod feet of our horses made no sound as they

trod the dew-drenched grass. On every side game stood to watch us, herds of hartebeests and zebras, and now and then a herd of wildebeests or a few straggling old wildebeest bulls. Sometimes the zebras and kongoni were very shy, and took fright when we were yet a long way off; at other times they would stand motionless and permit us to come within fair gun-shot, and after we had passed we could still see them regarding us without their having moved. The wildebeests were warier; usually when we were yet a quarter of a mile or so distant, the herd, which had been standing with heads up, their short, shaggy necks and heavy withers giving the animals an unmistakable look, would take fright, and, with heavy curvets, and occasionally running in semicircles, would make off, heads held down and long tails lashing the air.

In the open woods which marked the border between the barren plains and the forested valley of the Athi, Kermit and I shot waterbuck and impalla. The waterbuck is a stately antelope with long, coarse gray hair and fine carriage of the head and neck; the male alone carries horns. We found them usually in parties of ten or a dozen, both of bulls and cows; but sometimes a party of cows would go alone, or three or four bulls might be found together. In spite of its name, we did not find it much given to going in the water, although it would cross the river fearlessly whenever it desired;

it was, however, always found not very far from water. It liked the woods and did not go many miles from the streams, yet we frequently saw it on the open plains a mile or two from trees, feeding in the vicinity of the zebra and the hartebeest. This was, however, usually quite early in the morning or quite late in the afternoon. In the heat of the day it clearly preferred to be in the forest, along the stream's edge, or in the bush-clad ravines.

The impalla are found in exactly the same kind of country as the waterbuck, and often associate with them. To my mind they are among the most beautiful of all antelope. They are about the size of a white-tailed deer, their beautiful annulated horns making a single spiral, and their coat is like satin with its contrasting shades of red and white. They have the most graceful movements of any animal I know, and it is extraordinary to see a herd start off when frightened, both bucks and does bounding clear over the tops of the tall bushes, with a peculiar bird-like motion and lightness. Usually a single old buck will be found with a large company of does and fawns; the other bucks go singly or in small parties. It was in the middle of May, and we saw fawns of all ages. When in the open, where, like the waterbuck, it often went in the morning and evening, the impalla was very shy, but I did not find it particularly so among the woods. In connection

with shooting two of the impalla, there occurred little incidents which are worthy of mention.

In one case I had just killed a waterbuck cow, hitting it at a considerable distance and by a lucky fluke, after a good deal of bad shooting. We started the porters in with the waterbuck, and then rode west through an open country, dotted here and there with trees and with occasional ant-hills. In a few minutes we saw an impalla buck, and I crept up behind an ant-hill and obtained a shot at about two hundred and fifty yards. The buck dropped, and as I was putting in another cartridge I said to Judd that I didn't like to see an animal drop like that, so instantaneously, as there was always the possibility that it might only be creased, and that if an animal so hurt got up, it always went off exactly as if unhurt. When we raised our eyes again to look for the impalla it had vanished. I was sure that we would never see it again, and Judd felt much the same way, but we walked in the direction toward which its head had been pointed, and Judd ascended an ant-hill to scan the surrounding country with his glasses. He did so, and after a minute remarked that he could not see the wounded impalla; when a sudden movement caused us to look down, and there it was, lying at our very feet, on the side of the ant-hill, unable to rise. I had been using a sharp-pointed bullet in the Springfield, and this makes a big hole. The bullet had gone too far

back, in front of the hips. I should not have wondered at all if the animal had failed to get up after falling, but I did not understand why, as it recovered enough from the shock to be able to get up, it had not continued to travel, instead of falling after going one hundred yards. Indeed, I am inclined to think that a deer or prong-buck, hit in the same fashion, would have gone off and would have given a long chase before being overtaken. Judging from what others have said, I have no doubt that African game is very tough and succumbs less easily to wounds than is the case with animals of the northern temperate zone; but in my own experience, I several times saw African antelopes succumb to wounds quicker than the average northern animal would have succumbed to a similar wound. One was this impalla. Another was the cow eland I first shot; her hind leg was broken high up, and the wound, though crippling, was not such as would have prevented a moose or wapiti from hobbling away on three legs; yet in spite of hard struggles the eland was wholly unable to regain her feet.

The impalla thus shot by the way, although in fine condition and the coat of glossy beauty, was infested by ticks; around the horns the horrid little insects were clustered in thick masses for a space of a diameter of some inches. It was to me marvelous that they had not set up inflammation or caused great sores, for they were so thick that at a distance

of a few feet they gave the appearance of there being some big gland or bare place at the root of each horn.

The other impalla buck also showed an unexpected softness, succumbing to a wound which I do not believe would have given me either a white-tailed or a black-tailed deer. I had been vainly endeavoring to get a waterbuck bull, and as the day was growing hot I was riding homeward, scanning the edge of the plain where it merged into the trees that extended out from the steep bank that hemmed in one side of the river-bottom. From time to time we would see an impalla or a waterbuck making its way from the plain back to the river-bottom, to spend the day in the shade. One of these I stalked, and after a good deal of long-range shooting broke a hind leg high up. It got out of sight and we rode along the edge of the steep descent which led down into the river-bottom proper. In the bottom there were large, open, grassy places, while the trees made a thick fringe along the river course. We had given up the impalla and turned out toward the plain, when one of my gun-bearers whistled to us and said he had seen the wounded animal cross the bottom and go into the fringe of trees bounding a deep pool in which we knew there were both hippos and crocodiles. We were off our horses at once, and, leaving them at the top, scrambled down the descent and crossed the bottom to the spot indicated.

The impalla had lain down as soon as it reached cover, and as we entered the fringe of wood I caught a glimpse of it getting up and making off. Yet fifty yards farther it stopped again, standing right on the brink of the pool, so close that when I shot it, it fell over into the water.

When, after arranging for this impalla to be carried back to the farm, we returned to where our horses had been left, the boys told us with much excitement that there was a large snake near by; and sure enough a few yards off, coiled up in the long grass under a small tree, was a python. I could not see it distinctly, and using a solid bullet I just missed the backbone, the bullet going through the body about its middle. Immediately the snake lashed at me with open jaws, and then, uncoiling, came gliding rapidly in our direction. I do not think it was charging; I think it was merely trying to escape. But Judd, who was utterly unmoved by lion, leopard, or rhino, evidently held this snake in respect, and yelled to me to get out of the way. Accordingly, I jumped back a few feet, and the snake came over the ground where I had stood; its evil genius then made it halt for a moment and raise its head to a height of perhaps three feet, and I killed it by a shot through the neck. The porters were much wrought up about the snake, and did not at all like my touching it and taking it up, first by the tail and then by the head. It was only twelve feet

long. We tied it to a long stick and sent it in by two porters.

Another day we beat for lions, but without success. We rode to a spot a few miles off, where we were joined by three Boer farmers. They were big, upstanding men, looking just as Boer farmers ought to look who had been through a war and had ever since led the adventurous life of frontier farmers in wild regions. They were accompanied by a pack of big, rough-looking dogs, but were on foot, walking with long and easy strides. The dogs looked a rough-and-ready lot, but on this particular morning showed themselves of little use; at any rate they put up nothing.

But Kermit had a bit of deserved good luck. While the main body of us went down the river-bed, he and McMillan, with a few natives, beat up a side ravine, down the middle of which ran the usual dry watercourse fringed with patches of brush. In one of these they put up a leopard, and saw it slinking forward ahead of them through the bushes. Then they lost sight of it, and came to the conclusion that it was in a large thicket. So Kermit went on one side of it and McMillan on the other, and the beaters approached to try and get the leopard out. Of course none of the beaters had guns; their function was merely to make a disturbance and rouse the game, and they were cautioned on no account to get into danger. But the leopard did not wait to be

driven. Without any warning, out he came and charged straight at Kermit, who stopped him when he was but six yards off with a bullet in the fore-part of the body; the leopard turned, and as he galloped back Kermit hit him again, crippling him in the hips. The wounds were fatal, and they would have knocked the fight out of any animal less plucky and savage than the leopard; but not even in Africa is there a beast of more unflinching courage than this spotted cat. The beaters were much excited by the sight of the charge and the way in which it was stopped, and they pressed jubilantly forward, too heedlessly; one of them, who was on McMillan's side of the thicket, went too near it, and out came the wounded leopard at him. It was badly crippled or it would have got the beater at once; as it was, it was slowly overtaking him as he ran through the tall grass, when McMillan, standing on an ant-heap, shot it again. Yet, in spite of having this third bullet in it, it ran down the beater and seized him, worrying him with teeth and claws; but it was weak because of its wounds, and the powerful savage wrenched himself free, while McMillan fired into the beast again; and back it went through the long grass into the thicket. There was a pause, and the wounded beater was removed to a place of safety, while a messenger was sent on to us to bring up the Boer dogs. But while they were waiting, the leopard, on its own initiative, brought matters to a

crisis, for out it came again straight at Kermit, and this time it dropped dead to Kermit's bullet. No animal could have shown a more fearless and resolute temper. It was an old female, but small, its weight being a little short of seventy pounds. The smallest female cougar I ever killed was heavier than this, and one very big male cougar which I killed in Colorado was three times the weight. Yet I have never heard of any cougar which displayed anything like the spirit and ferocity of this little leopard, or which in any way approached it as a dangerous foe. It was sent back to camp in company with the wounded beater, after the wounds of the latter had been dressed; they were not serious, and he was speedily as well as ever.

The rivers that bounded Juja Farm, not only the Athi, but the Nairobi and Rewero, contained hippopotami and crocodiles in the deep pools. I was particularly anxious to get one of the former, and early one morning Judd and I rode off across the plains, through the herds of grazing game seen dimly in the dawn, to the Athi. We reached the river, and, leaving our horses, went down into the wooded bottom, soon after sunrise. Judd had with him a Masai, a keen-eyed hunter, and I my two gun-bearers. We advanced with the utmost caution toward the brink of a great pool; on our way we saw a bushbuck, but of course did not dare to shoot at it, for hippopotami are wary, except in very unfre-

quented regions, and any noise will disturb them. As we crept noiselessly up to the steep bank which edged the pool, the sight was typically African. On the still water floated a crocodile, nothing but his eyes and nostrils visible. The bank was covered with a dense growth of trees, festooned with vines; among the branches sat herons; a little cormorant dived into the water; and a very small and brilliantly colored kingfisher with a red beak and large turquoise crest, perched unheedingly within a few feet of us. Here and there a dense growth of the tall and singularly graceful papyrus rose out of the water, the feathery heads, which crowned the long smooth green stems, waving gently to and fro.

We scanned the waters carefully, and could see no sign of hippos, and, still proceeding with the utmost caution, we moved a hundred yards farther down to another lookout. Here the Masai detected a hippo head a long way off on the other side of the pool; and we again drew back and started cautiously forward to reach the point opposite which he had seen the head.

But we were not destined to get that hippo. Just as we had about reached the point at which we had intended to turn in toward the pool, there was a succession of snorts in our front and the sound of the trampling of heavy feet and of a big body being shoved through a dense mass of tropical bush. My companions called to me in loud whispers that

it was a rhinoceros coming at us, and to "Shoot, shoot." In another moment the rhinoceros appeared, twitching its tail and tossing and twisting its head from side to side as it came toward us. It did not seem to have very good horns, and I would much rather not have killed it; but there hardly seemed any alternative, for it certainly showed every symptom of being bent on mischief. My first shot, at under forty yards, produced no effect whatever, except to hasten its approach. I was using the Winchester, with full-jacketed bullets; my second bullet went in between the neck and shoulder, bringing it to a halt. I fired into the shoulder again, and as it turned toward the bush I fired into its flank both the bullets still remaining in my magazine.

For a moment or two after it disappeared we heard the branches crash, and then there was silence. In such cover a wounded rhino requires cautious handling, and as quietly as possible we walked through the open forest along the edge of the dense thicket into which the animal had returned. The thicket was a tangle of thorn bushes, reeds, and small, low-branching trees; it was impossible to see ten feet through it, and a man could only penetrate it with the utmost slowness and difficulty, whereas the movements of the rhino were very little impeded. At the far end of the thicket we examined the grass to see if the rhino had passed out, and sure enough there was the spoor, with so much blood along both

sides that it was evident the animal was badly hit. It led across this space and into another thicket of the same character as the first; and again we stole cautiously along the edge some ten yards out. I had taken the heavy Holland double-barrel, and with the safety catch pressed forward under my thumb, I trod gingerly through the grass, peering into the thicket and expectant of developments. In a minute there was a furious snorting and crashing directly opposite us in the thicket, and I brought up my rifle; but the rhino did not quite place us, and broke out of the cover in front, some thirty yards away; and I put both barrels into and behind the shoulder. The terrific striking force of the heavy gun told at once, and the rhino wheeled, and struggled back into the thicket, and we heard it fall. With the utmost caution, bending and creeping under the branches, we made our way in, and saw the beast lying with its head toward us. We thought it was dead, but would take no chances; and I put in another, but as it proved needless, heavy bullet.

It was an old female, considerably smaller than the bull I had already shot, with the front horn measuring fourteen inches as against his nineteen inches; as always with rhinos, it was covered with ticks, which clustered thickly in the folds and creases of the skin, around and in the ears, and in all the tender places. McMillan sent out an ox

wagon and brought it in to the house, where we weighed it. It was a little over two thousand two hundred pounds. It had evidently been in the neighborhood in which we found it for a considerable time, for a few hundred yards away we found its stamping ground, a circular spot where the earth had been all trampled up and kicked about, according to the custom of rhinoceroses; they return day after day to such places to deposit their dung, which is then kicked about with the hind feet. As with all our other specimens, the skin was taken off and sent back to the National Museum. The stomach was filled with leaves and twigs, this kind of rhinoceros browsing on the tips of the branches by means of its hooked, prehensile upper lip.

Now I did not want to kill this rhinoceros, and I am not certain that it really intended to charge us. It may very well be that if we had stood firm it would, after much threatening and snorting, have turned and made off; veteran hunters like Selous could, I doubt not, have afforded to wait and see what happened. But I let it get within forty yards, and it still showed every symptom of meaning mischief, and at a shorter range I could not have been sure of stopping it in time. Often under such circumstances the rhino does not mean to charge at all, and is acting in a spirit of truculent and dull curiosity; but often, when its motions and actions are indistinguishable from those of an animal which

does not mean mischief, it turns out that a given rhino does mean mischief. A year before I arrived in East Africa a surveyor was charged by a rhinoceros entirely without provocation; he was caught and killed. Chanler's companion on his long expedition, the Austrian Von Höhnel, was very severely wounded by a rhino and nearly died; the animal charged through the line of march of the safari, and then deliberately turned, hunted down Von Höhnel, and tossed him. Again and again there have been such experiences, and again and again hunters who did not wish to kill rhinos have been forced to do so in order to prevent mischief. Under such circumstances it is not to be expected that men will take too many chances when face to face with a creature whose actions are threatening and whose intentions it is absolutely impossible to divine. In fact, I do not see how the rhinoceros can be permanently preserved, save in very out-of-the-way places or in regular game reserves. There is enough interest and excitement in the pursuit to attract every eager young hunter, and, indeed, very many eager old hunters; and the beast's stupidity, curiosity, and truculence make up a combination of qualities which inevitably tend to insure its destruction.

As we brought home the whole body of this rhinoceros, and as I had put into it eight bullets, five from the Winchester and three from the Holland, I

was able to make a tolerably fair comparison between the two. With the full-jacketed bullets of the Winchester I had mortally wounded the animal; it would have died in a short time, and it was groggy when it came out of the brush in its final charge; but they inflicted no such smashing blow as the heavy bullets of the Holland. Moreover, when they struck the heavy bones they tended to break into fragments, while the big Holland bullets ploughed through. The Winchester and the Springfield were the weapons one of which I always carried in my own hand, and for any ordinary game I much prefer them to any other rifles. The Winchester did admirably with lions, giraffes, elands, and smaller game, and, as will be seen, with hippos. For heavy game like rhinoceroses and buffaloes, I found that for me personally the heavy Holland was unquestionably the proper weapon. But in writing this I wish most distinctly to assert my full knowledge of the fact that the choice of a rifle is almost as much a matter of personal idiosyncrasy as the choice of a friend. The above must be taken as merely the expression of my personal preferences. It will doubtless arouse as much objection among the ultra-champions of one type of gun as among the ultra-champions of another. The truth is that any good modern rifle is good enough. The determining factor is the man behind the gun.

In the afternoon of the day on which we killed

the rhino Judd took me out again to try for hippos, this time in the Rewero, which ran close by the house. We rode upstream a couple of miles. Then we sent back our horses and walked down the river bank as quietly as possible, Judd scanning the pools, and the eddies in the running stream, from every point of vantage. Once we aroused a crocodile, which plunged into the water. The stream was full of fish, some of considerable size; and in the meadow land on our side we saw a gang of big, black wild-geese feeding. But we got within half a mile of McMillan's house without seeing a hippo, and the light was rapidly fading. Judd announced that we would go home, but took one last look around the next bend, and instantly sank to his knees, beckoning to me. I crept forward on all fours, and he pointed out to me an object in the stream, fifty yards off, under the overhanging branch of a tree, which jutted out from the steep bank opposite. In that light I should not myself have recognized it as a hippo head; but it was one, looking toward us, with the ears up and the nostrils, eyes, and forehead above water. I aimed for the centre; the sound told that the bullet had struck somewhere on the head, and the animal disappeared without a splash. Judd was sure I had killed, but I was by no means so confident myself, and there was no way of telling until next morning, for the hippo always sinks when shot and does not rise to the sur-

face for several hours. Accordingly, back we walked to the house.

At sunrise next morning Cuninghame, Judd and I, with a crowd of porters, were down at the spot. There was a very leaky boat in which Cuninghame, Judd, and I embarked, intending to drift and paddle downstream while the porters walked along the bank. We did not have far to go, for as we rounded the first point we heard the porters break into guttural exclamations of delight, and there ahead of us, by a little island of papyrus, was the dead hippo. With the help of the boat it was towed to a convenient landing-place, and then the porters dragged it ashore. It was a cow, of good size for one dwelling in a small river, where they never approach the dimensions of those making their homes in a great lake like the Victoria Nyanza. This one weighed nearly two thousand eight hundred pounds, and I could well believe that a big lake bull would weigh between three and four tons.

In wild regions hippos rest on sandy bars, and even come ashore to feed, by day; but wherever there are inhabitants they land to feed only at night. Those in the Rewero continually entered McMillan's garden. Where they are numerous they sometimes attack small boats and kill the people in them; and where they are so plentiful they do great damage to the plantations of the natives, so much so that they then have to be taken off the list of preserved game

and their destruction encouraged. Their enormous jaws sweep in quantities of plants, or lush grass, or corn, or vegetables, at a mouthful, while their appetites are as gigantic as their bodies. In spite of their short legs, they go at a good gait on shore, but the water is their real home, and they always seek it when alarmed. They dive and float wonderfully, rising to the surface or sinking to the bottom at will, and they gallop at speed along the bottoms of lakes or rivers, with their bodies wholly submerged; but as is natural enough, in view of their big bodies and short legs, they are not fast swimmers for any length of time. They make curious and unmistakable trails along the banks of any stream in which they dwell; their short legs are wide apart, and so when they tread out a path they leave a ridge of high soil down the centre. Where they have lived a long time, the rutted paths are worn deep into the soil, but always carry this distinguishing middle ridge.

The full-jacketed Winchester bullet had gone straight into the brain; the jacket had lodged in the cranium, but the lead went on, entering the neck and breaking the atlas vertebra.

At Juja Farm many animals were kept in cages. They included a fairly friendly leopard, and five lions, two of which were anything but friendly. There were three cheetahs, nearly full-grown; these were continually taken out on leashes, Mrs.

McMillan strolling about with them and leading them to the summer-house. They were good-tempered, but they did not lead well. Cheetahs are interesting beasts; they are aberrant cats, standing very high on their legs, and with non-retractile claws like a dog. They are nearly the size of a leopard, but are not ordinarily anything like as ferocious, and prey on the smaller antelope, occasionally taking something as big as a half-grown kongoni. For a short run, up to say a quarter of a mile or even perhaps half a mile, they are the swiftest animals on earth, and with a good start easily overtake the fastest antelope; but their bolt is soon shot, and on the open plain they can readily be galloped down with a horse. When they sit on their haunches their attitude is that neither of a dog nor of a cat so much as of a big monkey. On the whole, they are much more easily domesticated than most other cats, but, as with all highly developed wild creatures, they show great individual variability of character and disposition. They have a very curious note, a bird-like chirp, in uttering which they twist the upper lip as if whistling. When I first heard it I was sure that it was uttered by some bird, and looked about quite a time before finding that it was the call of a cheetah.

Then there was a tame wart-hog, very friendly, indeed, which usually wandered loose, and was as comical as pigs generally are, with its sudden starts

and grunts. Finally, there was a young Tommy buck and a Grant's gazelle doe, both of which were on good terms with every one and needed astonishingly little looking after to prevent their straying. When I was returning to the house on the morning I killed the rhinoceros, I met the string of porters and the ox wagon just after they had left the gate on their way to the carcass. The Grant doe had been attracted by the departure, and was following immediately behind the last porter; a wild-looking Masai warrior, to whom, as I learned, the especial care of the gazelle had been intrusted for that day, was running as hard as he could after her from the gate; when he overtook her he ran in between her and the rearmost porter, and headed her for the farm gate, uttering what sounded like wild war-cries and brandishing his spear. They formed a really absurd couple, the little doe slowly and decorously walking back to the farm, quite unmoved by the clamor and threats, while her guardian, the very image of what a savage warrior should look when on the war-path, walked close behind, waving his spear and uttering deep-toned shouts, with what seemed a ludicrous disproportion of effort to the result needed.

Antelopes speedily become very tame and recognize clearly their friends. Leslie Tarlton's brother was keeping a couple of young kongoni and a partly grown Grant on his farm just outside Nairobi.

(The game comes right to the outskirts of Nairobi; one morning Kermit walked out from the McMillans' town-house, where we were staying in company with Percival, the game ranger, and got photographs of zebras, kongoni, and Kavirondo cranes; and a leopard sometimes came up through the garden on to the veranda of the house itself.) Tarlton's young antelopes went freely into the country round about, but never fled with the wild herds; and they were not only great friends with Tarlton's dogs, but recognized them as protectors. Hyenas and other beasts frequently came round the farm after nightfall, and at their approach the antelopes fled at speed to where the dogs were, and then could not be persuaded to leave them.

We spent a delightful week at Juja Farm, and then moved to Kamiti Ranch, the neighboring farm, owned by Mr. Hugh H. Heatley, who had asked me to visit him for a buffalo hunt. While in the highlands of British East Africa it is utterly impossible for a stranger to realize that he is under the equator; the climate is delightful and healthy. It is a white man's country, a country which should be filled with white settlers; and no place could be more attractive for visitors. There is no more danger to health incident to an ordinary trip to East Africa than there is to an ordinary trip to the Riviera. Of course, if one goes on a hunting trip there is always a certain amount of risk, including

the risk of fever, just as there would be if a man camped out in some of the Italian marshes. But the ordinary visitor need have no more fear of his health than if he were travelling in Italy, and it is hard to imagine a trip better worth making than the trip from Mombasa to Nairobi and on to the Victoria Nyanza.

CHAPTER VI

A BUFFALO-HUNT BY THE KAMITI

HEATLEY'S RANCH comprises twenty thousand acres lying between the Rewero and Kamiti Rivers. It is seventeen miles long, and four across at the widest place. It includes some as beautiful bits of natural scenery as can well be imagined, and though Heatley—a thorough farmer, and the son and grandson of farmers—was making it a successful farm, with large herds of cattle, much improved stock, hundreds of acres under cultivation, a fine dairy, and the like, yet it was also a game reserve such as could not be matched either in Europe or America. From Juja Farm we marched a dozen miles and pitched our tent close beside the Kamiti.

The Kamiti is a queer little stream, running for most of its course through a broad swamp of tall papyrus. Such a swamp is almost impenetrable. The papyrus grows to a height of over twenty feet, and the stems are so close together that in most places it is impossible to see anything at a distance of six feet. Ten yards from the edge, when within the swamp, I was wholly unable to tell in which direction the open ground lay, and could get out only

by either following my back track or listening for voices. Underfoot, the mud and water are hip-deep. This swamp was the home of a herd of buffalo numbering perhaps a hundred individuals. They are semi-aquatic beasts, and their enormous strength enables them to plough through the mud and water and burst their way among the papyrus stems without the slightest difficulty, whereas a man is nearly helpless when once he has entered the reedbeds. They had made paths hither and thither across the swamp, these paths being three feet deep in ooze and black water. There were little islands in the swamp on which they could rest. Toward its lower end, where it ran into the Nairobi, the Kamiti emerged from the papyrus swamp and became a rapid brown stream of water with only here and there a papyrus cluster along its banks.

The Nairobi, which cut across the lower end of the farm, and the Rewero, which bounded it on the other side from the Kamiti, were as different as possible from the latter. Both were rapid streams broken by riffle and waterfall, and running at the bottom of tree-clad valleys. The Nairobi Falls, which were on Heatley's Ranch, were singularly beautiful. Heatley and I visited them one evening after sunset, coming home from a day's hunt. It was a ride I shall long remember. We left our men, and let the horses gallop. As the sun set behind us, the long lights changed the look of the

country and gave it a beauty that had in it an element of the mysterious and the unreal. The mountains loomed both larger and more vague than they had been in the bright sunlight, and the plains lost their look of parched desolation as the afterglow came and went. We were galloping through a world of dim shade and dying color; and, in this world, our horses suddenly halted on the brink of a deep ravine from out of which came the thunder of a cataract. We reined up on a jutting point. The snowy masses of the fall foamed over a ledge on our right, and below at our feet was a great pool of swirling water. Thick foliaged trees, of strange shape and festooned with creepers, climbed the sheer sides of the ravine. A black-and-white eagle perched in a blasted tree-top in front; and the bleached skull of a long-dead rhinoceros glimmered white near the brink to one side.

On another occasion we took our lunch at the foot of Rewero Falls. These are not as high as the falls of the Nairobi, but they are almost as beautiful. We clambered down into the ravine a little distance below and made our way toward them, beside the brawling, rock-choked torrent. Great trees towered overhead, and among their tops the monkeys chattered and screeched. The fall itself was broken in two parts like a miniature Niagara, and the spray curtain shifted to and fro as the wind blew.

The lower part of the farm, between the Kamiti

and Rewero and on both sides of the Nairobi, consisted of immense rolling plains, and on these the game swarmed in almost incredible numbers. There were Grant's and Thomson's gazelles, of which we shot one or two for the table. There was a small herd of blue wildebeest, and among them one unusually large bull with an unusually fine head; Kermit finally killed him. There were plenty of wart-hogs, which were to be found feeding right out in the open, both in the morning and the evening. One day Kermit got a really noteworthy sow with tusks much longer than those of the average boar. He ran into her on horseback after a sharp chase of a mile or two, and shot her from the saddle as he galloped nearly alongside, holding his rifle as the old buffalo-runners used to hold theirs, that is, not bringing it to his shoulder. I killed two or three half-grown pigs for the table, but I am sorry to say that I missed several chances at good boars. Finally one day I got up to just two hundred and fifty yards from a good boar as he stood broadside to me; firing with the little Springfield I put the bullet through both shoulders, and he was dead when we came up.

But of course the swarms of game consisted of zebra and hartebeest. At no time, when riding in any direction across these plains, were we ever out of sight of them. Sometimes they would act warily and take the alarm when we were a long distance off. At other times herds would stand and gaze at

us while we passed within a couple of hundred yards. One afternoon we needed meat for the safari, and Cuninghame and I rode out to get it. Within half a mile we came upon big herds both of hartebeest and zebra. They stood to give me long-range shots at about three hundred yards. I wounded a zebra, after which Cuninghame rode. While he was off, I killed first a zebra and then a hartebeest, and shortly afterward a cloud of dust announced that Cuninghame was bringing a herd of game toward me. I knelt motionless, and the long files of red coated hartebeest and brilliantly striped zebra came galloping past. They were quite a distance off, but I had time for several shots at each animal I selected, and I dropped one more zebra and one more hartebeest, in addition, I regret to add, to wounding another hartebeest. The four hartebeest and zebra lay within a space of a quarter of a mile; and half a mile further I bagged a tommy at two hundred yards—his meat was for our own table, the kongoni and the zebra being for the safari.

On another day, when Heatley and I were out together, he stationed me among some thin thorn-bushes on a little knoll, and drove the game by me, hoping to get me a shot at some wildebeest. The scattered thorn-bushes were only four or five feet high, and so thin that there was no difficulty in looking through them and marking every movement of the game as it approached. The wildebeest took

the wrong direction and never came near me—though they certainly fared as badly as if they had done so, for they passed by Kermit, and it was on this occasion that he killed the big bull. A fine cock ostrich passed me and I much wished to shoot at him, but did not like to do so, because ostrich-farming is one of the staple industries of the region, and it is not well to have even the wild birds shot. The kongoni and the zebra streamed by me, herd after herd, hundreds and hundreds of them, many passing within fifty yards of my shelter, now on one side, now on the other; they went at an easy lope, and I was interested to see that many of the kongoni ran with their mouths open. This is an attitude which we usually associate with exhaustion, but such cannot have been the case with the kongoni—they had merely cantered for a mile or so. The zebra were, as usual, noisy, a number of them uttering their barking neigh as they passed. I do not know how it is ordinarily, but these particular zebra, all stallions by the way, kept their mouths open throughout the time they were neighing, and their ears pricked forward; they did not keep their mouths open while merely galloping, as did the kongoni. We had plenty of meat, and the naturalists had enough specimens; and I was glad that there was no need to harm the beautiful creatures. They passed so close that I could mark every slight movement, and the ripple of the muscles under the skin. The very

what as if a man was making peas jump in a tin tray by tapping on it. The favorite dancing times were in the early morning, and, to a less extent, in the evening. We saw dancing-places of every age, some with the cut grass which strewed the floor green and fresh, others with the grass dried into hay and the bare earth showing through.

But the game we were after was the buffalo herd that haunted the papyrus swamp. As I have said before, the buffalo is by many hunters esteemed the most dangerous of African game. It is an enormously powerful beast with, in this country, a coat of black hair which becomes thin in the old bulls, and massive horns which rise into great bosses at the base, these bosses sometimes meeting in old age so as to cover the forehead with a frontlet of horn. Their habits vary much in different places. Where they are much persecuted, they lie in the densest cover, and only venture out into the open to feed at night. But Heatley, though he himself had killed a couple of bulls, and the Boer farmer who was working for him another, had preserved the herd from outside molestation, and their habits were doubtless much what they would have been in regions where man is a rare visitor.

The first day we were on Heatley's farm, we saw the buffalo, to the number of seventy or eighty, grazing in the open, some hundreds of yards from the papyrus swamp, and this shortly after noon.

For a mile from the papyrus swamp the country was an absolutely flat plain, gradually rising into a gentle slope, and it was an impossibility to approach the buffalo across this plain save in one way to be mentioned hereafter. Probably when the moon was full the buffalo came out to graze by night. But while we were on our hunt the moon was young, and the buffalo evidently spent most of the night in the papyrus, and came out to graze by day. Sometimes they came out in the early morning, sometimes in the late evening, but quite as often in the bright daylight. We saw herds come out to graze at ten o'clock in the morning, and again at three in the afternoon. They usually remained out several hours, first grazing and then lying down. Flocks of the small white cow-heron usually accompanied them, the birds stalking about among them or perching on their backs; and occasionally the whereabouts of the herd in the papyrus swamp could be determined by seeing the flock of herons perched on the papyrus tops. We did not see any of the red-billed tick-birds on the buffalo; indeed, the only ones that we saw in this neighborhood happened to be on domestic cattle—in other places we found them very common on rhinoceros. At night the buffalo sometimes came right into the cultivated fields, and even into the garden close by the Boer farmer's house; and once at night he had shot a bull. The bullet went through the heart but the animal ran to

the papyrus swamp, and was found next day dead just within the edge. Usually the main herd, of bulls, cows, and calves, kept together; but there were outlying bulls, found singly or in small parties. Not only the natives but the whites were inclined to avoid the immediate neighborhood of the papyrus swamp, for there had been one or two narrow escapes from unprovoked attacks by the buffalo. The farmer told us that a man who was coming to see him had been regularly followed by three bulls, who pursued him for quite a distance. There is no doubt that under certain circumstances buffalo, in addition to showing themselves exceedingly dangerous opponents when wounded by hunters, become truculent and inclined to take the offensive themselves. There are places in East Africa where as regards at least certain herds this seems to be the case; and in Uganda the buffalo have caused such loss of life, and such damage to the native plantations, that they are now ranked as vermin and not as game, and their killing is encouraged in every possible way. The list of white hunters that have been killed by buffalo is very long, and includes a number of men of note, while accidents to natives are of constant occurrence.

The morning after making our camp, we started at dawn for the buffalo ground, Kermit and I, Cuninghame and Heatley, and the Boer farmer with three big, powerful dogs. We walked near the

edge of the swamp. The whydah birds were continually bobbing up and down in front of us as they rose and fell on their dancing-places, while the Kavirondo cranes called mournfully all around. Before we had gone two miles, buffalo were spied, well ahead, feeding close to the papyrus. The line of the papyrus which marked the edge of the swamp was not straight, but broken by projections and indentations; and by following it closely and cutting cautiously across the points, the opportunity for stalking was good. As there was not a tree of any kind anywhere near, we had to rely purely on our shooting to prevent damage from the buffalo. Kermit and I had our double-barrels, with the Winchesters as spare guns, while Cuninghame carried a 577, and Heatley a magazine rifle.

Cautiously threading our way along the edge of the swamp, we got within a hundred and fifty yards of the buffalo before we were perceived. There were four bulls, grazing close by the edge of the swamp, their black bodies glistening in the early sun-rays, their massive horns showing white, and the cow-herons perched on their backs. They stared sullenly at us with outstretched heads from under their great frontlets of horn. The biggest of the four stood a little out from the other three, and at him I fired, the bullet telling with a smack on the tough hide and going through the lungs. We had been afraid they would at once turn into the papy-

rus, but instead of this they started straight across our front directly for the open country. This was a piece of huge good luck. Kermit put his first barrel into the second bull, and I my second barrel into one of the others, after which it became impossible to say which bullet struck which animal, as the firing became general. They ran a quarter of a mile into the open, and then the big bull I had first shot, and which had no other bullet in him, dropped dead, while the other three, all of which were wounded, halted beside him. We walked toward them, rather expecting a charge; but when we were still over two hundred yards away they started back for the swamp, and we began firing. The distance being long, I used my Winchester. Aiming well before one bull, he dropped to the shot as if poleaxed, falling straight on his back with his legs kicking; but in a moment he was up again and after the others. Later I found that the bullet, a full-metal patch, had struck him in the head but did not penetrate to the brain, and merely stunned him for the moment. All the time we kept running diagonally to their line of flight. They were all three badly wounded, and when they reached the tall rank grass, high as a man's head, which fringed the papyrus swamp, the two foremost lay down, while the last one, the one I had floored with the Winchester, turned, and with nose outstretched began to come toward us. He was badly crippled, however, and

with a soft-nosed bullet from my heavy Holland I knocked him down, this time for good. The other two then rose, and though each was again hit they reached the swamp, one of them to our right, the other to the left where the papyrus came out in a point.

We decided to go after the latter, and advancing very cautiously toward the edge of the swamp, put in the three big dogs. A moment after, they gave tongue within the papyrus; then we heard the savage grunt of the buffalo and saw its form just within the reeds; and as the rifles cracked, down it went. But it was not dead, for we heard it grunt savagely, and the dogs bayed as loudly as ever. Heatley now mounted his trained shooting-pony and rode toward the place, while we covered him with our rifles, his plan being to run right across our front if the bull charged. The bull was past charging, lying just within the reeds, but he was still able to do damage, for in another minute one of the dogs came out by us and ran straight back to the farmhouse, where we found him dead on our return. He had been caught by the buffalo's horns when he went in too close. Heatley, a daring fellow, with great confidence in both his horse and his rifle, pushed forward as we came up, and saw the bull lying on the ground while the two other dogs bit and worried it; and he put a bullet through its head.

The remaining bull got off into the swamp, where

a week later Heatley found his dead body. Fortunately the head proved to be in less good condition than any of the others, as one horn was broken off about half-way up; so that if any of the four had to escape, it was well that this should have been the one.

Our three bulls were fine trophies. The largest, with the largest horns, was the first killed, being the one that fell to my first bullet; yet it was the youngest of the three. The other two were old bulls. The second one killed had smaller horns than the other, but the bosses met in the middle of the forehead for a space of several inches, making a solid shield. I had just been reading a pamphlet by a German specialist who had divided the African buffalo into fifteen or twenty different species, based upon differences in various pairs of horns. The worth of such fine distinctions, when made on insufficient data, can be gathered from the fact that on the principles of specific division adopted in the pamphlet in question, the three bulls we had shot would have represented certainly two and possibly three different species.

Heller was soon on the ground with his skinning-tent and skinners, and the Boer farmer went back to fetch the ox wagon on which the skins and meat were brought in to camp. Laymen can hardly realize, and I certainly did not realize, what an immense amount of work is involved in preparing the

skins of large animals such as buffalo, rhino, hippo, and above all elephant, in hot climates. On this first five weeks' trip we got over seventy skins, including twenty-two species ranging in size from a dikdik to a rhino, and all of these Heller prepared and sent to the Smithsonian. Mearns and Loring were just as busy shooting birds and trapping small mammals. Often while Heller would be off for a few days with Kermit and myself, Mearns and Loring would be camped elsewhere, in a region better suited for the things they were after. While at Juja Farm they went down the Nairobi in a boat to shoot water-birds, and saw many more crocodiles and hippo than I did. Loring is a remarkably successful trapper of small mammals. I do not believe there is a better collector anywhere. Dr. Mearns, in addition to birds and plants, never let pass the opportunity to collect anything else from reptiles and fishes to land shells. Moreover, he was the best shot in our party. He killed two great bustards with the rifle, and occasionally shot birds like vultures on the wing with a rifle. I do not believe that three better men than Mearns, Heller, and Loring, for such an expedition as ours, could be found anywhere.

It was three days later before we were again successful with buffalo. On this occasion we started about eight in the morning, having come to the conclusion that the herd was more apt to leave the papy-

rus late than early. Our special object was to get a cow. We intended to take advantage of a small half-dried watercourse, an affluent of the Kamiti, which began a mile beyond where we had killed our bulls, and for three or four miles ran in a course generally parallel to the swamp, and at a distance which varied, but averaged perhaps a quarter of a mile. When we reached the beginning of this watercourse, we left our horses and walked along it. Like all such watercourses, it wound in curves. The banks were four or five feet high, the bottom was sometimes dry and sometimes contained reedy pools, while at intervals there were clumps of papyrus. Heatley went ahead, and just as we had about concluded that the buffalo would not come out, he came back to tell us that he had caught a glimpse of several, and believed that the main herd was with them. Cuninghame, a veteran hunter and first-class shot, than whom there could be no better man to have with one when after dangerous game, took charge of our further movements. We crept up the watercourse until about opposite the buffalo, which were now lying down. Cuninghame peered cautiously at them, saw there were two or three, and then led us on all fours toward them. There were patches where the grass was short, and other places where it was three feet high, and after a good deal of cautious crawling we had covered half the distance toward them, when one of them made us out, and

several rose from their beds. They were still at least two hundred yards off—a long range for heavy rifles; but any closer approach was impossible, and we fired. Both the leading bulls were hit, and at the shots there rose from the grass not half a dozen buffalo, but seventy or eighty, and started at a gallop parallel to the swamp and across our front. In the rear were a number of cows and calves, and I at once singled out a cow and fired. She plunged forward at the shot and turned toward the swamp, going slowly and dead lame, for my bullet had struck the shoulder and had gone into the cavity of the chest. But at this moment our attention was distracted from the wounded cow by the conduct of the herd, which, headed by the wounded bulls, turned in a quarter-circle toward us, and drew up in a phalanx facing us with outstretched heads. It was not a nice country in which to be charged by the herd, and for a moment things trembled in the balance. There was a perceptible motion of uneasiness among some of our followers. "Stand steady! Don't run!" I called out. "And don't shoot!" called out Cuninghame; for to do either would invite a charge. A few seconds passed, and then the unwounded mass of the herd resumed their flight, and after a little hesitation the wounded bulls followed. We now turned our attention to the wounded cow, which was close to the papyrus. She went down to our shots, but the reeds and marsh-grass

were above our heads when we drew close to the swamp. Once again Heatley went in with his white horse, as close as it was even reasonably safe, with the hope either of seeing the cow, or of getting her to charge him and so give us a fair chance at her. But nothing happened and we loosed the two dogs. They took up the trail and went some little distance into the papyrus, where we heard them give tongue, and immediately afterward there came the angry grunt of the wounded buffalo. It had risen and gone off thirty yards into the papyrus, although mortally wounded—the frothy blood from the lungs was actually coming out of my first bullet-hole. Its anger now made it foolish, and it followed the dogs to the edge of the papyrus. Here we caught a glimpse of it. Down it went to our shots, and in a minute we heard the moaning bellow which a wounded buffalo often gives before dying. Immediately afterward we could hear the dogs worrying it, while it bellowed again. It was still living as I came up, and though it evidently could not rise, there was a chance of its damaging one of the dogs, so I finished it off with a shot from the Winchester. Heller reached it that afternoon, and the skin and meat were brought in by the porters before nightfall.

Cuninghame remained with the body while the rest of us rode off and killed several different animals we wanted. In the afternoon I returned, having a vaguely uncomfortable feeling that as it grew dusk

the buffalo might possibly make their appearance again. Sure enough, there they were. A number of them were in the open plain, although close to the swamp, a mile and a half beyond the point where the work of cutting up the cow was just being finished, and the porters were preparing to start with their loads. It seemed very strange that after their experience in the morning any of the herd should be willing to come into the open so soon. But there they were. They were grazing to the number of about a dozen. Looking at them through the glasses I could see that their attention was attracted to us. They gazed at us for quite a time, and then walked slowly in our direction for at least a couple of hundred yards. For a moment I was even doubtful whether they did not intend to come toward us and charge. But it was only curiosity on their part, and after having gazed their fill, they sauntered back to the swamp and disappeared. There was no chance to get at them, and moreover darkness was rapidly falling.

Next morning we broke camp. The porters, strapping grown-up children that they were, felt as much pleasure and excitement over breaking camp after a few days' rest as over reaching camp after a fifteen-mile march. On this occasion, after they had made up their loads, they danced in a ring for half an hour, two tin cans being beaten as tom-toms. Then off they strode in a long line with their

burdens, following one another in Indian file, each greeting me with a smile and a deep "Yambo, Bwana!" as he passed. I had grown attached to them, and of course especially to my tent boys, gun-bearers, and saises, who quite touched me by their evident pleasure in coming to see me and greet me if I happened to be away from them for two or three days.

Kermit and I rode off with Heatley to pass the night at his house. This was at the other end of his farm, in a totally different kind of country, a country of wooded hills, with glades and dells and long green grass in the valleys. It did not in the least resemble what one would naturally expect in equatorial Africa. On the contrary it reminded me of the beautiful rolling wooded country of middle Wisconsin. But of course everything was really different. There were monkeys and leopards in the forests, and we saw whydah birds of a new kind, with red on the head and throat, and brilliantly colored woodpeckers, and black-and-gold weaver-birds. Indeed, the wealth of bird life was such that it cannot be described. Here, too, there were many birds with musical voices, to which we listened in the early morning. The best timber was yielded by the tall mahogo tree, a kind of sandal-wood. This was the tree selected by the wild fig for its deadly embrace. The wild fig begins as a huge parasitic vine, and ends as one of the largest and most stately, and

also one of the greenest and most shady, trees in this part of Africa. It grows up the mahogo as a vine and gradually, by branching, and by the spreading of the branches, completely envelops the trunk and also grows along each limb, and sends out great limbs of its own. Every stage can be seen, from that in which the big vine has begun to grow up along the still flourishing mahogo, through that in which the tree looks like a curious composite, the limbs and thick foliage of the fig branching out among the limbs and scanty foliage of the still living mahogo, to the stage in which the mahogo is simply a dead skeleton seen here and there through the trunk or the foliage of the fig. Finally nothing remains but the fig, which grows to be a huge tree.

Heatley's house was charming, with its vine-shaded veranda, its summer-house and out-buildings, and the great trees clustered round about. He was fond of sport in the right way, that is, he treated it as sport and not business, and did not allow it to interfere with his prime work of being a successful farmer. He had big stock-yards for his cattle and swine, and he was growing all kinds of things of both the temperate and the tropic zones: wheat and apples, coffee and sugar-cane. The bread we ate and the coffee we drank were made from what he had grown on his own farm. There were roses in the garden and great bushes of heliotrope by the veranda, and the drive to his place was

bordered by trees from Australia and beds of native flowers.

Next day we went into Nairobi, where we spent a most busy week, especially the three naturalists; for the task of getting into shape for shipment and then shipping the many hundreds of specimens—indeed, all told there were thousands of specimens—was of herculean proportions. Governor Jackson—a devoted ornithologist and probably the best living authority on East African birds, taking into account the stand-points of both the closet naturalist and the field naturalist—spent hours with Mearns, helping him to identify and arrange the species.

Nairobi is a very attractive town, and most interesting, with its large native quarter and its Indian colony. One of the streets consists of little except Indian shops and bazaars. Outside the business portion, the town is spread over much territory, the houses standing isolated, each by itself, and each usually bowered in trees, with vines shading the verandas, and pretty flower-gardens round about. Not only do I firmly believe in the future of East Africa for settlement as a white man's country, but I feel that it is an ideal playground alike for sportsmen, and for travellers who wish to live in health and comfort, and yet to see what is beautiful and unusual.

CHAPTER VII

TREKKING THROUGH THE THIRST TO THE SOTIK

ON June 5th we started south from Kijabe to trek through the thirst, through the waterless country which lies across the way to the Sotik.

The preceding Sunday, at Nairobi, I had visited the excellent French Catholic Mission, had been most courteously received by the fathers, had gone over their plantations and the school in which they taught the children of the settlers (much to my surprise, among them were three Parsee children, who were evidently put on a totally different plane from the other Indians, even the Goanese), and had been keenly interested in their account of their work and of the obstacles with which they met.

At Kijabe I spent several exceedingly interesting hours at the American Industrial Mission. Its head, Mr. Hurlburt, had called on me in Washington at the White House, in the preceding October, and I had then made up my mind that if the chance occurred I must certainly visit his mission. It is an interdenominational mission, and is carried on in a spirit which combines to a marked degree broad

sanity and common sense with disinterested fervor. Of course, such work, under the conditions which necessarily obtain in East Africa, can only show gradual progress; but I am sure that missionary work of the Kijabe kind will be an indispensable factor in the slow uplifting of the natives. There is full recognition of the fact that industrial training is a foundation stone in the effort to raise ethical and moral standards. Industrial teaching must go hand in hand with moral teaching—and in both the mere force of example and the influence of firm, kindly sympathy and understanding, count immeasurably. There is further recognition of the fact that in such a country the missionary should either already know how to, or else at once learn how to, take the lead himself in all kinds of industrial and mechanical work. Finally the effort is made consistently to teach the native how to live a more comfortable, useful, and physically and morally cleanly life, not under white conditions, but under the conditions which he will actually have to face when he goes back to his people, to live among them, and, if things go well, to be in his turn a conscious or unconscious missionary for good.

At lunch, in addition to the missionaries and their wives and children, there were half a dozen of the neighboring settlers, with their families. It is always a good thing to see the missionary and the settler working shoulder to shoulder. Many parts

of East Africa can, and I believe will, be made into a White Man's country; and the process will be helped, not hindered, by treating the black man well. At Kijabe, nearly under the equator, the beautiful scenery was almost northern in type; at night we needed blazing camp-fires and the days were as cool as September on Long Island or by the southern shores of the Great Lakes. It is a very healthy region; the children of the missionaries and settlers, of all ages, were bright and strong; those of Mr. and Mrs. Hurlburt had not been out of the country for eight years, and showed no ill effects whatever; on the contrary, I quite believed Mrs. Hurlburt when she said that she regarded the fertile wooded hills of Kijabe, with their forests and clear brooks, as forming a true health resort.

The northern look of the place was enhanced by the fact that the forests contained junipers; but they also contained monkeys, a small green monkey, and the big guerza, with its long silky hair and bold black-and-white coloring. Kermit, Heller, and Loring shot several. There were rhinoceros and buffalo in the neighborhood. A few days previously some buffalo had charged, unprovoked, a couple of the native boys of the mission, who had escaped only by their agility in tree-climbing. On one of his trips to an outlying mission station, Mr. Hurlburt had himself narrowly escaped a serious accident. Quite wantonly, a cow rhino, with a calf,

charged the safari almost before they knew of its presence. It attacked Hurlburt's mule, which fortunately he was not riding, and tossed and killed it; it passed through the line, and then turned and again charged it, this time attacking one of the porters. The porter dodged behind a tree, and the rhino hit the tree, knocked off a huge flake of bark and wood, and galloped away.

The trek across "the thirst," as any waterless country is apt to be called by an Africander, is about sixty miles, by the road. On our horses we could have ridden it in a night; but on a serious trip of any kind loads must be carried, and laden porters cannot go fast, and must rest at intervals. We had rather more than our porters could carry, and needed additional transportation for the water for the safari; and we had hired four ox-wagons. They were under the lead of a fine young Colonial Englishman named Ulyate, whose great-grandfather had come to South Africa in 1820, as part of the most important English emigration that ever went thither. His father and sisters had lunched with us at the missionaries' the day before; his wife's baby was too young for her to come. It was the best kind of pioneer family; all the members, with some of their fellow colonials, had spent much of the preceding three years in adventurous exploration of the country in their ox wagons, the wives and daughters as valiant as the men; one of the two

daughters I met had driven one of the ox wagons on the hardest and most dangerous trip they made, while her younger sister led the oxen. It was on this trip that they had pioneered the way across the waterless route I was to take. For those who, like ourselves, followed the path they had thus blazed, there was no danger to the men, and merely discomfort to the oxen; but the first trip was a real feat, for no one could tell what lay ahead, or what exact route would be practicable. The family had now settled on a big farm, but also carried on the business of "transport riding," as freighting with wagons is called in Africa; and they did it admirably.

With Ulyate were three other white wagon-drivers, all colonials; two of them English, the third Dutch, or Boer. There was also a Cape boy, a Kaffir wagon-driver; utterly different from any of the East African natives, and dressed in ordinary clothes. In addition there were various natives—primitive savages in dress and habit, but coming from the cattle-owning tribes. Each ox-team was guided by one of these savages, who led the first yoke by a leathern thong, while the wagon-driver, with his long whip, stalked to and fro beside the line of oxen, or rode in the wagon. The huge wagons, with their white tops or "sails," were larger than those our own settlers and freighters used. Except one small one, to which there were but eight

oxen, each was drawn by a span of seven or eight yoke; they were all native humped cattle.

We had one hundred and ninety-six porters, in addition to the askaris, tent boys, gun-bearers, and saises. The management of such a safari is a work of difficulty; but no better man for the purpose than Cuninghame could be found anywhere, and he had chosen his headmen well. In the thirst, the march goes on by day and night. The longest halt is made in the day, for men and animals both travel better at night than under the blazing noon. We were fortunate in that it was just after the full of the moon, so that our night treks were made in good light. Of course, on such a march the porters must be spared as much as possible; camp is not pitched, and each white man uses for the trip only what he wears, or carries on his horse—and the horse also must be loaded as lightly as possible. I took nothing but my army overcoat, rifle and cartridges, and three canteens of water. Kermit did the same.

The wagons broke camp about ten, to trek to the water, a mile and a half off, where the oxen would be outspanned to take the last drink for three days; stock will not drink early in the morning nearly as freely as if the march is begun later. We, riding our horses, followed by the long line of burdened porters, left at half-past twelve, and in a couple of hours overtook the wagons. The porters were in high spirits. In the morning, before the start, they

twice held regular dances, the chief musician being one of their own number who carried an extraordinary kind of native harp; and after their loads were allotted they marched out of camp singing and blowing their horns and whistles. Three askaris brought up the rear to look after laggards, and see that no weak or sick man fell out without our knowing or being able to give him help.

The trail led first through open brush, or low, dry forest, and then out on the vast plains, where the withered grass was dotted here and there with low, scantily leaved thorn-trees, from three to eight feet high. Hour after hour we drew slowly ahead under the shimmering sunlight. The horsemen walked first, with the gun-bearers, saises, and usually a few very energetic and powerful porters; then came the safari in single file; and then the lumbering white-topped wagons, the patient oxen walking easily, each team led by a half-naked savage with frizzed hair and a spear or throwing-stick in his hand, while at intervals the long whips of the drivers cracked like rifles. The dust rose in clouds from the dry earth, and soon covered all of us; in the distance herds of zebra and hartebeest gazed at us as we passed, and we saw the old spoor of rhino, beasts we hoped to avoid, as they often charge such a caravan.

Slowly the shadows lengthened; the light waned, the glare of the white, dusty plain was softened,

and the bold outlines of the distant mountains grew dim. Just before nightfall we halted on the further side of a dry watercourse. The safari came up singing and whistling, and the men put down their loads, lit fires, and with chatter and laughter prepared their food. The crossing was not good, the sides of the watercourse being steep; and each wagon was brought through by a double span, the whips cracking lustily as an accompaniment to the shouts of the drivers, as the thirty oxen threw their weight into the yokes by which they were attached to the long trek tow. The horses were fed. We had tea, with bread and cold meat—and a most delicious meal it was—and then lay dozing or talking beside the bush-fires. At half-past eight, the moon having risen, we were off again. The safari was still in high spirits, and started with the usual chanting and drumming.

We pushed steadily onward across the plain, the dust rising in clouds under the spectral moonlight. Sometimes we rode, sometimes we walked to ease our horses. The Southern Cross was directly ahead, not far above the horizon. Higher and higher rose the moon, and brighter grew the flood of her light. At intervals the barking call of zebras was heard on either hand. It was after midnight when we again halted. The porters were tired, and did not sing as they came up; the air was cool, almost nipping, and they at once huddled down in their blankets,

some of them building fires. We, the white men, after seeing our horses staked out, each lay down in his overcoat or jacket and slicker, with his head on his saddle, and his rifle beside him, and had a little over two hours' sleep. At three we were off again, the shivering porters making no sound as they started; but once under way the more irrepressible spirits speedily began a kind of intermittent chant, and most of the rest by degrees joined in the occasional grunt or hum that served as chorus.

For four hours we travelled steadily, first through the moonlight, and then through the reddening dawn. Jackals shrieked, and the plains plover wailed and scolded as they circled round us. When the sun was well up, we halted; the desolate flats stretched far and wide on every side and rose into lofty hills ahead of us. The porters received their water and food, and lay down to sleep, some directly in the open, others rigging little sun shelters under the scattering thorn-bushes. The horses were fed, were given half a pail of water apiece, and were turned loose to graze with the oxen; this was the last time the oxen would feed freely, unless there was rain; and this was to be our longest halt. We had an excellent breakfast, like our supper the night before, and then slept as well as we could.

Noon came, and soon afterward we again started. The country grew hilly, and brushy. It was too dry for much game, but we saw a small herd of

giraffe, which are independent of water. Now riding our horses, now leading them, we travelled until nearly sunset, when we halted at the foot of a steep divide, beyond which our course lay across slopes that gradually fell to the stream for which we were heading. Here the porters had all the food and water they wished, and so did the horses; and, each with a double span of oxen, the wagons were driven up the slope, the weary cattle straining hard in the yokes.

Black clouds had risen and thickened in the west, boding rain. Three-fourths of our journey was over; and it was safe to start the safari and then leave it to come on by itself, while the ox wagons followed later. At nine, before the moon struggled above the hill-crests to our left, we were off. Soon we passed the wagons, drawn up abreast, a lantern high on a pole, while the tired oxen lay in their yokes, attached to the trek tow. An hour afterward we left the safari behind, and rode ahead, with only our saises and gun-bearers. Gusts of rain blew in our faces, and gradually settled into a steady, gentle downpour. Our horses began to slip in the greasy soil; we knew the rain would refresh the cattle, but would make the going harder.

At one we halted, in the rain, for a couple of hours' rest. Just before this we heard two lions roaring, or rather grunting, not far in front of us; they were after prey. Lions are bold on rainy

nights, and we did not wish to lose any of our horses; so a watch was organized, and we kept ready for immediate action, but the lions did not come. The native boys built fires, and lay close to them, relieving one another, and us, as sentinels. Kermit and I had our army overcoats, which are warm and practically water-proof; the others had coats almost as good. We lay down in the rain, on the drenched grass, with our saddle-cloths over our feet, and our heads on our saddles, and slept comfortably for two hours.

At three we mounted and were off again, the rain still falling. There were steep ravines to cross, slippery from the wet; but we made good time, and soon after six off-saddled on the farther side of a steep drift or ford in the little Suavi River. It is a rapid stream flowing between high, well-wooded banks; it was an attractive camp site, and, as we afterward found, the nights were so cool as to make great camp-fires welcome. At half-past ten the safari appeared, in excellent spirits, the flag waving, to an accompaniment of chanting and horn-blowing; and, to their loudly expressed satisfaction, the porters were told that they should have an extra day's rations, as well as a day's rest. Camp was soon pitched; and all, of every rank, slept soundly that night, though the lions moaned near by. The wagons did not get in until ten the following morning. By that time the oxen had been nearly three

days without water, so, by dawn, they were unyoked and driven down to drink before the drift was attempted, the wagons being left a mile or two back. The approaches to the drift were steep and difficult, and, with two spans to each, the wagons swayed and plunged, over the twisted bowlder-choked trails down into the river-bed, crossed it, and, with lurching and straining, men shouting and whips cracking, drew slowly up the opposite bank.

After a day's rest, we pushed on, in two days' easy travelling, to the Guaso Nyero of the south. Our camps were pleasant, by running streams of swift water; one was really beautiful, in a grassy bend of a rapid little river, by huge African yew-trees, with wooded cliffs in front. It was cool, rainy weather, with overcast skies and misty mornings, so that it seemed strangely unlike the tropics. The country was alive with herds of Masai cattle, sheep, and donkeys. The Masai, herdsmen by profession and warriors by preference, with their great spears and ox-hide shields, were stalwart savages, and showed the mixture of types common to this part of Africa, which is the edge of an ethnic whirlpool. Some of them were of seemingly pure negro type; others except in their black skin had little negro about them, their features being as clear-cut as those of ebony Nilotic Arabs. They were dignified, but friendly and civil, shaking hands as soon as they came up to us.

On the Guaso Nyero was a settler from South Africa, with his family; and we met another settler travelling with a big flock of sheep which he had bought for trading purposes. The latter, while journeying over our route with cattle, a month before, had been attacked by lions one night. They seized his cook as he lay by the fire, but fortunately grabbed his red blanket, which they carried off, and the terrified man escaped; and they killed a cow and a calf. Ulyate's brother-in-law, Smith, had been rendered a hopeless cripple for life, six months previously, by a lioness he had wounded. Another settler while at one of our camping places lost two of his horses, which were killed although within a boma. One night lions came within threatening neighborhood of our ox wagons; and we often heard them moaning in the early part of the night, roaring when full fed toward morning; but we were not molested.

The safari was in high feather, for the days were cool, the work easy, and we shot enough game to give them meat. When we broke camp, after breakfast, the porters would all stand ranged by their loads; then Tarlton would whistle, and a chorus of whistles, horns, and tomtoms would answer, as each porter lifted and adjusted his burden, fell into his place, and then joined in some shrill or guttural chorus as the long line swung off at its marching pace. After nightfall the camp-fires blazed in the

cool air, and as we stood or sat around them each man had tales to tell: Cuninghame and Tarlton of elephant-hunting in the Congo and of perilous adventures hunting lion and buffalo; Mearns of long hikes and fierce fighting in the steaming Philippine forests; Loring and Heller of hunting and collecting in Alaska, in the Rockies, and among the deserts of the Mexican border; and always our talk came back to strange experiences with birds and beasts, both great and small, and to the ways of the great game. The three naturalists revelled in the teeming bird life, with its wealth of beauty and color—nor was the beauty only of color and shape, for at dawn the bird songs made real music. The naturalists trapped many small mammals: big-eared mice looking like our white-footed mice, mice with spiny fur, mice that lived in trees, rats striped like our chipmunks, rats that jumped like jerboas, big cane-rats, dormice, and tiny shrews. Meercats, things akin to a small mongoose, lived out in the open plains, burrowing in companies like prairie dogs, very spry and active, and looking like picket pins when they stood up on end to survey us. I killed a nine-foot python which had swallowed a rabbit. Game was not plentiful, but we killed enough for the table. I shot a wildebeest bull one day, having edged up to it on foot, after missing it standing; I broke it down with a bullet through the hips as it galloped across my front at three hundred yards. Kermit killed our first topi,

a bull; a beautiful animal, the size of a hartebeest, its glossy coat with a satin sheen, varying from brown to silver and purple.

By the Guaso Nyero we halted for several days; and we arranged to leave Mearns and Loring in a permanent camp, so that they might seriously study and collect the birds and small mammals while the rest of us pushed wherever we wished after the big game. The tents were pitched, and the ox wagons drawn up on the southern side of the muddy river, by the edge of a wide plain, on which we could see the game grazing as we walked around camp. The alluvial flats bordering the river, and some of the higher plains, were covered with an open forest growth, the most common tree looking exactly like a giant sage-brush, thirty feet high; and there were tall aloes and cactus and flat-topped mimosa. We found a wee hedgehog, with much white about it. He would cuddle up in my hand snuffing busily with his funny little nose. We did not have the heart to turn the tame, friendly little fellow over to the naturalists, and so we let him go. Birds abounded. One kind of cuckoo called like a whip-poorwill in the early morning and late evening, and after nightfall. Among our friendly visitors were the pretty, rather strikingly colored little chats —Livingstone's wheatear—which showed real curiosity in coming into camp. They were nesting in burrows on the open plains round about. Mearns

got a white egg and a nest at the end of a little burrow two feet long; wounded, the birds ran into holes or burrows. They sang attractively on the wing, often at night. The plover-like coursers, very pretty birds, continually circled round us with querulous clamor. Gorgeously colored, diminutive sunbirds, of many different kinds, were abundant; they had an especial fondness for the gaudy flowers of the tall mint which grew close to the river. We got a small cobra, less than eighteen inches long; it had swallowed another snake almost as big as itself; unfortunately the head of the swallowed snake was digested, but the body looked like that of a young puff-adder.

The day after reaching this camp I rode off for a hunt, accompanied by my two gun-bearers and with a dozen porters following, to handle whatever I killed. One of my original gun-bearers, Mahomet, though a good man in the field, had proved in other respects so unsatisfactory that he had been replaced by another, a Wakamba heathen named Gouvimali—I could never remember his name until, as a mnemonic aid, Kermit suggested that I think of Gouverneur Morris, the old Federalist statesman, whose life I had once studied. He was a capital man for the work.

Half a mile from camp I saw a buck tommy with a good head, and as we needed his delicious venison for our own table, I dismounted and after a little

care killed him as he faced me at two hundred and ten yards. Sending him back by one of the porters, I rode on toward two topi we saw far in front. But there were zebra, hartebeest, and wildebeest in between, all of which ran; and the topi proved wary. I was still walking after them when we made out two eland bulls ahead and to our left. The ground was too open to admit the possibility of a stalk; but leaving my horse and the porters to follow slowly, the gun-bearers and I walked quartering toward them. They hesitated about going, and when I had come as close as I dared, I motioned to the two gun-bearers to continue walking, and dropped on one knee. I had the little Springfield, and was anxious to test the new sharp-pointed military bullet on some large animal. The biggest bull was half facing me, just two hundred and eighty yards off; I fired a little bit high and a trifle to the left; but the tiny ball broke his back and the splendid beast, heavy as a prize steer, came plunging and struggling to the ground. The other bull started to run off, but after I had walked a hundred yards forward, he actually trotted back toward his companion; then halted, turned, and galloped across my front at a distance of a hundred and eighty yards; and him too I brought down with a single shot. The little full-jacketed, sharp-pointed bullet made a terrific rending compared with the heavier, ordinary-shaped bullet of the same composition.

I was much pleased with my two prizes, for the National Museum particularly desired a good group of eland. They were splendid animals, like beautiful heavy cattle; and I could not sufficiently admire their sleek, handsome, striped coats, their shapely heads, fine horns, and massive bodies. The big bull, an old one, looked blue at a distance; he was very heavy and his dewlap hung down just as with cattle. His companion, although much less heavy, was a full-grown bull in his prime, with longer horns; for the big one's horns had begun to wear down at the tips. In their stomachs were grass blades and, rather to my surprise, aloe leaves.

We had two canvas cloths with us, which Heller had instructed me to put over anything I shot, in order to protect it from the sun; so, covering both bulls, I left a porter with them, and sent in another to notify Heller—who came out with an ox wagon to bring in the skins and meat. I had killed these two eland bulls, as well as the buck gazelle (bringing down each with a single bullet) within three-quarters of an hour after leaving camp.

I wanted a topi, and continued the hunt. The country swarmed with the herds and flocks of the Masai, who own a wealth of live stock. Each herd of cattle and donkeys or flock of sheep was guarded by its herdsmen; bands of stalwart, picturesque warriors, with their huge spears and ox-hide shields,

occasionally strolled by us; and we passed many bomas, the kraals where the stock is gathered at night, with the mud huts of the owners ringing them. Yet there was much game in the country also, chiefly zebra and hartebeest; the latter, according to their custom, continually jumping up on ant-hills to get a clearer view of me, and sometimes standing on them motionless for a considerable time, as sentries to scan the country around.

At last we spied a herd of topi, distinguishable from the hartebeest at a very long distance by their dark coloring, the purples and browns giving the coat a heavy shading which when far off, in certain lights, looks almost black. Topi, hartebeest, and wildebeest belong to the same group, and are specialized, and their peculiar physical and mental traits developed, in the order named. The wildebeest is the least normal and most grotesque and odd-looking of the three, and his idiosyncrasies of temper are also the most marked. The hartebeest comes next, with his very high withers, long face, and queerly-shaped horns; while the topi, although with a general hartebeest look, has the features of shape and horn less pronounced, and bears a greater resemblance to his more ordinary kinsfolk. In the same way, though it will now and then buck and plunge when it begins to run after being startled, its demeanor is less pronounced in this respect. The topi's power of leaping is great; I have seen one

when frightened bound clear over a companion, and immediately afterward over a high ant-hill.

The herd of topi we saw was more shy than the neighboring zebra and hartebeest. There was no cover and I spent an hour trying to walk up to them by manœuvring in one way and another. They did not run clear away, but kept standing and letting me approach to distances varying from four hundred and fifty to six hundred yards; tempting me to shoot, while nevertheless I could not estimate the range accurately, and was not certain whether I was over or under-shooting. So I fired more times than I care to mention before I finally got my topi —at just five hundred and twenty yards. It was a handsome cow, weighing two hundred and sixty pounds; for topi are somewhat smaller than kongoni. The beauty of its coat, in texture and coloring, struck me afresh as I looked at the sleek creature stretched out on the grass. Like the eland, it was free from ticks; for the hideous pests do not frequent this part of the country in any great numbers.

I reached camp early in the afternoon, and sat down at the mouth of my tent to enjoy myself. It was on such occasions that the " Pigskin Library " proved itself indeed a blessing. In addition to the original books we had picked up one or two old favorites on the way: Alice's Adventures, for instance, and Fitzgerald—I say Fitzgerald, because

reading other versions of Omar Khayyam always leaves me with the feeling that Fitzgerald is the major partner in the book we really like. Then there was a book I had not read, Dumas's "Louves de Machecoul." This was presented to me at Port Said by M. Jusserand, the brother of an old and valued friend, the French ambassador at Washington—the vice-president of the "Tennis Cabinet." We had been speaking of Balzac, and I mentioned regretfully that I did not at heart care for his longer novels excepting the "Chouans"; and, as John Hay once told me, in the eye of all true Balzacians to like the "Chouans" merely aggravates the offence of not liking the novels which they deem really great. M. Jusserand thereupon asked me if I knew Dumas's Vendean novel; being a fairly good Dumas man, I was rather ashamed to admit that I did not; whereupon he sent it to me, and I enjoyed it to the full.

The next day was Kermit's red-letter day. We were each out until after dark; I merely got some of the ordinary game, taking the skins for the naturalists, the flesh for our following; he killed two cheetahs, and a fine maned lion, finer than any previously killed. There were three cheetahs together. Kermit, who was with Tarlton, galloped the big male, and, although it had a mile's start, ran into it in three miles, and shot it as it lay under a bush. He afterward shot another, a female, who was lying

on a stone koppie. Neither made any attempt to charge; the male had been eating a tommy. The lion was with a lioness, which wheeled to one side, as the horsemen galloped after her maned mate. He turned to bay after a run of less than a mile, and started to charge from a distance of two hundred yards; but Kermit's first bullets mortally wounded him and crippled him so that he could not come at any pace and was easily stopped before covering half the distance. Although nearly a foot longer than the biggest of the lions I had already killed, he was so gaunt—whereas they were very fat—that he weighed but little more, only four hundred and twelve pounds.

The following day I was out by myself, after impalla and Roberts' gazelle; and the day after I went out with Tarlton to try for lion. We were away from camp for over fifteen hours. Each was followed by his sais and gun-bearers, and we took a dozen porters also. The day may be worth describing, as a sample of the days when we did not start before dawn for a morning's hunt.

We left camp at seven, steering for a high, rocky hill, four miles off. We passed zebra and hartebeest, and on the hill came upon Chanler's reedbuck; but we wanted none of these. Continually, Tarlton stopped to examine some distant object with his glasses, and from the hill we scanned the country far and wide; but we saw nothing we desired and

continued on our course. The day was windy and cool, and the sky often overcast. Slowly we walked across the stretches of brown grassland, sometimes treeless, sometimes scantily covered with an open growth of thorn-trees, each branch armed with long spikes, needle-sharp; and among the thorns here and there stood the huge cactus-like euphorbias, shaped like candelabra, groups of tall aloes, and gnarled wild olives of great age, with hoary trunks and twisted branches. Now and then there would be a dry watercourse, with flat-topped acacias bordering it, and perhaps some one pool of thick greenish water. There was game always in view, and about noon we sighted three rhinos, a bull, a cow, and a big calf, nearly a mile ahead of us. We were travelling down wind, and they scented us, but did not charge, making off in a semi-circle and halting when abreast of us. We examined them carefully through the glasses. The cow was bigger than the bull, and had fair horns, but nothing extraordinary; and as we were twelve miles from camp, so that Heller would have had to come out for the night if we shot her, we decided to leave her alone. Then our attention was attracted by seeing the game all gazing in one direction, and we made out a hyena; I got a shot at it, at three hundred yards, but missed. Soon afterward we saw another rhino, but on approaching it proved to be about two-thirds grown, with a stubby horn. We did not wish to

shoot it, and therefore desired to avoid a charge; and so we passed three or four hundred yards to leeward, trusting to its bad eyesight. Just opposite it, when it was on our right, we saw another hyena on our left, about as far off as the rhino. I decided to take a shot, and run the chance of disturbing the rhino. So I knelt down and aimed with the little Springfield, keeping the Holland by me to be ready for events. I never left camp, on foot or on horseback, for any distance, no matter how short, without carrying one of the repeating rifles; and when on a hunt my two gun-bearers carried, one the other magazine rifle, and one the double-barrelled Holland.

Tarlton, whose eye for distance was good, told me the hyena was over three hundred yards off; it was walking slowly to the left. I put up the three-hundred-yard sight, and drew a rather coarse bead; and down went the hyena with its throat cut; the little sharp-pointed, fulljacketed bullet makes a slashing wound. The distance was just three hundred and fifty long paces. As soon as I had pulled trigger I wheeled to watch the rhino. It started round at the shot and gazed toward us with its ears cocked forward, but made no movement to advance. While a couple of porters were dressing the hyena, I could not help laughing at finding that we were the centre of a thoroughly African circle of deeply interested spectators. We were in the middle of a

vast plain, covered with sun-scorched grass and here and there a stunted thorn; in the background were isolated barren hills, and the mirage wavered in the distance. Vultures wheeled overhead. The rhino, less than half a mile away, stared steadily at us. Wildebeest—their heavy forequarters and the carriage of their heads making them look like bison—and hartebeest were somewhat nearer, in a ring all round us, intent upon our proceedings. Four topi became so much interested that they approached within two hundred and fifty yards and stood motionless. A buck tommy came even closer, and a zebra trotted by at about the same distance, uttering its queer bark or neigh. It continued its course past the rhino, and started a new train of ideas in the latter's muddled reptilian brain; round it wheeled, gazed after the zebra, and then evidently concluded that everything was normal, for it lay down to sleep.

On we went, past a wildebeest herd lying down; at a distance they looked exactly like bison as they used to lie out on the prairie in the old days. We halted for an hour and a half to rest the men and horses, and took our lunch under a thick-trunked olive-tree that must have been a couple of centuries old. Again we went on, ever scanning through the glasses every distant object which we thought might possibly be a lion, and ever being disappointed. A serval-cat jumped up ahead of us in the tall grass,

but I missed it. Then, trotting on foot, I got ahead of two wart-hog boars, and killed the biggest; making a bad initial miss and then emptying my magazine at it as it ran. We sent it in to camp, and went on, following a donga, or small watercourse, fringed with big acacias. The afternoon was wearing away, and it was time for lions to be abroad.

The sun was near the horizon when Tarlton thought he saw something tawny in the watercourse ahead of us, behind a grassy ant-hill, toward which we walked after dismounting. Some buck were grazing peacefully beyond it, and for a moment we supposed that this was what he had seen. But as we stood, one of the porters behind called out "Simba"; and we caught a glimpse of a big lioness galloping down beside the trees, just beyond the donga; she was out of sight in an instant. Mounting our horses, we crossed the donga; she was not to be seen, and we loped at a smart pace parallel with the line of trees, hoping to see her in the open. But, as it turned out, as soon as she saw us pass, she crouched in the bed of the donga; we had gone by her a quarter of a mile when a shout from one of our followers announced that he had seen her, and back we galloped, threw ourselves from our horses, and walked toward where the man was pointing. Tarlton took his big double-barrel and advised me to take mine, as the sun had just set and it was likely to be close work; but I shook my head, for the

Winchester 405 is, at least for me personally, the "medicine gun" for lions. In another moment up she jumped, and galloped slowly down the other side of the donga, switching her tail and growling; I scrambled across the donga, and just before she went round a clump of trees, eighty yards off, I fired. The bullet hit her fair, and going forward injured her spine. Over she rolled, growling savagely, and dragged herself into the watercourse; and running forward I finished her with two bullets behind the shoulder. She was a big, fat lioness, very old, with two cubs inside her; her lower canines were much worn and injured. She was very heavy, and probably weighed considerably over three hundred pounds.

The light was growing dim, and camp was eight or ten miles away. The porters—they are always much excited over the death of a lion—wished to carry the body whole to camp, and I let them try. While they were lashing it to a pole another lion began to moan hungrily half a mile away. Then we started; there was no moon, but the night was clear and we could guide ourselves by the stars. The porters staggered under their heavy load, and we made slow progress; most of the time Tarlton and I walked, with our double-barrels in our hands, for it was a dangerous neighborhood. Again and again we heard lions, and twice one accompanied us for some distance, grunting occasionally, while

we kept the men closed. Once the porters were thrown into a panic by a succession of steam-engine-like snorts on our left, which announced the immediate proximity of a rhino. They halted in a huddle while Tarlton and I ran forward and crouched to try to catch the great beast's loom against the sky-line; but it moved off. Four miles from camp was a Masai kraal, and we went toward this when we caught the gleam of the fires; for the porters were getting exhausted.

The kraal was in shape a big oval, with a thick wall of thorn-bushes, eight feet high, the low huts standing just within this wall, while the cattle and sheep were crowded into small bomas in the centre. The fires gleamed here and there within, and as we approached we heard the talking and laughing of men and women, and the lowing and bleating of the pent-up herds and flocks. We hailed loudly, explaining our needs. At first they were very suspicious. They told us we could not bring the lion within, because it would frighten the cattle, but after some parley consented to our building a fire outside, and skinning the animal. They passed two brands over the thorn fence, and our men speedily kindled a blaze, and drew the lioness beside it. By this time the Masai were reassured, and a score of their warriors, followed soon by half a dozen women, came out through a small opening in the fence, and crowded close around the fire, with bois-

terous, noisy good humor. They showed a tendency to chaff our porters. One, the humorist of the crowd, excited much merriment by describing, with pantomimic accompaniment of gestures, how when the white man shot a lion it might bite a Swahili, who thereupon would call for his mother. But they were entirely friendly, and offered me calabashes of milk. The men were tall, finely shaped savages, their hair plastered with red mud, and drawn out into longish ringlets; they were naked except for a blanket worn, not round the loins, but over the shoulders; their ears were slit, and from them hung bone and wooden ornaments; they wore metal bracelets and anklets, and chains which passed around their necks, or else over one side of the neck and under the opposite arm. The women had pleasant faces, and were laden with metal ornaments—chiefly wire anklets, bracelets, and necklaces—of many pounds weight. The features of the men were bold and clear-cut, and their bearing warlike and self-reliant; as the flame of the fire glanced over them, and brought their faces and bronze figures into lurid relief against the darkness, the likeness was striking, not to the West Coast negroes, but to the engravings on the tombs, temples, and palaces of ancient Egypt; they might have been soldiers in the armies of Thothmes or Rameses. They stood resting on their long staffs, and looked at me as I leaned on my rifle; and they laughed and jested

with their women, who felt the lion's teeth and claws and laughed back at the men; our gun-bearers worked at the skinning, and answered the jests of their warlike friends with the freedom of men who themselves followed a dangerous trade; the two horses stood quiet just outside the circle; and over all the firelight played and leaped.

It was after ten when we reached camp, and I enjoyed a hot bath and a shave before sitting down to a supper of eland venison and broiled spurfowl; and surely no supper ever tasted more delicious.

Next day we broke camp. My bag for the five days illustrates ordinary African shooting in this part of the continent. Of course I could have killed many other things; but I shot nothing that was not absolutely needed, both for scientific purposes and for food; the skin of every animal I shot was preserved for the National Museum. The bag included fourteen animals, of ten different species: one lioness, one hyena, one wart-hog boar, two zebra, two eland, one wildebeest, two topi, two impalla, one Roberts' gazelle, one Thomson's gazelle. Except the lioness and one impalla (both of which I shot running), all were shot at rather long ranges; seven were shot standing, two walking, five running. The average distance at which they were shot was a little over two hundred and twenty yards. I used sixty-five cartridges, an amount which will seem excessive chiefly to those who are not accustomed

actually to count the cartridges they expend, to measure the distances at which they fire, and to estimate for themselves the range, on animals in the field when they are standing or running a good way off. Only one wounded animal got away; and eight of the animals I shot had to be finished with one bullet—two in the case of the lioness—as they lay on the ground. Many of the cartridges expended really represented range-finding.

CHAPTER VIII

HUNTING IN THE SOTIK

OUR next camp was in the middle of the vast plains, by some limestone springs, at one end of a line of dark acacias. There were rocky koppies two or three miles off on either hand. From the tents, and white-topped wagons, we could see the game grazing on the open flats, or among the scattered wizened thorns. The skies were overcast, and the nights cool; in the evenings the camp-fires blazed in front of the tents, and after supper we gathered round them, talking, or sitting silently, or listening to Kermit strumming on his mandolin.

The day after reaching this camp we rode out, hoping to get either rhino or giraffe; we needed additional specimens of both for the naturalists, who especially wanted cow giraffes. It was cloudy and cool, and the common game was shy; though we needed meat, I could not get within fair range of the wildebeest, hartebeest, topi, or big gazelle; however I killed a couple of tommies, one by a good shot, the other running, after I had missed him in rather scandalous fashion while he was standing.

An hour or two after leaving the tents we made out on the sky-line a couple of miles to our left some

objects which scrutiny showed to be giraffe. After coming within a mile the others halted and I rode ahead on the tranquil sorrel, heading for a point toward which the giraffe were walking; stalking was an impossibility, and I was prepared either to manœuvre for a shot on foot, or to ride them, as circumstances might determine. I carried the little Springfield, being desirous of testing the small, solid, sharp-pointed army bullet on the big beasts. As I rode, a wildebeest bull played around me within two hundred yards, prancing, flourishing his tail, tossing his head and uttering his grunting bellow; it almost seemed as if he knew I would not shoot at him, or as if for the moment he had been infected with the absurd tameness which the giraffe showed.

There were seven giraffes, a medium-sized bull, four cows, and two young ones; and, funnily enough, the young ones were by far the shyest and most suspicious. I did not want to kill a bull unless it was exceptionally large; whereas I did want two cows and a young one, for the museum. When a quarter of a mile away I dismounted, threw the reins over Tranquillity's head—whereat the good placid old fellow at once began grazing—and walked diagonally toward the biggest cow, which was ahead of the others. The tall, handsome, ungainly creatures were nothing like as shy as the smaller game had shown themselves that morning, and of course they offered such big targets that three

hundred yards was a fair range for them. At two hundred and sixty yards I fired at the big cow as she stood almost facing me, twisting and curling her tail. The bullet struck fair and she was off at a hurried, clumsy gallop. I gave her another bullet, but it was not necessary, and down she went. The second cow, a fine young heifer, was now cantering across my front, and with two more shots I got her; the sharp-pointed bullets penetrating well, and not splitting into fragments, but seeming to cause a rending shock.

I met with much more difficulty in trying to kill the young one I needed. I walked and trotted a mile after the herd. The old ones showed little alarm, standing again and again to look at me. Finally I shot one of the two young ones, at four hundred and ten long paces, while a cow stood much nearer, and the bull only three hundred yards off. But this was not all. The four survivors did not leave even after such an experience, but stayed in the plain, not far off, for several hours, and thereby gave Kermit a chance to do something much better worth while than shooting them. His shoulder was sore, and he did not wish to use a rifle, and so was devoting himself to his camera, which one of his men always carried. With this, after the exercise of much patience, he finally managed to take a number of pictures of the giraffe, getting within fifty yards of the bull.

Nor were the giraffe the only animals that showed a tameness bordering on stupidity. Soon afterward we made out three rhino, a mile away. They were out in the bare plain, alternately grazing and enjoying a noontide rest; the bull by himself, the cow with her calf a quarter of a mile off. There was not a scrap of cover, but we walked up wind to within a hundred and fifty yards of the bull. Even then he did not seem to see us, but the tick-birds, which were clinging to his back and sides, gave the alarm, and he trotted to and fro, uncertain as to the cause of the disturbance. If Heller had not had his hands full with the giraffes I might have shot the bull rhino; but his horn and bulk of body, though fair, were not remarkable, and I did not molest him. He went toward the cow, which left her calf and advanced toward him in distinctly bellicose style; then she recognized him, her calf trotted up, and the three animals stood together, tossing their heads, and evidently trying to make out what was near them. But we were down wind, and they do not see well, with their little twinkling pig's eyes. We were anxious not to be charged by the cow and calf, as her horn was very poor, and it would have been unpleasant to be obliged to shoot her, and so we drew off.

Next day, when Kermit and I were out alone with our gun-bearers we saw another rhino, a bull, with a stubby horn. This rhino, like the others of the

neighborhood, was enjoying his noonday rest in the open, miles from cover; "Look at him," said Kermit, "standing there in the middle of the African plain, deep in prehistoric thought." Indeed the rhinoceros does seem like a survival from the elder world that has vanished; he was in place in the pliocene; he would not have been out of place in the miocene; but nowadays he can only exist at all in regions that have lagged behind, while the rest of the world, for good or for evil, has gone forward. Like other beasts rhinos differ in habits in different places. This prehensile-lipped species is everywhere a browser, feeding on the twigs and leaves of the bushes and low trees; but in their stomachs I have found long grass stems mixed with the twig tips and leaves of stunted bush. In some regions they live entirely in rather thick bush; whereas on the plains over which we were hunting the animals haunted the open by preference, feeding through thin bush, where they were visible miles away, and usually taking their rest, either standing or lying, out on the absolutely bare plains. They drank at the small shallow rain pools, seemingly once every twenty-four hours; and I saw one going to water at noon, and others just at dark; and their hours for feeding and resting were also irregular, though they were apt to lie down or stand motionless during the middle of the day. Doubtless in very hot weather they prefer to rest under a tree; but we were hunt-

ing in cool weather, during which they paid no heed whatever to the sun. Their sight is very bad, their scent and hearing acute.

On this day Kermit was shooting from his left shoulder, and did very well, killing a fine Roberts' gazelle, and three topi; I also shot a topi bull, as Heller wished a good series for the National Museum. The topi and wildebeest I shot were all killed at long range, the average distance for the first shot being over three hundred and fifty yards; and in the Sotik, where hunters were few, the game seemed if anything shyer than on the Athi Plains, where hunters were many. But there were wide and inexplicable differences in this respect among the animals of the same species. One day I wished to get a doe tommy for the museum; I saw scores, but they were all too shy to let me approach within shot; yet four times I passed within eighty yards of bucks of the same species which paid hardly any heed to me. Another time I walked for five minutes alongside a big party of Roberts' gazelles, within a hundred and fifty yards, trying in vain to pick out a buck worth shooting; half an hour afterward I came on another party which contained such a buck, but they would not let me get within a quarter of a mile.

Wildebeest are usually the shyest of all game. Each herd has its own recognized beat, to which it ordinarily keeps. Near this camp, there was a herd almost always to be found somewhere near the

southern end of a big hill two miles east of us; while a solitary bull was invariably seen around the base of a small hill a couple of miles southwest of us. The latter was usually in the company of a mixed herd of Roberts' and Thomson's gazelles. Here, as everywhere, we found the different species of game associating freely with one another. One little party interested us much. It consisted of two Roberts' bucks, two Roberts' does, and one Thomson's doe, which was evidently a *maîtresse femme,* of strongly individualized character. The four big gazelles had completely surrendered their judgment to that of the little tommy doe. She was the acknowledged leader; when she started they started and followed in whatever direction she led; when she stopped they stopped; if she found a given piece of pasture good, upon it they grazed contentedly. Around this camp the topi were as common as hartebeest; they might be found singly, or in small parties, perhaps merely of a bull, a cow, and a calf; or they might be mixed with zebra, wildebeest, and hartebeest. Like the hartebeest, but less frequently, they would mount ant-hills to get a better look over the country. The wildebeest were extraordinarily tenacious of life, and the hartebeest and topi only less so. After wounded individuals of all three kinds I more than once had sharp runs on horseback. On one occasion I wounded a wildebeest bull a couple of miles from camp; I was riding my zebra-

shaped brown pony, who galloped well; and after a sharp run through the bush I overhauled the wildebeest; but when I jumped off, the pony bolted for camp, and as he disappeared in one direction my game disappeared in the other.

At last a day came when I saw a rhino with a big body and a good horn. We had been riding for a couple of hours; the game was all around us. Two giraffes stared at us with silly curiosity rather than alarm; twice I was within range of the bigger one. At last Bakhari, the gun-bearer, pointed to a gray mass on the plain, and a glance through the glasses showed that it was a rhino lying asleep with his legs doubled under him. He proved to be a big bull, with a front horn nearly twenty-six inches long. I was anxious to try the sharp-pointed bullets of the little Springfield rifle on him; and Cuninghame and I, treading cautiously, walked up wind straight toward him, our horses following a hundred yards behind. He was waked by the tick-birds, and twisted his head to and fro, but at first did not seem to hear us, although looking in our direction. When we were a hundred yards off he rose and faced us, huge and threatening, head up and tail erect. But he lacked heart after all. I fired into his throat, and instead of charging, he whipped round and was off at a gallop, immediately disappearing over a slight rise. We ran back to our horses, mounted, and galloped after him. He had a long start, and,

though evidently feeling his wound, was going strong; and it was some time before we overtook him. I tried to gallop alongside, but he kept swerving; so jumping off (fortunately, I was riding Tranquillity) I emptied the magazine at his quarters and flank. Rapid galloping does not tend to promote accuracy of aim; the rhino went on; and, remounting, I followed, overtook him, and repeated the performance. This time he wheeled and faced round, evidently with the intention of charging, but a bullet straight in his chest took all the fight out of him, and he continued his flight. But his race was evidently run, and when I next overtook him I brought him down. I had put nine bullets in him; and though they had done their work well, and I was pleased to have killed the huge brute with the little sharp-pointed bullets of the Springfield, I was confirmed in my judgment that for me personally the big Holland rifle was the best weapon for heavy game, although I did not care as much for it against lighter-bodied beasts like lions. In all we galloped four miles after this wounded rhino bull.

We sent a porter to bring out Heller, and an ox wagon on which to take the skin to camp. While waiting for them I killed a topi bull, at two hundred and sixty yards with one bullet, and a wildebeest bull with a dozen; I crippled him with my first shot at three hundred and sixty yards, and then walked and trotted after him a couple of miles, getting

running and standing shots at from three hundred to five hundred yards. I hit him several times. As with everything else I shot, the topi and wildebeest were preserved as specimens for the museum, and their flesh used for food. Our porters had much to do, and they did it well, partly because they were fed well. We killed no game of which we did not make the fullest use. It would be hard to convey to those who have not seen it on the ground an accurate idea of its abundance. When I was walking up to this rhino, there were in sight two giraffes, several wildebeest bulls, and herds of hartebeest, topi, zebra, and the big and little gazelles.

In addition to being a mighty hunter, and an adept in the by no means easy work of handling a large safari in the wilderness, Cuninghame was also a good field naturalist and taxidermist; and at this camp we got so many specimens that he was obliged to spend most of his time helping Heller; and they pressed into the work at times even Tarlton. Accordingly Kermit and I generally went off by ourselves, either together or separately. Once however Kermit went with Tarlton, and was as usual lucky with cheetahs, killing two. Tarlton was an accomplished elephant, buffalo, and rhino hunter, but he preferred the chase of the lion to all other kinds of sport; and if lions were not to be found he liked to follow anything else he could gallop on horseback. Kermit was also a good and hard rider. On

this occasion they found a herd of eland, and galloped into it. The big bull they overhauled at once, but saw that his horns were poor and left him. Then they followed a fine cow with an unusually good head. She started at a rattling pace, and once leaped clear over another cow that got in her way; but they rode into her after a mile's smart gallop—not a racing gallop by any means—and after that she was as manageable as a tame ox. Cantering and trotting within thirty yards of her on either quarter they drove her toward camp; but when it was still three-quarters of a mile distant they put up a cheetah, and tore after it; and they overtook and killed it just before it reached cover. A cheetah with a good start can only be overtaken by hard running. This one behaved just as did the others they ran down. For a quarter of a mile no animal in the world has a cheetah's speed; but he cannot last. When chased the cheetahs did not sprint, but contented themselves with galloping ahead of the horses; at first they could easily keep their distance, but after a mile or two their strength and wind gave out, and then they always crouched flat to the earth, and were shot without their making any attempt to charge. But a wart-hog boar which Kermit ran down the same day and shot with his revolver did charge, and wickedly.

While running one of his cheetahs Kermit put up two old wildebeest bulls, and they joined in the pro-

cession, looking as if they too were pursuing the cheetah; the cheetah ran first, the two bulls, bounding and switching their tails, came next, and Kermit, racing in the rear, gained steadily. Wildebeest are the oddest in nature and conduct, and in many ways the most interesting of all antelopes. There is in their temper something queer, fiery, eccentric, and their actions are abrupt and violent. A single bull will stand motionless with head raised to stare at an intruder until the latter is a quarter of a mile off; then down goes his head, his tail is lashed up and around, and off he gallops, plunging, kicking, and shaking his head. He may go straight away, he may circle round, or even approach nearer to, the intruder; and then he halts again to stare motionless, and perhaps to utter his grunt of alarm and defiance. A herd when approached, after fixed staring will move off, perhaps at a canter. Soon the leaders make a half wheel, and lead their followers in a semicircle; suddenly a couple of old bulls leave the rest, and at a tearing gallop describe a semicircle in exactly the opposite direction, racing by their comrades as these canter the other way. With one accord the whole troop may then halt and stare again at the object they suspect; then off they all go at a headlong run, kicking and bucking, tearing at full speed in one direction, then suddenly wheeling in semicircles so abrupt as to be almost zigzags, the dust flying in clouds; and two bulls may suddenly drop to their

knees and for a moment or two fight furiously in their own peculiar fashion. By careful stalking Kermit got some good pictures of the wildebeest in spite of their wariness. Like other game they seem most apt to lie down during the heat of the day; but they may lie down at night too; at any rate, I noticed one herd of hartebeest which after feeding through the late afternoon lay down at nightfall.

After getting the bull rhino, Heller needed a cow and calf to complete the group; and Kermit and I got him what he needed, one day when we were out alone with our gun-bearers. About the middle of the forenoon we made out the huge gray bulk of the rhino, standing in the bare plain, with not so much as a bush two feet high within miles; and we soon also made out her calf beside her. Getting the wind right we rode up within a quarter of a mile, and then dismounted and walked slowly toward her. It seemed impossible that on that bare plain we could escape even her dull vision, for she stood with her head in our direction; yet she did not see us, and actually lay down as we walked toward her. Careful examination through the glasses showed that she was an unusually big cow, with thick horns of fair length—twenty-three inches and thirteen inches respectively. Accordingly we proceeded, making as little noise as possible. At fifty yards she made us out, and jumped to her feet with unwieldy agility. Kneeling I sent the bullet from the heavy Holland

just in front of her right shoulder as she half faced me. It went through her vitals, lodging behind the opposite shoulder; and at once she began the curious death waltz which is often, though by no means always, the sign of immediate dissolution in a mortally wounded rhino. Kermit at once put a bullet from his Winchester behind her shoulder; for it is never safe to take chances with a rhino; and we shot the calf, which when dying uttered a screaming whistle, almost like that of a small steam-engine. In a few seconds both fell, and we walked up to them, examined them, and then continued our ride, sending in a messenger to bring Cuninghame, Heller, and an ox wagon to the carcasses.

The stomach of this rhino contained some grass stems and blades, some leaves and twig tips of bushes, but chiefly the thick, thorny, fleshy leaves of a kind of euphorbia. As the juice of the euphorbia's cactus-like leaves is acrid enough to blister—not to speak of the thorns—this suffices to show what a rhino's palate regards as agreeably stimulating. This species of rhino, by the way, affords a curious illustration of how blind many men who live much of their lives outdoors may be to facts which stare them in the face. For years most South African hunters, and most naturalists, believed in the existence of two species of prehensile-lipped, or so-called "black," rhinoceros: one with the front horn much the

longer, one with the rear horn at least equal to the front. It was Selous, a singularly clear-sighted and keen observer, who first proved conclusively that the difference was purely imaginary. Now, the curious thing is that these experienced hunters usually attributed entirely different temperaments to these two imaginary species. The first kind, that with the long front horn, they described as a miracle of dangerous ferocity, and the second as comparatively mild and inoffensive; and these veterans (Drummond is an instance) persuaded themselves that this was true, although they were writing in each case of identically the same animal!

After leaving the dead rhinos we rode for several miles, over a plain dotted with game, and took our lunch at the foot of a big range of hills, by a rapid little brook, running under a fringe of shady thorns. Then we rode back to camp. Lines of zebra filed past on the horizon. Ostriches fled while we were yet far off. Topi, hartebeest, wildebeest, and gazelle gazed at us as we rode by, the sunlight throwing their shapes and colors into bold relief against the parched brown grass. I had an hour to myself after reaching camp, and spent it with Lowell's "Essays." I doubt whether any man takes keener enjoyment in the wilderness than he who also keenly enjoys many other sides of life; just as no man can relish books more than some at least of those who also love horse and rifle and the winds that blow

across lonely plains and through the gorges of the mountains.

Next morning a lion roared at dawn so near camp that we sallied forth after him. We did not find him, but we enjoyed our three hours' ride through the fresh air before breakfast, with the game as usual on every hand. Some of the game showed tameness, some wildness, the difference being not between species and species, but between given individuals of almost every species. While we were absent two rhinos passed close by camp, and stopped to stare curiously at it; we saw them later as they trotted away, but their horns were not good enough to tempt us.

At a distance the sunlight plays pranks with the coloring of the animals. Cock ostriches always show jet black, and are visible at a greater distance than any of the common game; the neutral tint of the hens making them far less conspicuous. Both cocks and hens are very wary, sharp-sighted and hard to approach. Next to the cock ostrich in conspicuousness comes the wildebeest, because it shows black in most lights; yet when headed away from the onlooker, the sun will often make the backs of a herd look whitish in the distance. Wildebeest are warier than most other game. Round this camp the topi were as tame as the hartebeest; they look very dark in most lights, only less dark than the wildebeest, and so are also conspicuous. The harte-

beest change from a deep brown to a light foxy red, according to the way they stand toward the sun; and when a herd was feeding away from us, their white sterns showed when a very long way off. The zebra's stripes cease to be visible after he is three hundred yards off, but in many lights he glistens white in the far distance, and is then very conspicuous; on this day I came across a mixed herd of zebra and eland in thin bush, and when still a long way off the zebras caught the eye, while their larger companions were as yet hardly to be made out without field-glasses. The gazelles usually show as sandy colored, and are therefore rather less conspicuous than the others when still; but they are constantly in motion, and in some lights show up as almost white. When they are far off the sun rays make any of these animals look very dark or very light. In fact all of them are conspicuous at long distances, and none of them make any effort to escape observation as do certain kinds that haunt dense bush and forest. But constant allowance must be made for the wide variations among individuals. Ordinarily tommies are the tamest of the game, with the big gazelle and the zebra next; but no two herds will behave alike; and I have seen a wildebeest bull look at me motionless within a hundred and fifty yards, while the zebras, tommies, and big gazelles which were his companions fled in panic; and I left him still standing, as I walked after the gazelles, to

kill a buck for the table. The game is usually sensitive to getting the hunter's wind; but on these plains I have again and again seen game stand looking at us within fairly close range to leeward, and yet on the same day seen the same kind of game flee in mad fright when twice the distance to windward. Sometimes there are inexplicable variations between the conduct of beasts in one locality and in another. In East Africa the hyenas seem only occasionally to crunch the long bones of the biggest dead animals; whereas Cuninghame, who pointed out this fact to me, stated that in South Africa the hyenas, of the same kind, always crunched up the big bones, eating both the marrow and fragments of the bone itself.

Now and then the game will choose a tree as a rubbing post, and if it is small will entirely destroy the tree; and I have seen them use for the same purpose an oddly shaped stone, one corner of which they had worn quite smooth. They have stamping grounds, small patches of bare earth from which they have removed even the roots of the grass and bushes by the trampling of their hoofs, leaving nothing but a pool of dust. One evening I watched some zebras stringing slowly along in a line which brought them past a couple of these stamping grounds. As they came in succession to each bare place half the herd, one after another, lay down and rolled to and fro, sending up spurts

of dust so thick that the animal was hidden from sight; while perhaps a companion, which did not roll, stood near by, seemingly to enjoy the dust.

On this same evening we rode campward facing a wonderful sunset. The evening was lowering and overcast. The darkening plains stretched dim and vague into the far distance. The sun went down under a frowning sky, behind shining sheets of rain; and it turned their radiance to an angry splendor of gold and murky crimson.

At this camp the pretty little Livingstone's wheatears or chats were very familiar, flitting within a few yards of the tents. They were the earliest birds to sing. Just before our eyes could distinguish the first faint streak of dawn first one and then another of them would begin to sing, apparently either on the ground or in the air, until there was a chorus of their sweet music. Then they were silent again until the sun was about to rise. We always heard them when we made a very early start to hunt. By the way, with the game of the plains and the thin bush, we found that nothing was gained by getting out early in the morning; we were quite as apt to get what we wanted in the evening or indeed at high noon.

The last day at this camp Kermit, Tarlton, and I spent on a twelve-hours' lion hunt. I opened the day inauspiciously, close to camp, by missing a zebra, which we wished for the porters. Then Ker-

mit, by a good shot, killed a tommy buck with the best head we had yet gotten. Early in the afternoon we reached our objective, some high koppies, broken by cliffs and covered with brush. There were klipspringers on these koppies, little rock-loving antelopes, with tiny hoofs and queer brittle hair; they are marvelous jumpers and continually utter a bleating whistle. I broke the neck of one as it ran at a distance of a hundred and fifty yards; but the shot was a fluke, and did not make amends for the way I had missed the zebra in the morning. Among the thick brush on these hills were huge euphorbias, aloes bearing masses of orange flowers, and a cactus-like ground plant with pretty pink blossoms. All kinds of game from the plains, even rhino, had wandered over these hill-tops.

But what especially interested us was that we immediately found fresh beds of lions, and one regular lair. Again and again, as we beat cautiously through the bushes, the rank smell of the beasts smote our nostrils. At last, as we sat at the foot of one koppie, Kermit spied through his glasses a lion on the side of the koppie opposite, the last and biggest; and up it we climbed. On the very summit was a mass of cleft and broken bowlders, and while on these Kermit put up two lions from the bushes which crowded beneath them. I missed a running shot at the lioness, as she made off through the brush. He probably hit the lion, and, very cau-

tiously, with rifles at the ready, we beat through the thick cover in hopes to find it; but in vain. Then we began a hunt for the lioness, as apparently she had not left the koppie. Soon one of the gun-bearers, who was standing on a big stone, peering under some thick bushes, beckoned excitedly to me; and when I jumped up beside him he pointed at the lioness. In a second I made her out. The sleek sinister creature lay not ten paces off, her sinuous body following the curves of the rock as she crouched flat looking straight at me. A stone covered the lower part, and the left of the upper part, of her head; but I saw her two unwinking green eyes looking into mine. As she could have reached me in two springs, perhaps in one, I wished to shoot straight; but I had to avoid the rock which covered the lower part of her face, and moreover I fired a little too much to the left. The bullet went through the side of her head, and in between the neck and shoulder, inflicting a mortal, but not immediately fatal, wound. However it knocked her off the little ledge on which she was lying, and instead of charging she rushed up hill. We promptly followed, and again clambered up the mass of bowlders at the top. Peering over the one on which I had climbed there was the lioness directly at its foot, not twelve feet away, lying flat on her belly; I could only see the aftermost third of her back. I at once fired into her spine; with appalling grunts

she dragged herself a few paces down hill; and another bullet behind the shoulder finished her.

She was skinned as rapidly as possible; and just before sundown we left the koppie. At its foot was a deserted Masai cattle kraal and a mile from this was a shallow, muddy pool, fouled by the countless herds of game that drank thereat. Toward this we went, so that the thirsty horses and men might drink their full. As we came near we saw three rhinoceros leaving the pool. It was already too dusk for good shooting, and we were rather relieved when, after some inspection, they trotted off and stood at a little distance in the plain. Our men and horses drank, and then we began our ten miles' march through the darkness to camp. One of Kermit's gun-bearers saw a puff adder (among the most deadly of all snakes); with delightful nonchalance he stepped on its head, and then held it up for me to put my knife through its brain and neck. I slipped it into my saddle pocket, where its blood stained the pigskin cover of the little pocket Nibelungenlied which that day I happened to carry. Immediately afterward there was a fresh alarm from our friends the three rhinos; dismounting and crouching down, we caught the loom of their bulky bodies against the horizon; but a shot in the ground seemed to make them hesitate, and they finally concluded not to charge. So, with the lion skin swinging behind two porters, a moribund puff adder in

my saddle pocket, and three rhinos threatening us in the darkness to one side, we marched campward through the African night.

Next day we shifted camp to a rush-fringed pool by a grove of tall, flat-topped acacias at the foot of a range of low, steep mountains. Before us the plain stretched, and in front of our tents it was dotted by huge candelabra euphorbias. I shot a buck for the table just as we pitched camp. There were Masai kraals and cattle herds near by, and tall warriors, pleasant and friendly, strolled among our tents, their huge razor-edged spears tipped with furry caps to protect the points. Kermit was off all day with Tarlton, and killed a magnificent lioness. In the morning, on some high hills, he obtained a good impalla ram, after persevering hours of climbing and running—for only one of the gun-bearers and none of the whites could keep up with him on foot when he went hard. In the afternoon at four he and Tarlton saw the lioness. She was followed by three three-parts grown young lions, doubtless her cubs, and, without any concealment, was walking across the open plain toward a pool by which lay the body of a wildebeest bull she had killed the preceding night. The smaller lions saw the hunters and shrank back, but the old lioness never noticed them until they were within a hundred and fifty yards. Then she ran back, but Kermit crumpled her up with his first bullet. He then put another

bullet in her, and as she seemed disabled walked up within fifty yards, and took some photos. By this time she was recovering, and, switching her tail she gathered her hind quarters under her for a charge; but he stopped her with another bullet, and killed her outright with a fourth.

We heard that Mearns and Loring, whom we had left ten days before, had also killed a lioness. A Masai brought in word to them that he had marked her down taking her noonday rest near a kongoni she had killed; and they rode out, and Loring shot her. She charged him savagely; he shot her straight through the heart, and she fell literally at his feet. The three naturalists were all good shots, and were used to all the mishaps and adventures of life in the wilderness. Not only would it have been indeed difficult to find three better men for their particular work—Heller's work, for instance, with Cuninghame's help, gave the chief point to our big-game shooting—but it would have been equally difficult to find three better men for any emergency. I could not speak too highly of them; nor indeed of our two other companions, Cuninghame and Tarlton, whose mastery of their own field was as noteworthy as the pre-eminence of the naturalists in their field.

The following morning the headmen asked that we get the porters some meat; Tarlton, Kermit, and I sallied forth accordingly. The country was very dry, and the game in our immediate neighborhood

was not plentiful and was rather shy. I killed three kongoni out of a herd, at from two hundred and fifty to three hundred and ninety paces; one topi at three hundred and thirty paces, and a Roberts' gazelle at two hundred and seventy. Meanwhile the other two had killed a kongoni and five of the big gazelles; wherever possible the game being hallalled in orthodox fashion by the Mahometans among our attendants, so as to fit it for use by their coreligionists among the porters. Then we saw some giraffes, and galloped them to see if there was a really big bull in the lot. They had a long start, but Kermit and Tarlton overtook them after a couple of miles, while I pounded along in the rear. However, there was no really good bull, Kermit and Tarlton pulled up, and we jogged along toward the koppies where two days before I had shot the lioness. I killed a big bustard, a very handsome, striking-looking bird, larger than a turkey, by a rather good shot at two hundred and thirty yards.

It was now mid-day, and the heat waves quivered above the brown plain. The mirage hung in the middle distance, and beyond it the bold hills rose like mountains from a lake. In mid-afternoon we stopped at a little pool, to give the men and horses water; and here Kermit's horse suddenly went dead lame, and we started it back to camp with a couple of men, while Kermit went forward with us on foot, as we rode round the base of the first

koppies. After we had gone a mile loud shouts called our attention to one of the men who had left with the lame horse. He was running back to tell us that they had just seen a big maned lion walking along in the open plain toward the body of a zebra he had killed the night before. Immediately Tarlton and I galloped in the direction indicated, while the heart-broken Kermit ran after us on foot, so as not to miss the fun; the gun-bearers and saises stringing out behind him. In a few minutes Tarlton pointed out the lion, a splendid old fellow, a heavy male with a yellow and black mane; and after him we went. There was no need to go fast; he was too burly and too savage to run hard, and we were anxious that our hands should be reasonably steady when we shot; all told, the horses, galloping and cantering, did not take us two miles.

The lion stopped and lay down behind a bush; jumping off I took a shot at him at two hundred yards, but only wounded him slightly in one paw; and after a moment's sullen hesitation off he went, lashing his tail. We mounted our horses and went after him; Tarlton lost sight of him, but I marked him lying down behind a low grassy ant-hill. Again we dismounted at a distance of two hundred yards; Tarlton telling me that now he was sure to charge. In all East Africa there is no man, not even Cuninghame himself, whom I would rather have by me than Tarlton, if in difficulties with a charging lion;

on this occasion, however, I am glad to say that his rifle was badly sighted, and shot altogether too low.

Again I knelt and fired; but the mass of hair on the lion made me think he was nearer than he was, and I undershot, inflicting a flesh wound that was neither crippling nor fatal. He was already grunting savagely and tossing his tail erect, with his head held low; and at the shot the great sinewy beast came toward us with the speed of a greyhound. Tarlton then, very properly, fired, for lion hunting is no child's play, and it is not good to run risks. Ordinarily it is a very mean thing to experience joy at a friend's miss; but this was not an ordinary case, and I felt keen delight when the bullet from the badly sighted rifle missed, striking the ground many yards short. I was sighting carefully, from my knee, and I knew I had the lion all right; for though he galloped at a great pace, he came on steadily—ears laid back, and uttering terrific coughing grunts—and there was now no question of making allowance for distance, nor, as he was out in the open, for the fact that he had not before been distinctly visible. The bead of my foresight was exactly on the centre of his chest as I pressed the trigger, and the bullet went as true as if the place had been plotted with dividers. The blow brought him up all standing, and he fell forward on his head. The soft-nosed Winchester bullet had gone straight through the chest cavity, smashing the lungs and the big

blood-vessels of the heart. Painfully he recovered his feet, and tried to come on, his ferocious courage holding out to the last; but he staggered, and turned from side to side, unable to stand firmly, still less to advance at a faster pace than a walk. He had not ten seconds to live; but it is a sound principle to take no chances with lions. Tarlton hit him with his second bullet, probably in the shoulder; and with my next shot I broke his neck. I had stopped him when he was still a hundred yards away; and certainly no finer sight could be imagined than that of this great maned lion as he charged. Kermit gleefully joined us as we walked up to the body; only one of our followers had been able to keep up with him on his two-miles run. He had had a fine view of the charge, from one side, as he ran up, still three hundred yards distant; he could see all the muscles play as the lion galloped in, and then everything relax as he fell to the shock of my bullet.

The lion was a big old male, still in his prime. Between uprights his length was nine feet four inches, and his weight four hundred and ten pounds, for he was not fat. We skinned him and started for camp, which we reached after dark. There was a thunder-storm in the south-west, and in the red sunset that burned behind us the rain clouds turned to many gorgeous hues. Then daylight failed, the clouds cleared, and, as we made our way across the formless plain, the half-moon hung high overhead,

strange stars shone in the brilliant heavens, and the Southern Cross lay radiant above the sky-line.

Our next camp was pitched on a stony plain, by a winding stream-bed still containing an occasional rush-fringed pool of muddy water, fouled by the herds and flocks of the numerous Masai. Game was plentiful around this camp. We killed what we needed of the common kinds, and in addition each of us killed a big rhino. The two rhinos were almost exactly alike, and their horns were of the so-called "Keitloa" type; the fore-horn twenty-two inches long, the rear over seventeen. The day I killed mine I used all three of my rifles. We all went out together, as Kermit was desirous of taking photos of my rhino, if I shot one; he had not been able to get good ones of his on the previous day. We also took the small ox wagon, so as to bring into camp bodily the rhino—if we got it—and one or two zebras, of which we wanted the flesh for the safari, the skeletons for the Museum. The night had been cool, but the day was sunny and hot. At first we rode through a broad valley, bounded by high, scrub-covered hills. The banks of the dry stream were fringed with deep green acacias, and here and there in relief against their dark foliage flamed the orange-red flowers of the tall aloe clumps. With the Springfield I shot a steinbuck and a lesser bustard. Then we came out on the vast rolling brown plains. With the Winchester I shot

two zebra stallions, missing each standing, at long range, and then killing them as they ran; one after a two-miles hard gallop, on my brown pony, which had a good turn of speed. I killed a third zebra stallion with my Springfield, again missing it standing and killing it running. In mid-afternoon we spied our rhino, and getting near saw that it had good horns. It was in the middle of the absolutely bare plain, and we walked straight up to the dull-sighted, dull-witted beast; Kermit with his camera, I with the Holland double-barrel. The tick-birds warned it, but it did not make us out until we were well within a hundred yards, when it trotted toward us, head and tail up. At sixty yards I put the heavy bullet straight into its chest, and knocked it flat with the blow; as it tried to struggle to its feet I again knocked it flat, with the left-hand barrel; but it needed two more bullets before it died, screaming like an engine whistle. Before I fired my last shot I had walked up directly beside the rhino; and just then Tarlton pointed me out a great bustard, stalking along with unmoved composure at a distance of a hundred and fifty yards; I took the Springfield, and kneeling down beside the rhino's hind quarters I knocked over the bustard, and then killed the rhino. We rode into camp by moonlight. Both these rhinos had their stomachs filled with the closely chewed leaves and twig tips of short brush mixed with grass—rather thick-stemmed grass—and in

one case with the pulpy, spiny leaves of a low, ground-creeping euphorbia.

At this camp we killed five poisonous snakes: a light-colored tree snake, two puff adders, and two seven-foot cobras. One of the latter three times "spat" or ejected its poison at us, the poison coming out from the fangs like white films or threads, to a distance of several feet. A few years ago the singular power of this snake, and perhaps of certain other African species, thus to eject the poison at the face of an assailant was denied by scientists; but it is now well known. Selous had already told me of an instance which came under his own observation; and Tarlton had once been struck in the eyes and for the moment nearly blinded by the poison. He found that to wash the eyes with milk was of much relief. On the bigger puff adder, some four feet long, were a dozen ticks, some swollen to the size of cherries; apparently they were disregarded by their sluggish and deadly host. Heller trapped some jackals, of two species; and two striped hyenas, the first we had seen; apparently more timid and less noisy beasts than their bigger spotted brothers.

One day Kermit had our first characteristic experience with a honey bird; a smallish bird, with its beak like a grosbeak's and its toes like a woodpecker's, whose extraordinary habits as a honey guide are known to all the natives of Africa

throughout its range. Kermit had killed an eland bull, and while he was resting, his gun-bearers drew his attention to the calling of the honey bird in a tree near by. He got up, and as he approached the bird, it flew into another tree in front and again began its twitter. This was repeated again and again as Kermit walked after it. Finally the bird darted round behind his followers, in the direction from which they had come; and for a moment they thought it had played them false. But immediately afterward they saw that it had merely overshot its mark, and had now flown back a few rods to the honey tree, round which it was flitting, occasionally twittering. When they came toward the tree it perched silent and motionless in another, and thus continued while they took some honey—a risky business, as the bees were vicious. They did not observe what the bird then did; but Cuninghame told me that in one instance where a honey bird led him to honey he carefully watched it and saw it picking up either bits of honey and comb, or else, more probably, the bee grubs out of the comb, he could not be certain which.

To my mind no more interesting incident occurred at this camp.

CHAPTER IX

TO LAKE NAIVASHA

FROM this camp we turned north toward Lake Naivasha.

The Sotik country through which we had hunted was sorely stricken by drought. The grass was short and withered and most of the waterholes were drying up, while both the game and the flocks and herds of the nomad Masai gathered round the watercourses in which there were still occasional muddy pools, and grazed their neighborhood bare of pasturage. It was an unceasing pleasure to watch the ways of the game and to study their varying habits. Where there was a river from which to drink, or where there were many pools, the different kinds of buck, and the zebra, often showed comparatively little timidity about drinking, and came boldly down to the water's edge, sometimes in broad daylight, sometimes in darkness; although even under those conditions they were very cautious if there was cover at the drinking place. But where the pools were few they never approached one without feeling panic dread of their great enemy the lion, who, they knew well, might be lurking around their drinking place. At such a pool I once saw a herd of

zebras come to water at nightfall. They stood motionless some distance off; then they slowly approached, and twice on false alarms wheeled and fled at speed; at last the leaders ventured to the brink of the pool and at once the whole herd came jostling and crowding in behind them, the water gurgling down their throats; and immediately afterward off they went at a gallop, stopping to graze some hundreds of yards away. The ceaseless dread of the lion felt by all but the heaviest game is amply justified by his ravages among them. They are always in peril from him at the drinking places; yet in my experience I found that in the great majority of cases they were killed while feeding or resting far from water, the lion getting them far more often by stalking than by lying in wait. A lion will eat a zebra (beginning at the hind quarters, by the way, and sometimes having, and sometimes not having, previously disembowelled the animal), or one of the bigger buck at least once a week—perhaps once every five days. The dozen lions we had killed would probably, if left alive, have accounted for seven or eight hundred buck, pig, and zebra within the next year. Our hunting was a net advantage to the harmless game.

The zebras were the noisiest of the game. After them came the wildebeest, which often uttered their queer grunt; sometimes a herd would stand and grunt at me for some minutes as I passed, a few

hundred yards distant. The topi uttered only a kind of sneeze, and the hartebeest a somewhat similar sound. The so-called Roberts' gazelle was merely the Grant's gazelle of the Athi, with the lyrate shape of the horns tending to be carried to an extreme of spread and backward bend. The tommy bucks carried good horns; the horns of the does were usually aborted, and were never more than four or five inches long. The most notable feature about the tommies was the incessant switching of their tails, as if jerked by electricity. In the Sotik the topis all seemed to have calves of about the same age, as if born from four to six months earlier; the young of the other game were of every age. The males of all the antelope fought much among themselves. The gazelle bucks of both species would face one another, their heads between the forelegs and the horns level with the ground, and each would punch his opponent until the hair flew.

Watching the game, one was struck by the intensity and the evanescence of their emotions. Civilized man now usually passes his life under conditions which eliminate the intensity of terror felt by his ancestors when death by violence was their normal end, and threatened them during every hour of the day and night. It is only in nightmares that the average dweller in civilized countries now undergoes the hideous horror which was the regular and frequent portion of his ages-vanished forefathers, and which

is still an everyday incident in the lives of most wild creatures. But the dread is short-lived, and its horror vanishes with instantaneous rapidity. In these wilds the game dreaded the lion and the other flesh-eating beasts rather than man. We saw innumerable kills of all the buck, and of zebra, the neck being usually dislocated, and it being evident that none of the lion's victims, not even the truculent wildebeest or huge eland, had been able to make any fight against him. The game is ever on the alert against this greatest of foes, and every herd, almost every individual, is in imminent and deadly peril every few days or nights, and of course suffers in addition from countless false alarms. But no sooner is the danger over than the animals resume their feeding, or love making, or their fighting among themselves. Two bucks will do battle the minute the herd has stopped running from the foe that has seized one of its number, and a buck with cover a doe in the brief interval between the first and second alarm, from hunter or lion. Zebra will make much noise when one of their number has been killed; but their fright has vanished when once they begin their barking calls.

Death by violence, death by cold, death by starvation—these are the normal endings of the stately and beautiful creatures of the wilderness. The sentimentalists who prattle about the peaceful life of nature do not realize its utter mercilessness; al-

though all they would have to do would be to look at the birds in the winter woods, or even at the insects on a cold morning or cold evening. Life is hard and cruel for all the lower creatures, and for man also in what the sentimentalists call a " state of nature." The savage of to-day shows us what the fancied age of gold of our ancestors was really like; it was an age when hunger, cold, violence, and iron cruelty were the ordinary accompaniments of life. If Matthew Arnold, when he expressed the wish to know the thoughts of Earth's " vigorous, primitive " tribes of the past, had really desired an answer to his question, he would have done well to visit the homes of the existing representatives of his "vigorous, primitive " ancestors, and to watch them feasting on blood and guts; while as for the " pellucid and pure " feelings of his imaginary primitive maiden, they were those of any meek, cowlike creature who accepted marriage by purchase or of convenience, as a matter of course.

It was to me a perpetual source of wonderment to notice the difference in the behavior of different individuals of the same species, and in the behavior of the same individual at different times; as, for example, in the matter of wariness, of the times for going to water, of the times for resting, and, as regards dangerous game, in the matter of ferocity. Their very looks changed. At one moment the sun would turn the zebras of a mixed herd white, and

the hartebeest straw colored, so that the former could be seen much farther off than the latter; and again the conditions would be reversed when under the light the zebras would show up gray, and the hartebeest as red as foxes.

I had now killed almost all the specimens of the common game that the museum needed. However, we kept the skin or skeleton of whatever we shot for meat. Now and then, after a good stalk, I would get a boar with unusually fine tusks, a big gazelle with unusually long and graceful horns, or a fine old wildebeest bull, its horns thick and battered, its knees bare and calloused from its habit of going down on them when fighting or threatening fight.

On our march northward, we first made a long day's journey to what was called a salt marsh. An hour or two after starting we had a characteristic experience with a rhino. It was a bull, with poor horns, standing in a plain which was dotted by a few straggling thorn-trees and wild olives. The safari's course would have taken it to windward of the rhino, which then might have charged in sheer irritable bewilderment; so we turned off at right angles. The long line of porters passed him two hundred yards away, while we gun men stood between with our rifles ready; except Kermit, who was busy taking photos. The rhino saw us, but apparently indistinctly. He made little dashes to and fro,

and finally stood looking at us, with his big ears cocked forward; but he did nothing more, and we left him standing, plunged in meditation—probably it would be more accurate to say, thinking of absolutely nothing, as if he had been a huge turtle. After leaving him we also passed by files of zebra and topi who gazed at us, intent and curious, within two hundred yards, until we had gone by and the danger was over; whereupon they fled in fright.

The so-called salt marsh consisted of a dry watercourse, with here and there a deep muddy pool. The ground was impregnated with some saline substance, and the game licked it, as well as coming to water. Our camp was near two reedy pools, in which there were big yellow-billed ducks, while queer brown herons, the hammerhead, had built big nests of sticks in the tall acacias. Bush cuckoos gurgled in the underbrush by night and day. Brilliant rollers flitted through the trees. There was much sweet bird music in the morning. Funny little elephant shrews with long snouts, and pretty zebra mice, evidently of diurnal habit, scampered among the bushes or scuttled into their burrows. Tiny dikdiks, antelopes no bigger than hares, with swollen muzzles, and their little horns half hidden by tufts of hair, ran like rabbits through the grass; the females were at least as large as the males. Another seven-foot cobra was killed. There were brilliant masses of the red aloe flowers, and of yel-

low-blossomed vines. Around the pools the ground was bare, and the game trails leading to the water were deeply rutted by the hooves of the wild creatures that had travelled them for countless generations.

The day after reaching this camp, Cuninghame and I hunted on the plains. Before noon we made out with our glasses two rhino lying down, a mile off. As usual with these sluggish creatures we made our preparations in leisurely style, and with scant regard to the animal itself. Moreover we did not intend to kill any rhino unless its horns were out of the common. I first stalked and shot a buck Roberts' gazelle with a good head. Then we off-saddled the horses and sat down to lunch under a huge thorn-tree, which stood by itself, lonely and beautiful, and offered a shelter from the blazing sun. The game was grazing on every side; and I kept thinking of all the life of the wilderness, and of its many tragedies, which the great tree must have witnessed during the centuries since it was a seedling.

Lunch over, I looked to the loading of the heavy rifle, and we started toward the rhinos, well to leeward. But the wind shifted every which way; and suddenly my gun-bearers called my attention to the rhinos, a quarter of a mile off, saying, "He charging, he charging." Sure enough, they had caught our wind, and were rushing toward us. I jumped off the horse and studied the oncoming beasts

through my field-glass; but head on it was hard to tell about the horns. However, the wind shifted again, and when two hundred yards off they lost our scent, and turned to one side, tails in the air, heads tossing, evidently much wrought up. They were a large cow and a young heifer, nearly two-thirds grown. As they trotted sideways I could see the cow's horns, and her doom was sealed; for they were of good length, and the hind one (it proved to be two feet long) was slightly longer than the stouter front one; it was a specimen which the museum needed.

So after them we trudged over the brown plain. But they were uneasy, and kept trotting and walking. They never saw us with their dull eyes; but a herd of wildebeest galloping by renewed their alarm; it was curious to see them sweeping the ground with their long, ugly heads, endeavoring to catch the scent. A mile's rapid walk brought us within two hundred yards, and we dared not risk the effort for a closer approach lest they should break and run. The cow turned broadside to, and I hit her behind the shoulder; but I was not familiar with the heavy Holland rifle at that range, and my bullet went rather too low. I think the wound would eventually have proved fatal; but both beasts went off at a gallop, the cow now and then turning from side to side in high dudgeon, trying to catch the wind of her foe. We mounted our horses, and af-

ter a couple of miles' canter overhauled our quarry. Cuninghame took me well to leeward, and ahead, of the rhinos, which never saw us; and then we walked to within a hundred yards, and I killed the cow. But we were now much puzzled by the young one, which refused to leave; we did not wish to kill it, for it was big enough to shift for itself; but it was also big enough to kill either of us. We drew back, hoping it would go away; but it did not. So when the gun-bearers arrived we advanced and tried to frighten it; but this plan also failed. It threatened to charge, but could not quite make up its mind. Watching my chance I then creased its stern with a bullet from the little Springfield, and after some wild circular galloping it finally decided to leave.

Kermit, about this time, killed a heavy boar from horseback after a three-miles' run. The boar charged twice, causing the horse to buck and shy. Finally, just as he was going into his burrow backward, Kermit raced by and shot him, firing his rifle from the saddle after the manner of the old-time Western buffalo runners.

We now rejoined Mearns and Loring on the banks of the Guaso Nyero. They had collected hundreds of birds and small mammals, among them several new species. We had already heard that a Mr. Williams, whom we had met at McMillan's ranch, had been rather badly mauled by a lion, which he had mortally wounded, but which man-

aged to charge home. Now we found that Dr. Mearns had been quite busily engaged in attending to cases of men who were hurt by lions. Loring nearly got in the category. He killed his lioness with a light automatic rifle, utterly unfit for use against African game. Though he actually put a bullet right through the beast's heart, the shock from the blow was so slight that she was not stopped even for a second; he hit her four times in all, each shot being mortal—for he was an excellent marksman,—and she died nearly at his feet, her charge carrying her several yards by him. Mearns had galloped into a herd of wildebeest and killed the big bull of the herd, after first running clean through a mob of zebras, which, as he passed, skinned their long yellow teeth threateningly at him, but made no attempt actually to attack him.

A settler had come down to trade with the Masai during our absence. He ran into a large party of lions, killed two, and wounded a lioness which escaped after mauling one of his gun-bearers. The gun-bearer rode into camp, and the Doctor treated his wounds. Next day Mearns was summoned to a Masai kraal sixteen miles off to treat the wounds of two of the Masai; it appeared that a body of them had followed and killed the wounded lioness, but that two of their number had been much maltreated in the fight. One, especially, had been fearfully bitten, the lioness having pulled the flesh loose from

the bones with her fixed teeth. The Doctor attended to all three cases. The gun-bearer recovered; both the Masai died, although the Doctor did all in his power for the two gallant fellows. Their deaths did not hinder the Masai from sending to him all kinds of cases in which men or boys had met with accidents. He attended to them all, and gained a high reputation with the tribe; when the case was serious the patient's kinsfolk would usually present him with a sheep or war-spear, or something else of value. He took a great fancy to the Masai, as indeed all of us did. They are a fine, manly set of savages, bold and independent in their bearing. They never eat vegetables, subsisting exclusively on milk, blood, and flesh; and are remarkably hardy and enduring.

Kermit found a cave which had recently been the abode of a party of 'Ndorobo, the wild hunter-savages of the wilderness, who are more primitive in their ways of life than any other tribes of this region. They live on honey and the flesh of the wild beasts they kill; they are naked, with few and rude arms and utensils; and, in short, carry on existence as our own ancestors did at a very early period of palæolithic time. Around this cave were many bones. Within it were beds of grass, and a small roofed enclosure of thorn-bushes for the dogs. Fire sticks had been left on the walls, to be ready when the owners' wanderings again brought them back to

the cave; and also very curious soup sticks, each a rod with one of the vertebræ of some animal stuck on the end, designed for use in stirring their boiled meat.

From our camp on the Guaso Nyero we trekked in a little over four days to a point on Lake Naivasha where we intended to spend some time. The first two days were easy travelling, the porters not being pressed and there being plenty of time in the afternoons to pitch camp comfortably; then the wagons left us with their loads of hides and skeletons and spare baggage. The third day we rose long before dawn, breakfasted, broke camp, and were off just at sunrise. There was no path; at one time we followed game trails, at another the trails made by the Masai sheep and cattle, and again we might make our own trail. We had two Masai guides, tireless runners, as graceful and sinewy as panthers; they helped us; but Cuninghame had to do most of the pathfinding himself. It was a difficult country, passable only at certain points, which it was hard to place with exactness. We had seen that each porter had his water bottle full before starting; but, though willing, good-humored fellows, strong as bulls, in forethought they are of the grasshopper type; and all but a few exhausted their supply by mid-afternoon. At this time we were among bold mountain ridges, and here we struck the kraal of some Masai, who watered their cattle

at some spring pools, three miles to one side, up a valley. It was too far for the heavily-laden porters; but we cantered our horses thither and let them drink their fill; and then cantered along the trail left by the safari until we overtook the rear men just as they were going over the brink of the Mau escarpment. The scenery was wild and beautiful; in the open places the ground was starred with flowers of many colors; we rode under vine-tangled archways through forests of strange trees.

Down the steep mountain side went the safari, and at its foot struck off nearly parallel to the high ridge. On our left the tree-clad mountain side hung above us; ravines, with mimosas clustering in them, sundered the foot-hills, and wound until they joined into what looked like rivers; the thick grass grew waist high. It looked like a well-watered country; but it was of porous, volcanic nature, and the soil was a sieve. After nightfall we came to where we hoped to find water; but there was not a drop in the dried pools; and we had to make a waterless camp. A drizzling rain had set in, enough to wet everything, but not enough to give any water for drinking. It was eight o'clock before the last of the weary, thirsty burden-carriers stumbled through the black, bowlder-strewn ravine on whose farther side we were camped, and threw down his load among his fellows, who were already clustered around the little fires they had started in the tall grass. We

slept as we were, and comfortably enough; indeed, there was no hardship for us white men, with our heavy overcoats, and our food and water—which we shared with our personal attendants; but I was uneasy for the porters, as there was another long and exhausting day's march ahead. Before sunrise we started; and four hours later, in the bottom of a deep ravine, Cuninghame found a pool of green water in a scooped-out cavity in the rock. It was a pleasant sight to see the thirsty porters drink. Then they sat down, built fires and boiled their food; and went on in good heart.

Two or three times we crossed singularly beautiful ravines, the trail winding through narrow clefts that were almost tunnels, and along the brinks of sheer cliffs, while the green mat of trees and vines was spangled with many colored flowers. Then we came to barren ridges and bare, dusty plains; and at nightfall pitched camp near the shores of Lake Naivasha. It is a lovely sheet of water, surrounded by hills and mountains, the shores broken by rocky promontories, and indented by papyrus-fringed bays. Next morning we shifted camp four miles to a place on the farm, and near the house, of the Messrs. Attenborough, settlers on the shores of the lake, who treated us with the most generous courtesy and hospitality—as, indeed, did all the settlers we met. They were two brothers; one had lived twenty years on the Pacific Coast, mining in the

Sierras, and the other had just retired from the British navy, with the rank of commander; they were able to turn their hands to anything, and were just the men for work in a new country—for a new country is a poor place for the weak and incompetent, whether of body or mind. They had a steam launch and a big heavy row-boat, and they most kindly and generously put both at our disposal for hippo hunting.

At this camp I presented the porters with twenty-five sheep, as a recognition of their good conduct and hard work; whereupon they improvised long chants in my honor, and feasted royally.

We spent one entire day with the row-boat in a series of lagoons near camp, which marked an inlet of the lake. We did not get any hippo, but it was a most interesting day. A broad belt of papyrus fringed the lagoons and jutted out between them. The straight green stalks with their feathery heads rose high and close, forming a mass so dense that it was practically impenetrable save where the huge bulk of the hippos had made tunnels. Indeed, even for the hippos it was not readily penetrable. The green monotony of a papyrus swamp becomes wearisome after a while; yet it is very beautiful, for each reed is tall, slender, graceful, with its pale flowering crown; and they are typical of the tropics, and their mere sight suggests a vertical sun and hot, steaming swamps, where great marsh beasts feed and wallow

and bellow, amidst a teeming reptilian life. A fringe of papyrus here and there adds much to the beauty of a lake, and also to the beauty of the river pools, where clumps of them grow under the shade of the vine-tangled tropical trees.

The open waters of the lagoons were covered with water-lilies, bearing purple or sometimes pink flowers. Across the broad lily pads ran the curious "lily trotters," or jacanas, richly colored birds, with toes so long and slender that the lily pads support them without sinking. They were not shy, and their varied coloring—a bright chestnut being the most conspicuous hue—and singular habits made them very conspicuous. There was a wealth of bird life in the lagoons. Small gulls, somewhat like our black-headed gull, but with their hoods gray, flew screaming around us. Black and white kingfishers, tiny, red-billed kingfishers, with colors so brilliant that they flashed like jewels in the sun, and brilliant green bee-eaters with chestnut breasts perched among the reeds. Spur-winged plover clamored as they circled overhead near the edges of the water. Little rills and red-legged water hens threaded the edges of the papyrus, and grebes dived in the open water. A giant heron, the Goliath, flew up at our approach; and there were many smaller herons and egrets, white or parti-colored. There were small, dark cormorants, and larger ones with white throats; and African ruddy ducks, and teal and big yellow-

billed ducks, somewhat like mallards. Among the many kinds of ducks was one which made a whistling noise with its wings as it flew. Most plentiful of all were the coots, much resembling our common bald-pate coot, but with a pair of horns or papillæ at the hinder end of the bare frontal space.

There were a number of hippo in these lagoons. One afternoon after four o'clock I saw two standing half out of water in a shallow, eating the water-lilies. They seemed to spend the fore part of the day sleeping or resting in the papyrus or near its edge; toward evening they splashed and waded among the water-lilies, tearing them up with their huge jaws; and during the night they came ashore to feed on the grass and land plants. In consequence those killed during the day, until the late afternoon, had their stomachs filled, not with water plants but with grasses which they must have obtained in their night journeys on dry land. At night I heard the bulls bellowing and roaring. They fight savagely among themselves, and, where they are not molested, and the natives are timid, they not only do great damage to the gardens and crops, trampling them down and shovelling basketfuls into their huge mouths, but also become dangerous to human beings, attacking boats or canoes in a spirit of wanton and ferocious mischief. At this place, a few weeks before our arrival, a young bull, badly scarred, and evidently having been mishandled by some bigger bull, came

ashore in the daytime and actually attacked the cattle, and was promptly shot in consequence. They are astonishingly quick in their movements for such shapeless-looking, short-legged things. Of course they cannot swim in deep water with anything like the speed of the real swimming mammals, nor move on shore with the agility and speed of the true denizens of the land; nevertheless, by sheer muscular power and in spite of their shape, they move at an unexpected rate of speed both on dry land and in deep water; and in shallow water, their true home, they gallop very fast on the bottom, under water. Ordinarily only their heads can be seen, and they must be shot in the brain. If they are found in a pool with little cover, and if the shots can be taken close by, from firm ground, there is no sport whatever in killing them. But the brain is small and the skull huge, and if they are any distance off, and especially if the shot has to be taken from an unsteady boat, there is ample opportunity to miss.

On the day we spent with the big row-boat in the lagoons both Kermit and I had shots; each of us hit. but neither of us got his game. My shot was at the head of a hippo facing me in a bay about a hundred yards off, so that I had to try to shoot very low between the eyes; the water was smooth, and I braced my legs well and fired off-hand. I hit him, but was confident that I had missed the brain, for he lifted slightly, and then went under, nose last;

and when a hippo is shot in the brain the head usually goes under nose first. An exasperating feature of hippo shooting is that, save in exceptional circumstances, where the water is very shallow, the animal sinks at once when killed outright, and does not float for one or two or three hours; so that one has to wait that length of time before finding out whether the game has or has not been bagged. On this occasion we never saw a sign of the animal after I fired, and as it seemed impossible that in that situation the hippo could get off unobserved, my companions thought I had killed him; I thought not, and unfortunately my judgment proved to be correct.

Another day, in the launch, I did much the same thing. Again the hippo was a long distance off, only his head appearing, but unfortunately not in profile, much the best position for a shot; again I hit him; again he sank and, look as hard as we could, not a sign of him appeared, so that every one was sure he was dead; and again no body ever floated. But on this day Kermit got his hippo. He hit it first in the head, merely a flesh wound; but the startled creature then rose high in the water and he shot it in the lungs. It now found difficulty in staying under, and continually rose to the surface with a plunge like a porpoise, going as fast as it could toward the papyrus. After it we went, full speed, for once in the papyrus we could not have followed

it; and Kermit finally killed it, just before it reached the edge of the swamp, and, luckily, where the water was so shallow that we did not have to wait for it to float, but fastened a rope to two of its turtle-like legs, and towed it back forthwith.

There were otters in the lake. One day we saw two playing together near the shore; and at first we were all of us certain that it was some big water snake. It was not until we were very close that we made out the supposed one big snake to be two otters; it was rather interesting, as giving one of the explanations of the stories that always appear about large water snakes, or similar monsters, existing in almost every lake of any size in a wild country. On another day I shot another near shore; he turned over and over, splashing and tumbling; but just as we were about to grasp him, he partially recovered and dived to safety in the reeds.

On the second day we went out in the launch I got my hippo. We steamed down the lake, not far from the shore, for over ten miles, dragging the big, clumsy rowboat, in which Cuninghame had put three of our porters who knew how to row. Then we spied a big hippo walking entirely out of the water on the edge of the papyrus, at the farther end of a little bay which was filled with water-lilies. Thither we steamed, and when a few rods from the bay, Cuninghame, Kermit, and I got into the rowboat; Cuninghame steered, Kermit carried his cam-

era, and I steadied myself in the bow with the little Springfield rifle. The hippo was a self-confident, truculent beast; it went under water once or twice, but again came out to the papyrus and waded along the edge, its body out of water. We headed toward it, and thrust the boat in among the water-lilies, finding that the bay was shallow, from three to six feet deep. While still over a hundred yards from the hippo, I saw it turn as if to break into the papyrus, and at once fired into its shoulder, the tiny pointed bullet smashing the big bones. Round spun the great beast, plunged into the water, and with its huge jaws open came straight for the boat, floundering and splashing through the thick-growing water-lilies. I think that its chief object was to get to deep water; but we were between it and the deep water, and instead of trying to pass to one side it charged straight for the boat, with open jaws, bent on mischief. But I hit it again and again with the little sharp-pointed bullet. Once I struck it between neck and shoulder; once, as it rushed forward with its huge jaws stretched to their threatening utmost, I fired right between them, whereat it closed them with the clash of a sprung bear trap; and then, when under the punishment it swerved for a moment, I hit it at the base of the ear, a brain shot which dropped it in its tracks. Meanwhile Kermit was busily taking photos of it as it charged, and, as he mentioned afterward, until it was dead he never

saw it except in the "finder" of his camera. The water was so shallow where I had killed the hippo that its body projected slightly above the surface. It was the hardest kind of work getting it out from among the water-lilies; then we towed it to camp behind the launch.

The engineer of the launch was an Indian Moslem. The fireman and the steersman were two half-naked and much-ornamented Kikuyus. The fireman wore a blue bead chain on one ankle, a brass armlet on the opposite arm, a belt of short steel chains, a dingy blanket (no loin cloth), and a skull cap surmounted by a plume of ostrich feathers. The two Kikuyus were unconsciously entertaining companions. Without any warning they would suddenly start a song or chant, usually an impromptu recitative of whatever at the moment interested them. They chanted for half an hour over the feat of the "B'wana Makuba" (great master or chief, my name) in killing the hippo; laying especial stress upon the quantity of excellent meat it would furnish, and how very good the eating would be. Usually one would improvise the chant, and the other join in the chorus. Sometimes they would solemnly sing complimentary songs to one another, each in turn chanting the manifold good qualities of his companion.

Around this camp were many birds. The most noteworthy was a handsome gray eagle owl, bigger

than our great horned owl, to which it is closely akin. It did not hoot or scream, its voice being a kind of grunt, followed in a second or two by a succession of similar sounds, uttered more quickly and in a lower tone. These big owls frequently came round camp after dark, and at first their notes completely puzzled me, as I thought they must be made by some beast. The bulbuls sang well. Most of the birds were in no way like our home birds.

Loring trapped quantities of mice and rats, and it was curious to see how many of them had acquired characters which caused them superficially to resemble American animals with which they had no real kinship. The sand rats that burrowed in the dry plains were in shape, in color, eyes, tail, and paws strikingly like our pocket gophers, which have similar habits. So the long-tailed gerbilles, or gerbille-like rats, resembled our kangaroo rats; and there was a blunt-nosed, stubby-tailed little rat superficially hardly to be told from our rice rat. But the most characteristic rodent, the big long-tailed, jumping springhaas, resembled nothing of ours; and there were tree rats and spiny mice. There were gray monkeys in the trees around camp, which the naturalists shot.

Heller trapped various beasts; beautifully marked genets, and a big white-tailed mongoose which was very savage. But his most remarkable catch was a

leopard. He had set a steel trap, fastened to a loose thorn-branch, for mongoose, civets, or jackals; it was a number two Blake, such as in America we use for coons, skunks, foxes, and perhaps bobcats and coyotes. In the morning he found it gone, and followed the trail of the thorn-branch until it led into a dense thicket, from which issued an ominous growl. His native boy shouted "simba"; but it was a leopard, not a lion. He could not see into the thicket; so he sent back to camp for his rifle, and when it came he climbed a tree and endeavored to catch a glimpse of the animal. He could see nothing, however; and finally fired into the thicket rather at random. The answer was a furious growl, and the leopard charged out to the foot of the tree, much hampered by the big thorn-branch. He put a bullet into it, and back it went, only to come out and to receive another bullet; and he killed it. It was an old male, in good condition, weighing one hundred and twenty-six pounds. The trap was not big enough to contain his whole paw, and he had been caught firmly by one toe. The thorn-bush acted as a drag, which prevented him from going far, and yet always yielded somewhat when he pulled. A bear thus caught would have chewed up the trap or else pulled his foot loose, even at the cost of sacrificing the toe; but the cats are more sensitive to pain. This leopard was smaller than any full-grown male cougar I have ever killed, and yet cougars often

kill game rather heavier than leopards usually venture upon; yet very few cougars indeed would show anything like the pluck and ferocity shown by this leopard, and characteristic of its kind.

Kermit killed a waterbuck of a kind new to us, the singsing. He also killed two porcupines and two baboons. The porcupines are terrestrial animals, living in burrows to which they keep during the daytime. They are much heavier than, and in all their ways totally different from, our sluggish tree porcupines. The baboons were numerous around this camp, living both among the rocks and in the tree tops. They are hideous creatures. They ravage the crops and tear open new-born lambs to get at the milk inside them; and where the natives are timid and unable to harm them, they become wantonly savage and aggressive and attack and even kill women and children. In Uganda, Cuninghame had once been asked by a native chief to come to his village and shoot the baboons, as they had just killed two women, badly bitten several children, and caused such a reign of terror that the village would be abandoned if they were not killed or intimidated. He himself saw the torn and mutilated bodies of the dead women; and he stayed in the village a week, shooting so many baboons that the remainder were thoroughly cowed. Baboons and boars are the most formidable of all foes to the dogs that hunt them—just as leopards are of all wild animals those most

apt to prey on dogs. A baboon's teeth and hands are far more formidable weapons than those of any dog, and only a very few wholly exceptional dogs of huge size, and great courage and intelligence, can, single-handed, contend with an old male. But we saw a settler whose three big terriers could themselves kill a full-grown wart-hog boar; an almost unheard-of feat. They backed up one another with equal courage and adroitness, their aim being for two to seize the hind legs; then the third, watching his chance, would get one foreleg, when the bull was speedily thrown, and when weakened, killed by bites in his stomach.

Hitherto we had not obtained a bull hippo, and I made up my mind to devote myself to getting one, as otherwise the group for the museum would be incomplete. Save in exceptional cases I do not think hippo hunting, after the first one has been obtained, a very attractive sport, because usually one has to wait an hour before it is possible to tell whether or not a shot has been successful, and also because, a portion of the head being all that is usually visible, it is exceedingly difficult to say whether the animal seen is a bull or a cow. As the time allowed for a shot is very short, and any hesitation probably insures the animal's escape, this means that two or three hippo may be killed, quite unavoidably, before the right specimen is secured. Still there may be interesting and exciting incidents

in a hippo hunt. Cuninghame, the two Attenboroughs, and I started early in the launch, towing the big, clumsy row-boat, with as crew three of our porters who could row. We steamed down the lake some fifteen miles to a wide bay, indented by smaller bays, lagoons, and inlets, all fringed by a broad belt of impenetrable papyrus, while the beautiful purple lilies, with their leathery-tough stems and broad surface-floating leaves, filled the shallows. At the mouth of the main bay we passed a floating island, a mass of papyrus perhaps a hundred and fifty acres in extent, which had been broken off from the shore somewhere, and was floating over the lake as the winds happened to drive it.

In an opening in the dense papyrus masses we left the launch moored, and Cuninghame and I started in the rowboat to coast the green wall of tall, thick-growing, feather-topped reeds. Under the bright sunshine the shallow flats were alive with bird life. Gulls, both the gray-hooded and the black-backed, screamed harshly overhead. The chestnut-colored lily trotters tripped daintily over the lily pads, and when they flew, held their long legs straight behind them, so that they looked as if they had tails like pheasants. Sacred ibis, white with naked black head and neck, stalked along the edge of the water, and on the bent papyrus small cormorants and herons perched. Everywhere there were coots and ducks, and crested grebes, big and little. Huge

white pelicans floated on the water. Once we saw a string of flamingoes fly by, their plumage a wonderful red.

Immediately after leaving the launch we heard a hippo, hidden in the green fastness on our right, uttering a meditative soliloquy, consisting of a succession of squealing grunts. Then we turned a point, and in a little bay saw six or eight hippo, floating with their heads above water. There were two much bigger than the others, and Cuninghame, while of course unable to be certain, thought these were probably males. The smaller ones, including a cow and her calf, were not much alarmed, and floated quietly, looking at us, as we cautiously paddled and drifted nearer; but the bigger ones dove and began to work their way past us toward deep water. We could trace their course by the twisting of the lily pads. Motionless the rowers lay on their oars; the line of moving lily pads showed that one of the big hippo was about to pass the boat; suddenly the waters opened close at hand and a monstrous head appeared. "Shoot," said Cuninghame; and I fired into the back of the head just as it disappeared. It sank out of sight without a splash, almost without a ripple, the lily pads ceased twisting; a few bubbles of air rose to the surface; evidently the hippo lay dead underneath. Poling to the spot, we at once felt the huge body with our oar blades. But, alas, when the launch came round,

and we raised the body, it proved to be that of a big cow.

So I left Cuninghame to cut off the head for the museum, and started off by myself in the boat with two rowers, neither of whom spoke a word of English. For an hour we saw only the teeming bird life. Then, in a broad, shallow lagoon, we made out a dozen hippo, two or three very big. Cautiously we approached them, and when seventy yards off I fired at the base of the ear of one of the largest. Down went every head, and utter calm succeeded. I had marked the spot where the one at which I shot had disappeared, and thither we rowed. When we reached the place, I told one of the rowers to thrust a pole down and see if he could touch the dead body. He thrust accordingly, and at once shouted that he had found the hippo; in another moment his face altered, and he shouted much more loudly that the hippo was alive. Sure enough, bump went the hippo against the bottom of the boat, the jar causing us all to sit suddenly down—for we were standing. Another bump showed that we had again been struck; and the shallow, muddy water boiled, as the huge beasts, above and below the surface, scattered every which way. Their eyes starting, the two rowers began to back water out of the dangerous neighborhood, while I shot at an animal whose head appeared to my left, as it made off with frantic haste; for I took it for granted that the hippo at

which I had first fired (and which was really dead) had escaped. This one disappeared as usual, and I had not the slightest idea whether or not I had killed it. I had small opportunity to ponder the subject, for twenty feet away the water bubbled and a huge head shot out facing me, the jaws wide open. There was no time to guess at its intentions, and I fired on the instant. Down went the head, and I felt the boat quiver as the hippo passed underneath. Just here the lily pads were thick; so I marked its course, fired as it rose, and down it went. But on the other quarter of the boat a beast, evidently of great size—it proved to be a big bull—now appeared, well above water; and I put a bullet into its brain.

I did not wish to shoot again unless I had to, and stood motionless, with the little Springfield at the ready. A head burst up twenty yards off, with a lily pad plastered over one eye, giving the hippo an absurd resemblance to a discomfited prize-fighter, and then disappeared with great agitation. Two half-grown beasts stupid from fright appeared, and stayed up for a minute or two at a time, not knowing what to do. Other heads popped up, getting farther and farther away. By degrees everything vanished, the water grew calm, and we rowed over to the papyrus, moored ourselves by catching hold of a couple of stems, and awaited events. Within an hour four dead hippos appeared: a very big bull and three big cows. Of course, I would not have shot

the latter if it could have been avoided; but under the circumstances I do not see how it was possible to help it. The meat was not wasted; on the contrary it was a godsend, not only to our own porters, but to the natives round about, many of whom were on short commons on account of the drought.

Bringing over the launch we worked until after dark to get the bull out of the difficult position in which he lay. It was nearly seven o'clock before we had him fixed for towing on one quarter, the row-boat towing on the other, by which time two hippos were snorting and blowing within a few yards of us, their curiosity much excited as to what was going on. The night was overcast; there were drenching rain squalls, and a rather heavy sea was running, and I did not get back to camp until after three. Next day the launch fetched in the rest of the hippo meat.

From this camp we went into Naivasha, on the line of the railway. In many places the road was beautiful, leading among the huge yellow trunks of giant thorn-trees, the ground rising sheer on our left as we cantered along the edge of the lake. We passed impalla, tommies, zebra, and wart-hog; and in one place saw three waterbuck cows feeding just outside the papyrus at high noon. They belonged to a herd that lived in the papyrus and fed on the grassy flats outside; and their feeding in the open exactly at noon was another proof of the fact that the custom

of feeding in the early morning and late evening is with most game entirely artificial and the result of fear of man. Birds abounded. Parties of the dark-colored ant-eating wheatear sang sweetly from trees and bushes, and even from the roofs of the settlers' houses. The tri-colored starlings—black, white, and chestnut—sang in the air, as well as when perched on twigs. Stopping at the government farm (which is most interesting; the results obtained in improving the native sheep, goats, and cattle by the use of imported thoroughbred bulls and rams have been astonishingly successful) we saw the little long-tailed, red-billed, black and white whydahs flitting around the out-buildings as familiarly as sparrows. Water birds of all kinds thronged the meadows bordering the papyrus, and swam and waded among the water-lilies; sacred ibis, herons, beautiful white spoon-bills, darters, cormorants, Egyptian geese, ducks, coots, and water hens. I got up within rifle range of a flock of the queer ibis stork, black and white birds with curved yellow bills, naked red faces, and wonderful purple tints on the edges and the insides of the wings; with the little Springfield I shot one on the ground and another on the wing, after the flock had risen.

That night Kermit and Dr. Mearns went out with lanterns and shot-guns, and each killed one of the springhaas, the jumping hares, which abounded in the neighborhood. These big, burrowing animals,

which progress by jumping like kangaroos, are strictly nocturnal, and their eyes shine in the glare of the lanterns.

Next day I took the Fox gun, which had already on ducks, guinea-fowl, and francolin shown itself an exceptionally hard-hitting and close-shooting weapon, and collected various water birds for the naturalists; among others, a couple of Egyptian geese. I also shot a white pelican with the Springfield rifle; there was a beautiful rosy flush on the breast.

Here we again got news of the outside world. While on safari the only newspaper which any of us ever saw was the *Owego Gazette,* which Loring, in a fine spirit of neighborhood loyalty, always had sent to him in his mail. To the Doctor, by the way, I had become knit in a bond of close intellectual sympathy ever since a chance allusion to " William Henry's Letters to His Grandmother " had disclosed the fact that each of us, ever since the days of his youth, had preserved the bound volumes of " Our Young Folks," and moreover firmly believed that there never had been its equal as a magazine, whether for old or young; even though the Plancus of our golden consulship was the not wholly happy Andrew Johnson.

CHAPTER X

ELEPHANT HUNTING ON MOUNT KENIA

ON July 24th, in order to ship our fresh accumulations of specimens and trophies, we once more went into Nairobi. It was a pleasure again to see its tree-bordered streets and charming houses bowered in vines and bushes, and to meet once more the men and women who dwelt in the houses. I wish it were in my power to thank individually the members of the many East African households of which I shall always cherish warm memories of friendship and regard.

At Nairobi I saw Selous, who had just returned from a two months' safari with McMillan, Williams, and Judd. Their experience shows how large the element of luck is in lion hunting. Selous was particularly anxious to kill a good lion; there is nowhere to be found a more skilful or more hard-working hunter; yet he never even got a shot. Williams, on the other hand, came across three. Two he killed easily. The third charged him. He was carrying a double-barrelled .450, but failed to stop the beast; it seized him by the leg, and his life was saved by his Swahili gun-bearer, who gave the lion a fatal shot as it stood over him. He came within

an ace of dying; but when I saw him, at the hospital, he was well on the road to recovery. One day Selous while on horseback saw a couple of lionesses, and galloped after them, followed by Judd, seventy or eighty yards behind. One lioness stopped and crouched under a bush, let Selous pass, and then charged Judd. She was right alongside him, and he fired from the hip; the bullet went into her eye; his horse jumped and swerved at the shot, throwing him off, and he found himself sitting on the ground, not three yards from the dead lioness. Nothing more was seen of the other.

Continually I met men with experiences in their past lives which showed how close the country was to those primitive conditions in which warfare with wild beasts was one of the main features of man's existence. At one dinner my host and two of my fellow-guests had been within a year or eighteen months severely mauled by lions. All three, by the way, informed me that the actual biting caused them at the moment no pain whatever; the pain came later. On meeting Harold Hill, my companion on one of my Kapiti Plains lion hunts, I found that since I had seen him he had been roughly handled by a dying leopard. The government had just been obliged to close one of the trade routes to native caravans because of the ravages of a man-eating lion, which carried men away from the camps. A safari which had come in from the north had been charged

by a rhino, and one of the porters tossed and killed, the horn being driven clean through his loins. At Heatley's farm three buffalo (belonging to the same herd from which we had shot five) rushed out of the papyrus one afternoon at a passing buggy, which just managed to escape by a breakneck run across the level plain, the beasts chasing it for a mile. One afternoon, at Government House, I met a government official who had once succeeded in driving into a corral seventy zebras, including more stallions than mares; their misfortune in no way abated their savagery toward one another, and as the limited space forbade the escape of the weaker, the stallions fought to the death with teeth and hoofs during the first night, and no less than twenty were killed outright or died of their wounds.

Most of the time in Nairobi we were the guests of ever-hospitable McMillan, in his low, cool house, with its broad, vine-shaded veranda, running around all four sides, and its garden, fragrant and brilliant with innumerable flowers. Birds abounded, singing beautifully; the bulbuls were the most noticeable singers, but there were many others. The dark ant-eating chats haunted the dusky roads on the outskirts of the town, and were interesting birds; they were usually found in parties, flirted their tails up and down as they sat on bushes or roofs or wires, sang freely in chorus until after dusk, and then retired to holes in the ground for the night. A tiny

owl with a queer little voice called continually not only after nightfall, but in the bright afternoons. Shrikes spitted insects on the spines of the imported cactus in the gardens.

It was race week, and the races, in some of which Kermit rode, were capital fun. The white people—army officers, government officials, farmers from the country roundabout, and their wives—rode to the races on ponies or even on camels, or drove up in rickshaws, in gharries, in bullock tongas, occasionally in automobiles, most often in two-wheel carts or rickety hacks drawn by mules and driven by a turbaned Indian or a native in a cotton shirt. There were Parsees, and Goanese dressed just like the Europeans. There were many other Indians, their picturesque womenkind gaudy in crimson, blue, and saffron. The constabulary, Indian and native, were in neat uniforms and well set up, though often barefooted. Straight, slender Somalis with clear-cut features were in attendance on the horses. Native negroes, of many different tribes, flocked to the racecourse and its neighborhood. The Swahilis, and those among the others who aspired toward civilization, were well clad, the men in half European costume, the women in flowing, parti-colored robes. But most of them were clad, or unclad, just as they always had been. Wakamba, with filed teeth, crouched in circles on the ground. Kikuyu passed, the men each with a blanket hung round the shoul-

ders, and girdles of chains, and armlets and anklets of solid metal; the older women bent under burdens they carried on the back, half of them in addition with babies slung somewhere round them, while now and then an unmarried girl would have her face painted with ochre and vermilion. A small party of Masai warriors kept close together, each clutching his shining, long-bladed war spear, their hair daubed red and twisted into strings. A large band of Kavirondo, stark naked, with shield and spear and headdress of nodding plumes, held a dance near the race-track. As for the races themselves, they were carried on in the most sporting spirit, and only the Australian poet Patterson could adequately write of them.

On August 4th I returned to Lake Naivasha, stopping on the way at Kijabe to lay the corner-stone of the new mission building. Mearns and Loring had stayed at Naivasha and had collected many birds and small mammals. That night they took me out on a springhaas hunt. Thanks to Kermit we had discovered that the way to get this curious and purely nocturnal animal was by "shining" it with a lantern at night, just as in our own country deer, coons, owls, and other creatures can be killed. Springhaas live in big burrows, a number of them dwelling together in one community, the holes close to one another, and making what in the West we would call a "town" in speaking of prairie dogs. At night

they come out to feed on the grass. They are as heavy as a big jack-rabbit, with short forelegs, and long hind legs and tail, so that they look and on occasion move like miniature kangaroos, although, in addition to making long hops or jumps, they often run almost like an ordinary rat or rabbit. They are pretty creatures, fawn-colored above, and white beneath, with the terminal half of the tail very dark. In hunting them we simply walked over the flats for a couple of hours, flashing the bull's-eye lantern on all sides, until we saw the light reflected back by a springhaas's eyes. Then I would approach to within range, and hold the lantern in my left hand so as to shine both on the sight and on the eyes in front, resting my gun on my left wrist. The number 3 shot, in the Fox double-barrel, would always do the business, if I held straight enough. There was nothing but the gleam of the eyes to shoot at; and this might suddenly be raised or lowered as the intently watching animal crouched on all-fours or raised itself on its hind legs. I shot half a dozen, all that the naturalists wanted. Then I tried to shoot a fox; but the moon had risen from behind a cloud bank; I had to take a long shot and missed; but my companions killed several, and found that they were a new species of the peculiar African long-eared fox.

While waiting for the safari to get ready, Kermit went off on a camping trip and shot two bushbuck,

while I spent a couple of days trying for singsing waterbuck on the edge of the papyrus. I missed a bull, and wounded another which I did not get. This was all the more exasperating because interspersed with the misses were some good shots: I killed a fine waterbuck cow at a hundred yards, and a buck tommy for the table at two hundred and fifty; and, after missing a handsome black and white, red-billed and red-legged jabiru, or saddle-billed stork, at a hundred and fifty yards, as he stalked through the meadow after frogs, I cut him down on the wing at a hundred and eighty, with the little Springfield rifle. The waterbuck spent the daytime outside, but near the edge of, the papyrus; I found them grazing or resting, in the open, at all times between early morning and late afternoon. Some of them spent most of the day in the papyrus, keeping to the watery trails made by the hippos and by themselves; but this was not the general habit, unless they had been persecuted. When frightened they often ran into the papyrus, smashing the dead reeds and splashing the water in their rush. They are noble-looking antelope, with long, shaggy hair, and their chosen haunts beside the lake were very attractive. Clumps of thorn-trees and flowering bushes grew at the edge of the tall papyrus here and there, and often formed a matted jungle, the trees laced together by creepers, many of them brilliant in their bloom. The climbing morning-glories some-

times completely covered a tree with their pale-purple flowers; and other blossoming vines spangled the green over which their sprays were flung with masses of bright yellow.

Four days' march from Naivasha, where we again left Mearns and Loring, took us to Neri. Our line of march lay across the high plateaus and mountain chains of the Aberdare range. The steep, twisting trail was slippery with mud. Our last camp, at an altitude of about ten thousand feet, was so cold that the water froze in the basins, and the shivering porters slept in numbed discomfort. There was constant fog and rain, and on the highest plateau the bleak landscape, shrouded in driving mist, was northern to all the senses. The ground was rolling, and through the deep valleys ran brawling brooks of clear water; one little foaming stream, suddenly tearing down a hill-side, might have been that which Childe Roland crossed before he came to the dark tower.

There was not much game, and it generally moved abroad by night. One frosty evening we killed a duiker by shining its eyes. We saw old elephant tracks. The high, wet levels swarmed with mice and shrews, just as our arctic and alpine meadows swarm with them. The species were really widely different from ours, but many of them showed curious analogies in form and habits; there was a short-tailed shrew much like our mole shrew, and a long-haired, short-tailed rat like a very big meadow

mouse. They were so plentiful that we frequently saw them, and the grass was cut up by their runways. They were abroad during the day, probably finding the nights too cold, and in an hour Heller trapped a dozen or two individuals belonging to seven species and five different genera. There were not many birds so high up. There were deer ferns; and Spanish moss hung from the trees and even from the bamboos. The flowers included utterly strange forms, as for instance giant lobelias ten feet high. Others we know in our gardens; geraniums and red-hot-pokers, which in places turned the glades to a fire color. Yet others either were like, or looked like, our own wild flowers: orange lady-slippers, red gladiolas on stalks six feet high, pansy-like violets, and blackberries and yellow raspberries. There were stretches of bushes bearing masses of small red or large white flowers shaped somewhat like columbines, or like the garden balsam; the red flower bushes were under the bamboos, the white at a lower level. The crests and upper slopes of the mountains were clothed in the green uniformity of the bamboo forest, the trail winding dim under its dark archway of tall, close-growing stems. Lower down were junipers and yews, and then many other trees, with among them tree ferns and strange dragon trees with lily-like frondage. Zone succeeded zone from top to bottom, each marked by a different plant life.

In this part of Africa, where flowers bloom and

birds sing all the year round, there is no such burst of bloom and song as in the northern spring and early summer. There is nothing like the mass of blossoms which carpet the meadows of the high mountain valleys and far northern meadows, during their brief high tide of life, when one short joyous burst of teeming and vital beauty atones for the long death of the iron fall and winter. So it is with the bird songs. Many of them are beautiful, though to my ears none quite as beautiful as the best of our own bird songs. At any rate there is nothing that quite corresponds to the chorus that during May and June moves northward from the Gulf States and southern California to Maine, Minnesota, and Oregon, to Ontario and Saskatchewan; when there comes the great vernal burst of bloom and song; when the mayflower, bloodroot, wake-robin, anemone, adder's tongue, liverwort, shadblow, dogwood, redbud, gladden the woods; when mocking-birds and cardinals sing in the magnolia groves of the South, and hermit thrushes, winter wrens, and sweetheart sparrows in the spruce and hemlock forests of the North; when bobolinks in the East and meadowlarks East and West sing in the fields; and water ousels by the cold streams of the Rockies, and canyon wrens in their sheer gorges; when from the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific wood thrushes, veeries, rufous-backed thrushes, robins, bluebirds, orioles, thrashers, cat-birds, house finches, song sparrows—some in the East, some in the West,

some both East and West—and many, many other singers thrill the gardens at sunrise; until the long days begin to shorten, and tawny lilies burn by the roadside, and the indigo buntings trill from the tops of little trees throughout the hot afternoons.

We were in the Kikuyu country. On our march we met several parties of natives. I had been much inclined to pity the porters, who had but one blanket apiece; but when I saw the Kikuyus, each with nothing but a smaller blanket, and without the other clothing and the tents of the porters, I realized how much better off the latter were simply because they were on a white man's safari. At Neri boma we were greeted with the warmest hospitality by the District Commissioner, Mr. Browne. Among other things, he arranged a great Kikuyu dance in our honor. Two thousand warriors, and many women, came in; as well as a small party of Masai moran. The warriors were naked, or half-naked; some carried gaudy blankets, others girdles of leopard skin; their ox-hide shields were colored in bold patterns, their long-bladed spears quivered and gleamed. Their faces and legs were painted red and yellow; the faces of the young men who were about to undergo the rite of circumcision were stained a ghastly white, and their bodies fantastically painted. The warriors wore bead necklaces and waist belts and armlets of brass and steel, and spurred anklets of monkey skin. Some wore head-dresses made out of

a lion's mane or from the long black and white fur of the Colobus monkey; others had plumes stuck in their red-daubed hair. They chanted in unison a deep-toned chorus, and danced rhythmically in rings, while the drums throbbed and the horns blared; and they danced by us in column, springing and chanting. The women shrilled applause, and danced in groups by themselves. The Masai circled and swung in a panther-like dance of their own, and the measure, and their own fierce singing and calling, maddened them until two of their number, their eyes staring, their faces working, went into fits of berserker frenzy, and were disarmed at once to prevent mischief. Some of the tribesmen held wilder dances still in the evening, by the light of fires that blazed in a grove where their thatched huts stood.

The second day after reaching Neri the clouds lifted and we dried our damp clothes and blankets. Through the bright sunlight we saw in front of us the high rock peaks of Kenia, and shining among them the fields of everlasting snow which feed her glaciers; for beautiful, lofty Kenia is one of the glacier-bearing mountains of the equator. Here Kermit and Tarlton went northward on a safari of their own, while Cuninghame, Heller, and I headed for Kenia itself. For two days we travelled through a well-peopled country. The fields of corn—always called mealies in Africa—of beans, and sweet potatoes, with occasional plantations of bananas,

touched one another in almost uninterrupted succession. In most of them we saw the Kikuyu women at work with their native hoes; for among the Kikuyus, as among other savages, the woman is the drudge and beast of burden. Our trail led by clear, rushing streams, which formed the head-waters of the Tana; among the trees fringing their banks were graceful palms, and there were groves of tree ferns here and there on the sides of the gorges.

On the afternoon of the second day we struck upward among the steep foot-hills of the mountain, riven by deep ravines. We pitched camp in an open glade, surrounded by the green wall of tangled forest, the forest of the tropical mountain sides.

The trees, strange of kind and endless in variety, grew tall and close, laced together by vine and creeper, while underbrush crowded the space between their mossy trunks, and covered the leafy mould beneath. Toward dusk crested ibis flew overhead with harsh clamor, to seek their night roosts; parrots chattered, and a curiously home-like touch was given by the presence of a thrush in color and shape almost exactly like our robin. Monkeys called in the depths of the forest, and after dark tree-frogs piped and croaked, and the tree hyraxes uttered their wailing cries.

Elephants dwelt permanently in this mountainous region of heavy woodland. On our march thither we had already seen their traces in the "shambas," as the

cultivated fields of the natives are termed; for the great beasts are fond of raiding the crops at night, and their inroads often do serious damage. In this neighborhood their habit is to live high up in the mountains, in the bamboos, while the weather is dry; the cows and calves keeping closer to the bamboos than the bulls. A spell of wet weather, such as we had fortunately been having, drives them down in the dense forest which covers the lower slopes. Here they may either pass all their time, or at night they may go still further down, into the open valley where the shambas lie; or they may occasionally still do what they habitually did in the days before the white hunters came, and wander far away, making migrations that are sometimes seasonal, and sometimes irregular and unaccountable.

No other animal, not the lion himself, is so constant a theme of talk, and a subject of such unflagging interest round the camp-fires of African hunters and in the native villages of the African wilderness, as the elephant. Indeed the elephant has always profoundly impressed the imagination of mankind. It is, not only to hunters, but to naturalists, and to all people who possess any curiosity about wild creatures and the wild life of nature, the most interesting of all animals. Its huge bulk, its singular form, the value of its ivory, its great intelligence—in which it is only matched, if at all, by the highest apes, and possibly by one or two of the highest carnivores—

and its varied habits, all combine to give it an interest such as attaches to no other living creature below the rank of man. In line of descent and in physical formation it stands by itself, wholly apart from all the other great land beasts, and differing from them even more widely than they differ from one another. The two existing species—the African, which is the larger and finer animal, and the Asiatic —differ from one another as much as they do from the mammoth and similar extinct forms which were the contemporaries of early man in Europe and North America. The carvings of our palæolithic forefathers, etched on bone by cavern dwellers, from whom we are sundered by ages which stretch into an immemorial past, show that in their lives the hairy elephant of the north played the same part that his remote collateral descendant now plays in the lives of the savages who dwell under a vertical sun beside the tepid waters of the Nile and the Congo.

In the first dawn of history, the sculptured records of the kings of Egypt, Babylon, and Nineveh show the immense importance which attached in the eyes of the mightiest monarchs of the then world to the chase and the trophies of this great strange beast. The ancient civilization of India boasts as one of its achievements the taming of the elephant; and in the ancient lore of that civilization the elephant plays a distinguished part.

The elephant is unique among the beasts of great

bulk in the fact that his growth in size has been accompanied by growth in brain power. With other beasts growth in bulk of body has not been accompanied by similar growth of mind. Indeed sometimes there seems to have been mental retrogression. The rhinoceros, in several different forms, is found in the same regions as the elephant, and in one of its forms it is in point of size second only to the elephant among terrestrial animals. Seemingly the ancestors of the two creatures, in that period, separated from us by uncounted hundreds of thousands of years, which we may conveniently designate as late miocene or early pliocene, were substantially equal in brain development. But in one case increase in bulk seems to have induced lethargy and atrophy of brain power, while in the other case brain and body have both grown. At any rate the elephant is now one of the wisest and the rhinoceros one of the stupidest of big mammals. In consequence the elephant outlasts the rhino, although he is the largest, carries infinitely more valuable spoils, and is far more eagerly and persistently hunted. Both animals wandered freely over the open country of East Africa thirty years ago. But the elephant learns by experience infinitely more readily than the rhinoceros. As a rule, the former no longer lives in the open plains, and in many places now even crosses them if possible only at night. But those rhinoceros which formerly dwelt in the plains for the most part continued to

dwell there until killed out. So it is at the present day. Not the most foolish elephant would under similar conditions behave as the rhinos that we studied and hunted by Kilimakiu and in the Sotik behaved. No elephant, in regions where they have been much persecuted by hunters, would habitually spend its days lying or standing in the open plain; nor would it, in such places, repeatedly, and in fact uniformly, permit men to walk boldly up to it without heeding them until in its immediate neighborhood. The elephant's sight is bad, as is that of the rhinoceros; but a comparatively brief experience with rifle-bearing man usually makes the former take refuge in regions where scent and hearing count for more than sight; while no experience has any such effect on the rhino. The rhinos that now live in the bush are the descendants of those which always lived in the bush; and it is in the bush that the species will linger long after it has vanished from the open; and it is in the bush that it is most formidable.

Elephant and rhino differ as much in their habits as in their intelligence. The former is very gregarious, herds of several hundred being sometimes found, and is of a restless, wandering temper, often shifting his abode and sometimes making long migrations. The rhinoceros is a lover of solitude; it is usually found alone, or a bull and cow, or cow and calf may be in company; very rarely are as many as

half a dozen found together. Moreover, it is comparatively stationary in its habits, and as a general thing stays permanently in one neighborhood, not shifting its position for very many miles unless for grave reasons.

The African elephant has recently been divided into a number of sub-species; but as within a century its range was continuous over nearly the whole continent south of the Sahara, and as it was given to such extensive occasional wanderings, it is probable that the examination of a sufficient series of specimens would show that on their confines these races grade into one another. In its essentials the beast is almost everywhere the same, although, of course, there must be variation of habits with any animal which exists throughout so wide and diversified a range of territory; for in one place it is found in high mountains, in another in a dry desert, in another in low-lying marshes or wet and dense forests.

In East Africa the old bulls are usually found singly or in small parties by themselves. These have the biggest tusks; the bulls in the prime of life, the herd bulls or breeding bulls, which keep in herds with the cows and calves, usually have smaller ivory. Sometimes, however, very old but vigorous bulls are found with the cows; and I am inclined to think that the ordinary herd bulls at times also keep by themselves, or at least in company with only a few

cows, for at certain seasons, generally immediately after the rains, cows, most of them with calves, appear in great numbers at certain places, where only a few bulls are ever found. Where undisturbed elephant rest, and wander about at all times of the day and night, and feed without much regard to fixed hours. Morning or evening, noon or midnight, the herd may be on the move, or its members may be resting; yet, during the hottest hours of noon they seldom feed, and ordinarily stand almost still, resting—for elephant very rarely lie down unless sick. Where they are afraid of man, their only enemy, they come out to feed in thinly forested plains, or cultivated fields, when they do so at all, only at night, and before daybreak move back into the forest to rest. Elsewhere they sometimes spend the day in the open, in grass or low bush. Where we were, at this time, on Kenia, the elephants sometimes moved down at night to feed in the shambas, at the expense of the crops of the natives, and sometimes stayed in the forest, feeding by day or night on the branches they tore off the trees, or, occasionally, on the roots they grubbed up with their tusks. They work vast havoc among the young or small growth of a forest, and the readiness with which they uproot, overturn, or break off medium sized trees conveys a striking impression of their enormous strength. I have seen a tree a foot in diameter thus uprooted and overturned.

The African elephant has never, like his Indian kinsman, been trained to man's use. There is still hope that the feat may be performed; but hitherto its probable economic usefulness has for various reasons seemed so questionable that there has been scant encouragement to undergo the necessary expense and labor. Up to the present time the African elephant has yielded only his ivory as an asset of value. This, however, has been of such great value as wellnigh to bring about the mighty beast's utter extermination. Ivory hunters and ivory traders have penetrated Africa to the haunts of the elephant since centuries before our era, and the elephant boundaries have been slowly receding throughout historic time; but during the century just passed its process has been immensely accelerated, until now there are but one or two out-of-the-way nooks of the Dark Continent to the neighborhood of which hunter and trader have not penetrated. Fortunately the civilized powers which now divide dominion over Africa have waked up in time, and there is at present no danger of the extermination of the lord of all four-footed creatures. Large reserves have been established on which various herds of elephants now live what is, at least for the time being, an entirely safe life. Furthermore, over great tracts of territory outside the reserves regulations have been promulgated which, if enforced as they are now enforced, will prevent any excessive

diminution of the herds. In British East Africa, for instance, no cows are allowed to be shot save for special purposes, as for preservation in a museum, or to safeguard life and property; and no bulls with tusks weighing less than thirty pounds apiece. This renders safe almost all the females and an ample supply of breeding males. Too much praise cannot be given the governments and the individuals who have brought about this happy result; the credit belongs especially to England and to various Englishmen. It would be a veritable and most tragic calamity if the lordly elephant, the giant among existing four-footed creatures, should be permitted to vanish from the face of the earth.

But of course protection is not permanently possible over the greater part of that country which is well fitted for settlement; nor anywhere, if the herds grow too numerous. It would be not merely silly, but worse than silly, to try to stop all killing of elephants. The unchecked increase of any big and formidable wild beast, even though not a flesh eater, is incompatible with the existence of man when he has emerged from the state of lowest savagery. This is not a matter of theory, but of proved fact. In place after place in Africa where protection has been extended to hippopotamus or buffalo, rhinoceros or elephant, it has been found necessary to withdraw it because the protected animals did such dam-

age to property, or became such menaces to human life. Among all four species cows with calves often attack men without provocation, and old bulls are at any time likely to become infected by a spirit of wanton and ferocious mischief and apt to become mankillers. I know settlers who tried to preserve the rhinoceros which they found living on their big farms, and who were obliged to abandon the attempt, and themselves to kill the rhinos because of repeated and wanton attacks on human beings by the latter. Where we were by Neri, a year or two before our visit, the rhinos had become so dangerous, killing one white man and several natives, that the District Commissioner who preceded Mr. Browne was forced to undertake a crusade against them, killing fifteen. Both in South Africa and on the Nile protection extended to hippopotamus has in places been wholly withdrawn because of the damage done by the beasts to the crops of the natives, or because of their unprovoked assaults on canoes and boats. In one instance a last surviving hippo was protected for years, but finally grew bold because of immunity, killed a boy in sheer wantonness, and had to be himself slain. In Uganda the buffalo were for years protected, and grew so bold, killed so many natives, and ruined so many villages, that they are now classed as vermin and their destruction in every way encouraged. In the very neighborhood where I was hunting at Kenia but six weeks before my

coming, a cow buffalo had wandered down into the plains and run amuck, had attacked two villages, had killed a man and a boy, and had then been mobbed to death by the spearmen. Elephant, when in numbers, and when not possessed of the fear of man, are more impossible neighbors than hippo, rhino, or buffalo; but they are so eagerly sought after by ivory hunters that it is only rarely that they get the chance to become really dangerous to life, although in many places their ravages among the crops are severely felt by the unfortunate natives who live near them.

The chase of the elephant, if persistently followed, entails more fatigue and hardship than any other kind of African hunting. As regards risk, it is hard to say whether it is more or less dangerous than the chase of the lion and the buffalo. Both Cuninghame and Tarlton, men of wide experience, ranked elephant hunting, in point of danger, as nearly on the level with lion hunting, and as more dangerous than buffalo hunting; and all three kinds as far more dangerous than the chase of the rhino. Personally, I believe the actual conflict with a lion, where the conditions are the same, to be normally the more dangerous sport; though far greater demands are made by elephant hunting on the qualities of personal endurance and hardihood and resolute perseverance in the face of disappointment and difficulty. Buffalo, seemingly, do not charge as freely as ele-

phant, but are more dangerous when they do charge. Rhino when hunted, though at times ugly customers, seem to me certainly less dangerous than the other three; but from sheer stupid truculence they are themselves apt to take the offensive in unexpected fashion, being far more prone to such aggression than are any of the others—man-eating lions always excepted.

Very few of the native tribes in Africa hunt the elephant systematically. But the 'Ndorobo, the wild bush people of East Africa, sometimes catch young elephants in the pits they dig with slow labor, and very rarely they kill one with a kind of harpoon. The 'Ndorobo are doubtless in part descended from some primitive bush people, but in part also derive their blood from the more advanced tribes near which their wandering families happen to live; and they grade into the latter, by speech and through individuals who seem to stand half-way between. Thus we had with us two Masai 'Ndorobo, true wild people, who spoke a bastard Masai; who had formerly hunted with Cuninghame, and who came to us because of their ancient friendship with him. These shy wood creatures were afraid to come to Neri by daylight, when we were camped there, but after dark crept to Cuninghame's tent. Cuninghame gave them two fine red blankets, and put them to sleep in a little tent, keeping their spears in his own tent, as a matter of precaution to prevent their run-

ning away. The elder of the two, he informed me, would certainly have a fit of hysterics when we killed our elephant! Cuninghame was also joined by other old friends of former hunts, Kikuyu 'Ndorobo these, who spoke Kikuyu like the people who cultivated the fields that covered the river-bottoms and hill-sides of the adjoining open country, and who were, indeed, merely outlying, forest-dwelling members of the lowland tribes. In the deep woods we met one old Dorobo, who had no connection with any more advanced tribe, whose sole belongings were his spear, skin cloak, and fire stick, and who lived purely on honey and game; unlike the bastard 'Ndorobo, he was ornamented with neither paint nor grease. But the 'Ndorobo who were our guides stood farther up in the social scale. The men passed most of their time in the forest, but up the mountain sides they had squalid huts on little clearings, with shambas, where their wives raised scanty crops. To the 'Ndorobo, and to them alone, the vast, thick forest was an open book; without their aid as guides both Cuninghame and our own gun-bearers were at fault, and found their way around with great difficulty and slowness. The bush people had nothing in the way of clothing save a blanket over the shoulders, but wore the usual paint and grease and ornaments; each carried a spear which might have a long and narrow, or short and broad blade; two of them wore head-dresses

of tripe—skull-caps made from the inside of a sheep's stomach.

For two days after reaching our camp in the open glade on the mountain side it rained. We were glad of this, because it meant that the elephants would not be in the bamboos, and Cuninghame and the 'Ndorobo went off to hunt for fresh signs. Cuninghame is as skilful an elephant hunter as can be found in Africa, and is one of the very few white men able to help even the wild bushmen at their work. By the afternoon of the second day they were fairly well satisfied as to the whereabouts of the quarry.

The following morning a fine rain was still falling when Cuninghame, Heller, and I started on our hunt; but by noon it had stopped. Of course we went in single file and on foot; not even a bear hunter from the cane-brakes of the lower Mississippi could ride through that forest. We left our home camp standing, taking blankets and a coat and change of underclothing for each of us, and two small Whymper tents, with enough food for three days; I also took my wash kit and a book from the Pigskin Library. First marched the 'Ndorobo guides, each with his spear, his blanket round his shoulders, and a little bundle of corn and sweet potato. Then came Cuninghame, followed by his gun-bearer. Then I came, clad in khaki-colored flannel shirt and khaki trousers buttoning down the

legs, with hob-nailed shoes and a thick slouch hat; I had intended to wear rubber-soled shoes, but the soaked ground was too slippery. My two gun-bearers followed, carrying the Holland and the Springfield. Then came Heller, at the head of a dozen porters and skinners; he and they were to fall behind when we actually struck fresh elephant spoor, but to follow our trail by the help of a Dorobo who was left with them.

For three hours our route lay along the edge of the woods. We climbed into and out of deep ravines in which groves of tree ferns clustered. We waded through streams of swift water, whose course was broken by cataract and rapid. We passed through shambas, and by the doors of little hamlets of thatched beehive huts. We met flocks of goats and hairy, fat-tailed sheep guarded by boys; strings of burden-bearing women stood meekly to one side to let us pass; parties of young men sauntered by, spear in hand.

Then we struck into the great forest, and in an instant the sun was shut from sight by the thick screen of wet foliage. It was a riot of twisted vines, interlacing the trees and bushes. Only the elephant paths, which, of every age, crossed and recrossed it hither and thither, made it passable. One of the chief difficulties in hunting elephants in the forest is that it is impossible to travel, except very slowly and with much noise, off these trails, so that it is sometimes

very difficult to take advantage of the wind; and although the sight of the elephant is dull, both its sense of hearing and its sense of smell are exceedingly acute.

Hour after hour we worked our way onward through tangled forest and matted jungle. There was little sign of bird or animal life. A troop of long-haired black and white monkeys bounded away among the tree tops. Here and there brilliant flowers lightened the gloom. We ducked under vines and climbed over fallen timber. Poisonous nettles stung our hands. We were drenched by the wet boughs which we brushed aside. Mosses and ferns grew rank and close. The trees were of strange kinds. There were huge trees with little leaves, and small trees with big leaves. There were trees with bare, fleshy limbs, that writhed out through the neighboring branches, bearing sparse clusters of large frondage. In places the forest was low, the trees thirty or forty feet high, the bushes, that choked the ground between, fifteen or twenty feet high. In other places mighty monarchs of the wood, straight and tall, towered aloft to an immense height; among them were trees whose smooth, round boles were spotted like sycamores, while far above our heads their gracefully spreading branches were hung with vines like mistletoe and draped with Spanish moss; trees whose surfaces were corrugated and knotted as if they were made of bundles of great creepers;

and giants whose buttressed trunks were four times a man's length across.

Twice we got on elephant spoor, once of a single bull, once of a party of three. Then Cuninghame and the 'Ndorobo redoubled their caution. They would minutely examine the fresh dung; and above all they continually tested the wind, scanning the tree tops, and lighting matches to see from the smoke what the eddies were near the ground. Each time after an hour's stealthy stepping and crawling along the twisted trail a slight shift of the wind in the almost still air gave our scent to the game, and away it went before we could catch a glimpse of it; and we resumed our walk. The elephant paths led up hill and down—for the beasts are wonderful climbers—and wound in and out in every direction. They were marked by broken branches and the splintered and shattered trunks of the smaller trees, especially where the elephant had stood and fed, trampling down the bushes for many yards around. Where they had crossed the marshy valleys they had punched big round holes, three feet deep, in the sticky mud.

As evening fell we pitched camp by the side of a little brook at the bottom of a ravine, and dined ravenously on bread, mutton, and tea. The air was keen, and under our blankets we slept in comfort until dawn. Breakfast was soon over and camp struck; and once more we began our cautious prog-

ress through the dim, cool archways of the mountain forest.

Two hours after leaving camp we came across the fresh trail of a small herd of perhaps ten or fifteen elephant cows and calves, but including two big herd bulls. At once we took up the trail. Cuninghame and his bush people consulted again and again, scanning every track and mark with minute attention. The signs showed that the elephants had fed in the shambas early in the night, had then returned to the mountain, and stood in one place resting for several hours, and had left this sleeping ground some time before we reached it. After we had followed the trail a short while we made the experiment of trying to force our own way through the jungle, so as to get the wind more favorable; but our progress was too slow and noisy, and we returned to the path the elephants had beaten. Then the 'Ndorobo went ahead, travelling noiselessly and at speed. One of them was clad in a white blanket, and another in a red one, which were conspicuous; but they were too silent and cautious to let the beasts see them, and could tell exactly where they were and what they were doing by the sounds. When these trackers waited for us they would appear before us like ghosts; once one of them dropped down from the branches above, having climbed a tree with monkey-like agility to get a glimpse of the great game.

At last we could hear the elephants, and under Cuninghame's lead we walked more cautiously than ever. The wind was right, and the trail of one elephant led close alongside that of the rest of the herd, and parallel thereto. It was about noon. The elephants moved slowly, and we listened to the boughs crack, and now and then to the curious internal rumblings of the great beasts. Carefully, every sense on the alert, we kept pace with them. My double-barrel was in my hands, and, whenever possible, as I followed the trail, I stepped in the huge footprints of the elephant, for where such a weight had pressed there were no sticks left to crack under my feet. It made our veins thrill thus for half an hour to creep stealthily along, but a few rods from the herd, never able to see it, because of the extreme denseness of the cover, but always hearing first one and then another of its members, and always trying to guess what each one might do, and keeping ceaselessly ready for whatever might befall. A flock of hornbills flew up with noisy clamor, but the elephants did not heed them.

At last we came in sight of the mighty game. The trail took a twist to one side, and there, thirty yards in front of us, we made out part of the gray and massive head of an elephant resting his tusks on the branches of a young tree. A couple of minutes passed before, by cautious scrutiny, we were able to tell whether the animal was a cow or a bull, and

whether, if a bull, it carried heavy enough tusks. Then we saw that it was a big bull with good ivory. It turned its head in my direction and I saw its eye; and I fired a little to one side of the eye, at a spot which I thought would lead to the brain. I struck exactly where I aimed, but the head of an elephant is enormous and the brain small, and the bullet missed it. However, the shock momentarily stunned the beast. He stumbled forward, half falling, and as he recovered I fired with the second barrel, again aiming for the brain. This time the bullet sped true, and as I lowered the rifle from my shoulder, I saw the great lord of the forest come crashing to the ground.

But at that very instant, before there was a moment's time in which to reload, the thick bushes parted immediately on my left front, and through them surged the vast bulk of a charging bull elephant, the matted mass of tough creepers snapping like packthread before his rush. He was so close that he could have touched me with his trunk. I leaped to one side and dodged behind a tree trunk, opening the rifle, throwing out the empty shells, and slipping in two cartridges. Meanwhile Cuninghame fired right and left, at the same time throwing himself into the bushes on the other side. Both his bullets went home, and the bull stopped short in his charge, wheeled, and immediately disappeared in the thick cover. We ran forward, but the forest

had closed over his wake. We heard him trumpet shrilly, and then all sounds ceased.

The 'Ndorobo, who had quite properly disappeared when this second bull charged, now went forward, and soon returned with the report that he had fled at speed, but was evidently hard hit, as there was much blood on the spoor. If we had been only after ivory we should have followed him at once; but there was no telling how long a chase he might lead us; and as we desired to save the skin of the dead elephant entire, there was no time whatever to spare. It is a formidable task, occupying many days, to preserve an elephant for mounting in a museum, and if the skin is to be properly saved, it must be taken off without an hour's unnecessary delay.

So back we turned to where the dead tusker lay, and I felt proud indeed as I stood by the immense bulk of the slain monster and put my hand on the ivory. The tusks weighed a hundred and thirty pounds the pair. There was the usual scene of joyful excitement among the gun-bearers—who had behaved excellently—and among the wild bush people who had done the tracking for us; and, as Cuninghame had predicted, the old Masai Dorobo, from pure delight, proceeded to have hysterics on the body of the dead elephant. The scene was repeated when Heller and the porters appeared half an hour later. Then, chattering like monkeys, and as happy as possible, all, porters, gun-bearers, and

'Ndorobo alike, began the work of skinning and cutting up the quarry, under the leadership and supervision of Heller and Cuninghame, and soon they were all splashed with blood from head to foot. One of the trackers took off his blanket and squatted stark naked inside the carcass the better to use his knife. Each laborer rewarded himself by cutting off strips of meat for his private store, and hung them in red festoons from the branches round about. There was no let up in the work until it was stopped by darkness.

Our tents were pitched in a small open glade a hundred yards from the dead elephant. The night was clear, the stars shone brightly, and in the west the young moon hung just above the line of tall tree tops. Fires were speedily kindled and the men sat around them, feasting and singing in a strange minor tone until late in the night. The flickering light left them at one moment in black obscurity, and the next brought into bold relief their sinewy crouching figures, their dark faces, gleaming eyes, and flashing teeth. When they did sleep, two of the 'Ndorobo slept so close to the fire as to burn themselves; an accident to which they are prone, judging from the many scars of old burns on their legs. I toasted slices of elephant's heart on a pronged stick before the fire, and found it delicious; for I was hungry, and the night was cold. We talked of our success and exulted over it, and made

our plans for the morrow; and then we turned in under our blankets for another night's sleep.

Next morning some of the 'Ndorobo went off on the trail of Cuninghame's elephant to see if it had fallen, but found that it had travelled steadily, though its wounds were probably mortal. There was no object in my staying, for Heller and Cuninghame would be busy for the next ten days, and would ultimately have to use all the porters in taking off and curing the skin, and transporting it to Neri; so I made up my mind to go down to the plains for a hunt by myself. Taking one porter to carry my bedding, and with my gun-bearers, and a Dorobo as guide, I struck off through the forest for the main camp, reaching it early in the afternoon. Thence I bundled off a safari to Cuninghame and Heller, with food for a week, and tents and clothing; and then enjoyed the luxury of a shave and a warm bath. Next day was spent in writing and in making preparations for my own trip. A Kikuyu chief, clad in a cloak of hyrax skins, and carrying his war spear, came to congratulate me on killing the elephant and to present me with a sheep. Early the following morning everything was in readiness; the bull-necked porters lifted their loads, I stepped out in front, followed by my led horse, and in ten hours' march we reached Neri boma with its neat buildings, its trees, and its well-kept flower beds.

My hunting and travelling during the following

fortnight will be told in the next chapter. On the evening of September 6th we were all together again at Meru boma, on the north-eastern slopes of Kenia —Kermit, Tarlton, Cuninghame, Heller, and I. Thanks to the unfailing kindness of the Commissioner, Mr. Horne, we were given full information of the elephant in the neighborhood. He had no 'Ndorobo, but among the Wa-Meru, a wild martial tribe, who lived close around him, there were a number of hunters, or at least of men who knew the forest and the game, and these had been instructed to bring in any news.

We had, of course, no idea that elephant would be found close at hand. But next morning, about eleven, Horne came to our camp with four of his black scouts, who reported that three elephants were in a patch of thick jungle beside the shambas, not three miles away. Horne said that the elephants were cows, that they had been in the neighborhood some days, devastating the shambas, and were bold and fierce, having charged some men who sought to drive them away from the cultivated fields; it is curious to see how little heed these elephants pay to the natives. I wished a cow for the museum, and also another bull. So off we started at once, Kermit carrying his camera. I slipped on my rubber-soled shoes, and had my gun-bearers accompany me barefooted, with the Holland and the Springfield rifles. We followed foot-paths among the fields until we

reached the edge of the jungle in which the elephants stood.

This jungle lay beside the forest, and at this point separated it from the fields. It consisted of a mass of rank-growing bushes, allied to the cotton-plant, ten or twelve feet high, with only here and there a tree. It was not good ground in which to hunt elephant, for the tangle was practically impenetrable to a hunter save along the elephant trails, whereas the elephants themselves could move in any direction at will, with no more difficulty than a man would have in a hay-field. The bushes in most places rose just above their backs, so that they were completely hid from the hunter even a few feet away. Yet the cover afforded no shade to the mighty beasts, and it seemed strange that elephants should stand in it at mid-day with the sun out. There they were, however, for, looking cautiously into the cover from behind the bushes on a slight hill crest a quarter of a mile off, we could just make out a huge ear now and then as it lazily flapped.

On account of the wind we had to go well to one side before entering the jungle. Then in we went in single file, Cuninghame and Tarlton leading, with a couple of our naked guides. The latter showed no great desire to get too close, explaining that the elephants were " very fierce." Once in the jungle, we trod as quietly as possible, threading our way along the elephant trails, which crossed and re-

crossed one another. Evidently it was a favorite haunt, for the sign was abundant, both old and new. In the impenetrable cover it was quite impossible to tell just where the elephants were, and twice we sent one of the savages up a tree to locate the game. The last time the watcher, who stayed in the tree, indicated by signs that the elephant were not far off; and his companions wished to lead us round to where the cover was a little lower and thinner. But to do so would have given them our wind, and Cuninghame refused, taking into his own hands the management of the stalk. I kept my heavy rifle at the ready, and on we went, in watchful silence, prepared at any moment for a charge. We could not tell at what second we might catch our first glimpse at very close quarters of " the beast that hath between his eyes the serpent for a hand," and when thus surprised the temper of " the huge earth-shaking beast " is sometimes of the shortest.

Cuninghame and Tarlton stopped for a moment to consult; Cuninghame stooped, and Tarlton mounted his shoulders and stood upright, steadying himself by my hand. Down he came and told us that he had seen a small tree shake seventy yards distant; although upright on Cuninghame's shoulders he could not see the elephant itself. Forward we stole for a few yards, and then a piece of good luck befell us, for we came on the trunk of a great fallen tree, and scrambling up, we found ourselves

perched in a row six feet above the ground. The highest part of the trunk was near the root, farthest from where the elephants were; and though it offered precarious footing, it also offered the best lookout. Thither I balanced, and looking over the heads of my companions I at once made out the elephant. At first I could see nothing but the shaking branches, and one huge ear occasionally flapping. Then I made out the ear of another beast, and then the trunk of a third was uncurled, lifted, and curled again; it showered its back with earth. The watcher we had left behind in the tree top coughed; the elephants stood motionless, and up went the biggest elephant's trunk, feeling for the wind; the watcher coughed again, and then the bushes and saplings swayed and parted as three black bulks came toward us. The cover was so high that we could not see their tusks, only the tops of their heads and their backs being visible. The leader was the biggest, and at it I fired when it was sixty yards away, and nearly broadside on, but heading slightly toward me. I had previously warned every one to kneel. The recoil of the heavy rifle made me rock, as I stood unsteadily on my perch, and I failed to hit the brain. But the bullet, only missing the brain by an inch or two, brought the elephant to its knees; as it rose I floored it with the second barrel. The blast of the big rifle, by the way, was none too pleasant for the other men on the log and made Cuninghame's nose bleed. Re-

loading, I fired twice at the next animal, which was now turning. It stumbled and nearly fell, but at the same moment the first one rose again, and I fired both barrels into its head, bringing it once more to the ground. Once again it rose—an elephant's brain is not an easy mark to hit under such conditions—but as it moved slowly off, half stunned, I snatched the little Springfield rifle, and this time shot true, sending the bullet into its brain. As it fell I took another shot at the wounded elephant, now disappearing in the forest, but without effect.

On walking up to our prize it proved to be not a cow, but a good-sized adult (but not old) herd bull, with thick, short tusks weighing about forty pounds apiece. Ordinarily, of course, a bull, and not a cow, is what one desires, although on this occasion I needed a cow to complete the group for the National Museum. However, Heller and Cuninghame spent the next few days in preserving the skin, which I afterward gave to the University of California; and I was too much pleased with our luck to feel inclined to grumble. We were back in camp five hours after leaving it. Our gun-bearers usually felt it incumbent on them to keep a dignified bearing while in our company. But the death of an elephant is always a great event; and one of the gun-bearers, as they walked ahead of us campward, soon began to improvise a song, reciting the success of the hunt, the death of the elephant, and the power of the

rifles; and gradually, as they got farther ahead, the more light-hearted among them began to give way to their spirits and they came into camp frolicking, gambolling, and dancing as if they were still the naked savages that they had been before they became the white man's followers.

Two days later Kermit got his bull. He and Tarlton had camped about ten miles off in a magnificent forest, and late the first afternoon received news that a herd of elephants was in the neighborhood. They were off by dawn, and in a few hours came on the herd. It consisted chiefly of cows and calves, but there was one big master bull, with fair tusks. It was open forest with long grass. By careful stalking they got within thirty yards of the bull, behind whom was a line of cows. Kermit put both barrels of his heavy double .450 into the tusker's head, but without even staggering him; and as he walked off Tarlton also fired both barrels into him, with no more effect; then, as he slowly turned, Kermit killed him with a shot in the brain from the .405 Winchester. Immediately the cows lifted their ears, and began trumpeting and threatening; if they had come on in a body at that distance, there was not much chance of turning them or of escaping from them: and after standing stock still for a minute or two, Kermit and Tarlton stole quietly off for a hundred yards, and waited until the anger of the cows cooled and they had moved away, before

A herd of elephant in an open forest of high timber

Taken by Kermit from a distance of about twenty-five yards; he was on the dead limb of a tree five or six feet from the ground

A herd of elephants in an open forest of high timber

From a photograph Copyright by Kermit Roosevelt

going up to the dead bull. Then they followed the herd again, and Kermit got some photos which, as far as I know, are better than any that have ever before been taken of wild elephant. He took them close up, at imminent risk of a charge.

The following day the two hunters rode back to Meru, making a long circle. The elephants they saw were not worth shooting, but they killed the finest rhinoceros we had yet seen. They saw it in an open space of tall grass, surrounded by lantana brush, a flowering shrub with close-growing stems, perhaps twenty feet high and no thicker than a man's thumb; it forms a favorite cover for elephants and rhinoceros, and is well nigh impenetrable to hunters. Fortunately this particular rhino was outside it, and Kermit and Tarlton got up to about twenty-five yards from him. Kermit then put one bullet behind his shoulder, and as he whipped round to charge, another bullet on the point of his shoulder; although mortally wounded, he showed no signs whatever of being hurt, and came at the hunters with great speed and savage desire to do harm. Then an extraordinary thing happened. Tarlton fired, inflicting merely a flesh wound in one shoulder, and the big, fearsome brute, which had utterly disregarded the two fatal shots, on receiving this flesh wound, wheeled and ran. Both firing, they killed him before he had gone many yards. He was a bull, with a thirty-inch horn.

By this time Cuninghame and Heller had finished the skin and skeleton of the bull they were preserving. Near the carcass Heller trapped an old male leopard, a savage beast; its skin was in fine shape, but it was not fat, and weighed just one hundred pounds. Now we all joined, and shifted camp to a point eight or nine miles distant from Meru boma, and fifteen hundred feet lower among the foot-hills. It was much hotter at this lower level; palms were among the trees that bordered the streams. On the day we shifted camp Tarlton and I rode in advance to look for elephants, followed by our gun-bearers and half a dozen wild Meru hunters, each carrying a spear or a bow and arrows. When we reached the hunting grounds, open country with groves of trees and patches of jungle, the Meru went off in every direction to find elephant. We waited their return under a tree, by a big stretch of cultivated ground. The region was well peopled, and all the way down the path had led between fields, which the Meru women were tilling with their adze-like hoes, and banana plantations, where among the bananas other trees had been planted, and the yam vines trained up their trunks. These cool, shady banana plantations, fenced in with tall hedges and bordered by rapid brooks, were really very attractive. Among them were scattered villages of conical thatched huts, and level places plastered with cow dung on which the grain was threshed; it was then stored in huts raised

on posts. There were herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep and goats; and among the burdens the women bore we often saw huge bottles of milk. In the shambas there were platforms, and sometimes regular thatched huts, placed in the trees; these were for the watchers, who were to keep the elephants out of the shambas at night. Some of the natives wore girdles of banana leaves, looking, as Kermit said, much like the pictures of savages in Sunday-school books.

Early in the afternoon some of the scouts returned with news that three bull elephants were in a piece of forest a couple of miles distant, and thither we went. It was an open grove of heavy thorn timber beside a strip of swamp; among the trees the grass grew tall, and there were many thickets of abutilon, a flowering shrub a dozen feet high. On this the elephant were feeding. Tarlton's favorite sport was lion hunting, but he was also a first-class elephant hunter, and he brought me up to these bulls in fine style. Although only three hundred yards away, it took us two hours to get close to them. Tarlton and the "shenzis"—wild natives, called in Swahili (a kind of African chinook) "wa-shenzi" —who were with us, climbed tree after tree, first to place the elephants, and then to see if they carried ivory heavy enough to warrant my shooting them. At last Tarlton brought me to within fifty yards of them. Two were feeding in bush which hid them

from view, and the third stood between, facing us. We could only see the top of his head and back, and not his tusks, and could not tell whether he was worth shooting. Much puzzled, we stood where we were, peering anxiously at the huge, half-hidden game. Suddenly there was a slight eddy in the wind, up went the elephant's trunk, twisting to and fro in the air; evidently he could not catch a clear scent; but in another moment we saw the three great dark forms moving gently off through the bush. As rapidly as possible, following the trails already tramped by the elephants, we walked forward, and after a hundred yards Tarlton pointed to a big bull with good tusks standing motionless behind some small trees seventy yards distant. As I aimed at his head he started to move off; the first bullet from the heavy Holland brought him to his knees, and as he rose I knocked him flat with the second. He struggled to rise; but, both firing, we kept him down; and I finished him with a bullet in the brain from the little Springfield. Although rather younger than either of the bulls I had already shot, it was even larger. In its stomach were beans from the shambas, abutilon tips, and bark, and especially the twigs, leaves, and white blossoms of the smaller shrub. The tusks weighed a little over a hundred pounds the pair.

We still needed a cow for the museum; and a couple of days later, at noon, a party of natives

brought in word that they had seen two cows in a spot five miles away. Piloted by a naked spearman, whose hair was done into a cue, we rode toward the place. For most of the distance we followed old elephant trails, in some places mere tracks beaten down through stiff grass which stood above the head of a man on horseback, in other places paths rutted deep into the earth. We crossed a river, where monkeys chattered among the tree tops. On an open plain we saw a rhinoceros cow trotting off with her calf. At last we came to a hill-top with, on the summit, a noble fig-tree, whose giant limbs were stretched over the palms that clustered beneath. Here we left our horses and went forward on foot, crossing a palm-fringed stream in a little valley. From the next rise we saw the backs of the elephants as they stood in a slight valley, where the rank grass grew ten or twelve feet high. It was some time before we could see the ivory so as to be sure of exactly what we were shooting. Then the biggest cow began to move slowly forward, and we walked nearly parallel to her, along an elephant trail, until from a slight knoll I got a clear view of her at a distance of eighty yards. As she walked leisurely along, almost broadside to me, I fired the right barrel of the Holland into her head, knocking her flat down with the shock; and when she rose I put a bullet from the left barrel through her heart, again knocking her completely off her feet; and this time she fell permanent-

ly. She was a very old cow, and her ivory was rather better than in the average of her sex in this neighborhood, the tusks weighing about eighteen pounds apiece. She had been ravaging the shambas over night—which accounted in part for the natives being so eager to show her to me—and in addition to leaves and grass, her stomach contained quantities of beans. There was a young one—just out of calfhood, and quite able to take care of itself—with her; it ran off as soon as the mother fell.

Early next morning Cuninghame and Heller shifted part of the safari to the stream near where the dead elephant lay, intending to spend the following three days in taking off and preparing the skin. Meanwhile Tarlton, Kermit, and I were to try our luck in a short hunt on the other side of Meru boma, at a little crater lake called Lake Ingouga. We could not get an early start, and reached Meru too late to push on to the lake the same day.

The following morning we marched to the lake in two hours and a half. We spent an hour in crossing a broad tongue of woodland that stretched down from the wonderful mountain forest lying higher on the slopes. The trail was blind in many places because elephant paths of every age continually led along and across it, some of them being much better marked than the trail itself, as it twisted through the sun-flecked shadows underneath the great trees.

Then we came out on high downs, covered with tall grass and littered with volcanic stones; and broken by ravines which were choked with dense underbrush. There were high hills, and to the left of the downs, toward Kenia, these were clad in forest. We pitched our tents on a steep cliff overlooking the crater lake—or pond, as it might more properly be called. It was bordered with sedge, and through the water-lilies on its surface we saw the reflection of the new moon after nightfall. Here and there thick forest came down to the brink, and through this, on opposite sides of the pond, deeply worn elephant paths, evidently travelled for ages, wound down to the water.

That evening we hunted for bushbuck, but saw none. While sitting on a hillock at dusk, watching for game, a rhino trotted up to inspect us, with ears cocked forward and tail erect. A rhino always has something comic about it, like a pig, formidable though it at times is. This one carried a poor horn, and therefore we were pleased when at last it trotted off without obliging us to shoot it. We saw new kinds of whydah birds, one with a yellow breast, one with white in its tail; at this altitude the cocks were still in full plumage, although it was just past the middle of September; whereas at Naivasha they had begun to lose their long tail feathers nearly two months previously.

On returning to camp we received a note from

Cuninghame saying that Heller had been taken seriously sick, and Tarlton had to go to them. This left Kermit and me to take our two days' hunt together.

One day we got nothing. We saw game on the open downs, but it was too wary, and though we got within twenty-five yards of eland in thick cover, we could only make out a cow, and she took fright and ran without our ever getting a glimpse of the bull that was with her. Late in the afternoon we saw an elephant a mile and a half away, crossing a corner of the open downs. We followed its trail until the light grew too dim for shooting, but never overtook it, although at the last we could hear it ahead of us breaking the branches; and we made our way back to camp through the darkness.

The other day made amends. It was Kermit's turn to shoot an elephant, and mine to shoot a rhinoceros; and each of us was to act as the backing gun for the other. In the forenoon, we saw a bull rhino with a good horn walking over the open downs. A convenient hill enabled us to cut him off without difficulty, and from its summit we killed him at the base, fifty or sixty yards off. His front horn was nearly twenty-nine inches long; but though he was an old bull, his total length, from tip of nose to tip of tail, was only twelve feet, and he was, I should guess, not more than two-thirds the bulk of the big bull I killed in the Sotik.

We rested for an hour or two at noon, under the

shade of a very old tree with glossy leaves, and orchids growing on its gnarled, hoary limbs, while the unsaddled horses grazed, and the gun-bearers slept near by, the cool mountain air, although this was mid-day under the equator, making them prefer the sunlight to the shade. When we moved on it was through a sea of bush ten or fifteen feet high, dotted here and there with trees; and riddled in every direction by the trails of elephant, rhinoceros, and buffalo. Each of these animals frequents certain kinds of country to which the other two rarely or never penetrate; but here they all three found ground to their liking. Except along their winding trails, which were tunnels where the jungle was tall, it would have been practically impossible to traverse the thick and matted cover in which they had made their abode.

We could not tell what moment we might find ourselves face to face with some big beast at such close quarters as to insure a charge, and we moved in cautious silence, our rifles in our hands. Rhinoceros were especially plentiful, and we continually came across not only their tracks, but the dusty wallows in which they rolled, and where they came to deposit their dung. The fresh sign of elephant, however, distracted our attention from the lesser game, and we followed the big footprints eagerly, now losing the trail, now finding it again. At last near a clump of big trees we caught sight of three huge, dark

bodies ahead of us. The wind was right, and we stole toward them, Kermit leading, and I immediately behind. Through the tangled branches their shapes loomed in vague outline; but we saw that one had a pair of long tusks, and our gun-bearers unanimously pronounced it a big bull, with good ivory. A few more steps gave Kermit a chance at its head, at about sixty yards, and with a bullet from his .405 Winchester he floored the mighty beast. It rose, and we both fired in unison, bringing it down again; but as we came up it struggled to get on its feet, roaring savagely, and once more we both fired together. This finished it. We were disappointed at finding that it was not a bull; but it was a large cow, with tusks over five feet long—a very unusual length for a cow—one weighing twenty-five, and the other twenty-two pounds.

Our experience had convinced us that both the Winchester .405, and the Springfield .300 would do good work with elephants; although I kept to my belief that, for such very heavy game, my Holland .500–.450 was an even better weapon.

Not far from where this elephant fell Tarlton had, the year before, witnessed an interesting incident. He was watching a small herd of elephants, cows and calves, which were in the open, when he saw them begin to grow uneasy. Then, with a shrill trumpet, a cow approached a bush, out of which bounded a big lion. Instantly all the cows charged him, and

he fled as fast as his legs could carry him for the forest, two hundred yards distant. He just managed to reach the cover in safety; and then the infuriated cows, in their anger at his escape, demolished the forest for several rods in every direction.

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